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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
186-191, 195, 197, 202, 206, 208, 209, 214, 218, 221, 223, 225, 229, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-273, 275-306, 308-319, 322-328, 330, 331,333-337, 339-347
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- WALLS-The Future is Wide Open-LP
- SLICES-Still Cruising-LP
- OMEGAS-Nazi Rules-EP
- RATFACE-Ratfaced-EP / CURTAINS-LP
- CARCINOGENZ-Die-EP / POMPOIR-LP
- SHOCK FUTURO-Ruido Destructivo-EP
- LEBAKKO-Standardit/Laulu Viimeisistä...-45
- VOM-Live At Surf City-EP
- V/A-New Breed Tape Compilation-2xLP
- KONTAMINAT / DIVINE RIGHT / RATFACE-live

MITCH CARDWELL

- FRIENDS OF DOROTHY-No Sex on Paul...-EP
- JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN-The Last Donkey...-LP
- THE SKUNKS-Can't Get Loose/Earthquake Shake-45
- VOM-Live At Surf City-EP
- SECRET PROSTITUTES-The Kenrock 7 inch-EP
- MENTALLY ILL-Gacy's Place-EP
- ELVIS CHRIST-Rock&Roll Saviour/Wild At Heart-45
- PROTOMARTYR-Dreads 85 84-EP
- DROSOFILE-Mal/Your Roberts-45
- THE PETS-live

ROBERT COLLINS

- CULTURE KIDS-LP
- WALLS-LP / TRUE RADICAL MIRACLE-LP
- SLICES-Still Cruising-LP
- CURTAINS-LP / FUK-LP
- MDK-flexi / POLICEBASTARD-EP
- VAASKA-Condenado-EP
- ATROCITY EXHIBITION-Shadows Walk Ahead-45
- LOS CULITOS-Un Año Sin Verte-EP
- RATFACE-Ratfaced-EP
- TERRIBLE TRUTHS-Patterns-EP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- THE IMPOSTERS-Animal Magnetism-LP
- THE RIOTS-Dance On Your Problems-EP
- JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN-The Last Donkey...-LP
- DEAD GERMAN-Vicious Repent-LP
- KING LOLLIPOP-Woodland Whoopie Songs...-LP
- VANNA INGET-Allvar-LP
- BRAUSEPOTER-Komplett 1979-1991-CD
- NIGHT BEATS-live
- BLANK PAGES-Unseen-EP
- THE SKUNKS-Can't Get Loose/Earthquake Shake-45

LAYLA GIBBON

- DARK TIMES-Shallow Breather-EP
- OMEGAS-Nazi Rules-EP
- CULTURE KIDS-LP / TERRIBLE TRUTHS-EP
- PANZRAM/SHOPPERS-split EP
- SLICES-Still Cruising-LP / POMPOIR-LP
- WALLS-LP / POMPOIR-LP
- LEBAKKO-45 / LIGHT BRIGADE-EP
- CURTAINS-Deep in the Night City-LP
- MENTALLY ILL- EP / BRAUSEPÖTER-CD
- CRUDE THOUGHT-Demo Tape

DAN GOETZ

- V/A-New Breed Tape Compilation-2xLP
- WALLS-The Future is Wide Open-LP
- SLICES-LP / AGATHA-LP
- GIVE-Petal Pushing-45
- CULTURE KIDS-LP
- HOST-There's Nothing Up There but Heavy Clouds-EP
- IMPOSTERS-Animal Magnetism-LP
- MERCILESS GAME- Genjitsu Wo Kutabare-8"
- CULO/TENEMENT-split-EP
- CAPTIVE BOLT-EP / CRIMSON SCARLET-live

GREG HARVESTER

- FROZEN TEENS-LP
- LIGHT BRIGADE-Breaking Glass-EP
- CULTURE KIDS-LP
- FULL SUN-Both Demos
- NO MORE ART-Demo
- KOHOSH-Survival Guide-LP
- LEBAKKO-Standardit/Laulu Viimeisistä...-45
- AGATHA-LP
- WHORE PAINT-Second Shift-EP
- SIREN SONGS-Live at 4 am

KENNY KAOS

- MURDER-Fuckpunk-LP
- THE MAXINES-Drugstore-EP
- POPPETS-The Long Highway/Heaven Only Knows-45
- PROTOMARTYR-Dreads 85 84-EP
- FRIENDS OF DOROTHY-No Sex on Paul...-EP
- STEAKNIVES-Against You/Victims-45
- L'ASSASSINS-7pm Go!/Backseat Bomp-45
- THE LARCHMONT TRASH-I Spent the...-10"
- THE DREAM DATES-Surfer Joe/Tallahassee...-45
- RIOTS-both 45s

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

- CARCINOGENZ-Die-EP
- BAD DADDIES/WHITE FANG-split-EP
- COWBONES-To Speed Shock Spoken-CD
- DROSOFILE-Mal/Your Roberts-45
- POPPETS-The Long Highway/Heaven Only Knows-45
- CHROME CRANKS -Ain't No Lies In Blood-CD
- LOS CULITOS-Un Año Sin Verte-EP
- TERRIBLE TRUTHS-Patterns-EP
- THE MENTALLY ILL-Gacy's Place-EP
- THE SKUNKS-45 / VOM-Live At Surf City-EP

SAM LEFEBVRE – NEW TOP TEN!!!

- VOM-Live At Surf City-EP
- PANZRAM/SHOPPERS-split EP
- MENTALLY ILL-Gacy's Place-EP
- TERRIBLE TRUTHS-Patterns-EP
- CÜLO / TENEMENT-split EP
- SECRET POLICE-They're Everywhere-EP
- DARK TIMES-Shallow Breather-EP
- CULTURE KIDS-LP
- SHEARING PINX-Night Danger-LP
- THE SKUNKS-Can't Get Loose/Earthquake Shake-45

RAY LUJAN

- BOILERMAN-EP / COME TO GET HER-CD
- THE CRY-CD / EMPIRE-Volume II-CD
- GLOW KIT-LP / LATTERMAN-45
- LONG TALL SHORTY-LP / MENZINGERS-45
- PLAIN DEALERS-EP / THE RIOTS-EP
- TEMEMENT-The Blind Wink-LP
- WHORE PAINT-Menarchy-EP
- PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES-live
- GUITAR GANGSTERS / NU SENSAE-live
- COCK SPARRER / YOUNG OFFENDERS-live

MARISSA MAGIC

- ESG-live
- CRUDE THOUGHT-Demo Tape
- VOM-Live at Surf City-EP
- CULTURE KIDS-LP
- PANZRAM/SHOPPERS-split EP
- SHEARING PINX-LP
- SEDIMENT CLUB-Time Decay Now-LP
- MONGST-Decolonisation-LP
- HOST-There's Nothing Up There but Heavy Clouds-EP
- DARK TIMES-Shallow Breather-EP

KEVIN MANION – NEW TOP TEN!!!

- VANNA INGET-Allvar-LP
- RATFACE-Ratfaced-EP
- SECRET PROSTITUTES-The Kenrock 7 inch-EP
- CONFRONT-The Curtain of an Intense Attack-EP
- SLICES-Still Cruising-LP
- CULTURE KIDS-LP
- WHORE PAINT-Menarchy-EP
- DARK TIMES-Shallow Breather-EP
- BLANK PAGES-Unseen-EP
- VIVID SEKT-Dance Among the Debris-LP

FRED SCHRUNK

He's in another state/Another state of mind....

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- CULTURE KIDS-LP
- SECRET POLICE-They're Everywhere-EP
- VAASKA-Condenado-EP
- SHOCK FUTURO-Ruido Destructivo-EP
- OMEGAS-Nazi Rules-EP
- PKDORES/LOS ESKELETOS-split EP
- SIDETRACKED-Forfeit-EP
- BLANK PAGES-Unseen-EP
- CARCINOGENZ-Die-EP
- PUSRAD-Smartramz-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Rot #3*
- *Start Your Own Haunted House*
- *Seven Sexual Things That Everyone Failed to...*
- *Kill Your Parents' Garden #4*
- *National Handbag #1&1.5*
- *Stitches in My Head-#2*
- *Doris #29*
- *Criminal Behavior/Sloppy Noise*
- *Stitches in My Head #2*
- *Trainwreck #9*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, 1 Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oi!!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, *6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPQ, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops. Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue, with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#331/December '10. Kylmä Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, HPP, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

#335/April '11. Crazy Spirit, Siege 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

#340/September '11.Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R, Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor. Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIs, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Bloodkrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary Part 1, Means to an End Fest Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matress Zine.

#345/Febuary '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report pt 2, The Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Barchen Und Die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spikey Jacket, Kromosom tour of Japan, Globsters, Night Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester zine, Iron Hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

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LETTERS

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Hi MRR—

The following is a reply to a review received for the Destructors, Pow! That's *Killmusik Volume 2* album, which contained (incorrectly) accusations of racism!

Normally I wouldn't bother to reply to a review albeit good or bad because all reviews are just one person's views. However on this occasion I couldn't let this go as your reviewer Jeff Mason has spectacularly got hold of the wrong end of the stick. While the Labour party was in charge of Britain they would not allow any debate on immigration without inciting the racist word. Now they're apologizing after the fact for their policies in the hope the UK's population will fall for their explanation at the next election.

The two songs that Mr Mason got so upset about were "No English Spoken Here" and "Tom, Dick and Abdul." He believes these songs are anti- immigrant. They are not; they are anti-illegal immigrant and anti-ignorance.

The song "Tom, Dick and Abdul" clearly states in the second line "keeping illegals out." The term illegal (contrary to law) means these people have no right to be in our country. The USA spends huge amounts of money on the Mexican border keeping Mexicans from entering illegally into the States (also the Canadian border). This is quite ironic because your ancestors stole the land of the ancestors of the people you're trying to keep out. So from the very beginning I have established that it is illegal immigration I am singing about. This has been a hot topic in UK for a while because everything written about in the song has been on the news and in the papers and no one here is accusing them of being racist. However we do have an extreme right wing in this country (as do you in your country) and these people cannot distinguish between legal and illegal immigrants.

We are happy in the UK to accept all legal immigrants and asylum seekers but why should we put up with illegal immigrants? You have to ask yourself why they have to sneak in and work illegally in the black economy (or in the case of Chinese brought in by snakeheads selling illegal pirate DVD's in pubs – two crimes here). Any member of the EU is entitled to live and work in the UK, as is any UK citizen to work in a EU country. I don't notice that being allowed in your Mexico/Canada/USA trade federation. Enough of this song and onto the next

"No English Spoken Here" was written because when you go into town on a Sunday morning you only hear East European languages. Now this can be because English people (whatever skin type they be) are too lazy to get up early on a Sunday morning and East Europeans work strange shifts so this could be the only time they can go shopping. Yet again a lot of what is in the song is from the media and not made up by me. If you notice in the second half of the song it flips and talks about the English living exactly the same in a foreign country like Spain and behaving exactly like the foreigners they were moaning about in the UK. One thing that I find amusing is a UK citizen who moves to a foreign country and say the reason for moving is there are too many foreigners back home (oh the delicious irony).

These songs also came about because of ignorance I experienced drinking in pubs. A quite often topic of conversation was " what are all those Poles over here stealing all the jobs so I can't get one." What made me laugh about this is because this is usually spoken by some "Shameless" type youth who never has any intention of working. To be honest the calibre of education and work ethic the British school system is turning out, I would employ hard working Polish or other East European people. These same people can't even distinguish between Indian and Pakistani people and think all Muslims are terrorists.

So that's why I wrote those two songs and to date only three people have thought they were anti-immigrant when they are clearly not. I spent a long time thinking about and refining those lyrics and I stand by those two songs. If you want to see racist songwriting at work then listen to a Screwdriver album. By the way the other two people no longer have a problem with the songs once I explained them. If this all leads to good honest debate on the problems of immigration and illegal immigration at least I've started the ball rolling.

I don't feel the need to be insulting like Mr Mason was at the end of his review he might have Tourettes syndrome for all I know. Can't wait for the review of our next EP *Sex & Drugs & Rock'n'Roll*. I look forward to Mr Mason's reply.

—Allen Adams (The Destructors)

Allen—

I never accused you of racism—I said you demonized immigrants. You did. I have the right end of the stick.

By making a division between "legal" and "illegal" immigrants, you try to put responsibility for who can live in a wealthy country on the state. This is bullshit. As with the US, the main reason England is rich in the first place is hundreds of years of exploiting poorer countries. By design, rich and militarily advanced nations keep poor nations under their boot to ensure a steady supply of raw materials and manufactured goods under terms favoring the rich nations and a local elite. We in the rich countries get cheap stuff, but the quality of life for most people in the exploited region is diminished. "You have to ask yourself why they have to sneak in and work illegally..." I agree. Why would someone be motivated to move somewhere where they are socially marginalized, economically exploited, in fear of the police, and discriminated against? The fact that people are motivated to risk their lives to seek out a situation like this is evidence that things are desperate where they're from. "Keeping illegals out," in practice, is not about keeping illegals out. It means pushing criminalized peoples (those denied legal permission) into more dangerous situations in order to gain access to a higher living standard. This depresses their already low wages, greatly reduces their legal rights, and makes exploiting them in their new home more profitable for the boss. (Personally, when I think about the 1,000 worst crimes in the world, pirated DVDs do not make the list). Yes, the pigs (by which I mean, the state) do declare that certain people have no right to live in "our" countries. Fuck that. Making it harder for people without legal status to enter and live in the country effectively means more of them will die or suffer grievously in an attempt to improve their lot. I cannot countenance this attitude which is why I was so insulting. I stand by my insults.

In your song "No English Spoken Here" you criticize English expatriates for failing to integrate, remaining monolingual, and not liking the food in their new home. Your criticize immigrants to England as follows: "AIDS and tuberculosis... murderers and rapists, or just common thieves..." This is bigotry and I say fuck you to anyone who has this attitude. In Tom Dick and Abdul" you stand against poor people instead of having a class-based analysis. The problem isn't that new immigrants live lavishly (as you describe it), but that the richest people in these rich countries have successfully set poorer people squabbling amongst each other.

To sum up these arguments in simple slogans I would say "class not race [or country of origin]" and no person is illegal."

—Jeff

Dear folks at MRR—

Thanks for taking time to read this! We, along with many of our friends are desperately trying to save our local punk rock club before it's lost forever. Open since 1981 and at its current spot since '87, the Icepick is one of the longest running venues next to Gilman St and CBGBs. It's had thousands of local and touring bands that have called the Icepick home, or a pitstop at one time or another. Besides taking care of his terminally ill mother, the owner is getting too old to run the venue and has agreed to sell it to us at a lower price since we intend to keep it open as an underground venue.

The walls are covered with stories of 25 years of *life*. We're doing everything we can to raise enough money to secure the building via donations, benefit shows, other fundraising projects, and we have a kickstarter project launching the day of our first benefit show (which will also be broadcast on the internet)—March 10th.

The Icepick has changed many of our lives forever and for the better. Personally, we feel lost without it. In our part of the state there are literally NO all ages venues without driving an hour or so. We are trying to gain support for our venue and upcoming Kickstarter project. We have 60 days from March 10th to come up with $17K—the bare minimum to secure the building.

We'd greatly appreciate any help that *MRR* and its readers can give.

Thanks Again

—Dirk & Brandon

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Hey Mariam—

Mexican Postal Service sucks so much and

LETTERS

it wasn't until yesterday I received January's issue. I was very glad to read your review of the Inservibles LP and I think you are one of the few people that got the idea of the whole sound. Sometimes I hate when reviewers label us as a Garage Punk group. We are punks, we have political ideas and we are political persons. We love hardcore noise and we hate people in the DIY scene with promiscuous ideology. Maybe we are some kind of Anarcho-Garage band haha!

It will sound really stupid to say it like this, but the record was supposed to be a "concept" record. The main idea around the songs is humiliation and discrimination in Mexican society and the contrast there is with so-called cosmopolitan Mexico. You don't have to research this subject too much to realize that indigenous people are on the lowest level of Mexican social relationships and indigenous women are in the most vulnerable place. The specific case of the front cover is a common scene in some central Mexico towns. The case that inspired that drawing was that some Otomi women stole food from a market and the vendors caught them, beat them, shaved their heads, tore their clothes off and showed them around as "thieves." It wasn't big news, in the media they were covering "more important" issues than some "indian fight." I didn't want to use the photos of the event since I thought it would be just an exploitation photograph and the humiliation would be perpetuated, but I tried to draw it just to show a non-drug cartel related violent act that we are now used to, (yes, now we are) and that see it as "Traditions Of The Ancient" (I don't know how to translate Usos Y Costumbres, which is a law that allows some towns to keep their own indigenous government and elections but in some other ways they keep people from going to school or they still have medieval punishment forms). We live in this Mexico where these things happen everyday and we hate this Mexico, we fucking hate it and this is our way to remind most people that this is not the country running to the first world as lots of Mexicans think, this is a country where you can be beheaded for 20 dollars. The back cover is my interpretation of the Coyolxauqui myth in the Nahuatl tradition, a very illustrative myth to understand some complexes and social interaction of the people.

Some people got it in the wrong way and thought we were just putting some outrageous image just because. I don't know if it is ok to be in the situation that we are and just put our picture posing with some spiky hair or just some nuclear war imagery. We are surrounded by shit we can touch, feel and fear.

You took the time to read the lyrics and I'm sure you don't consider us a GoreGrind or Rape Rock band. I just wanted as you put in the review, to give some information about the cover.

Mucha salud para tí y toda la gente de *Maximum Rocknroll*!!
VIVA EL PUNK!!!!
—Yecal

Hey!
Thanks for writing me. I gathered that the cover was disturbing for a reason and I agree with you that it's not the same as the imagery that punks use in trying to make a point: starving children, nuclear explosions, piles of dead bodies from foreign wars... We have become so far removed from the original message of those covers. Now it's a gimmick and it makes me sick. Punks often lose sight of the enduring connection of punk and politics. That's not all punks, but many... I really do appreciate your record and the cover and what you are doing with your voices in punk. I know a limited amount about what is going on in different parts of Mexico, well, I try to follow it as much as I can because most of my family is there (Mi mami es de Cuernavaca, Morelos, y tengo familia ahi y en Df, Cuautla, pues por todos lados...). I have a lot of friends there too and it's pretty fucked up. I don't live in it, but I think about it all the time. Shit has changed so much since I was a kid there, I am worried about my family and friends, but there is nothing I can do and it's kills me. I am getting off subject here...

Like I said in my review, my worry is that punks here and in other parts of the world will not understand what you guys are trying to say. I have gotten in arguments about the cover, both defending it and condemning it, not because of your intent, but because of people misunderstanding it. Either way, I totally stand behind the record. I would like people to understand the cover and your music in your own words.

Also, I go to Mexico as often as I can to visit mi abuela, familia y mis amigos. I spend a lot of time in DF. I will email you the next time I go and maybe I can meet you guys and maybe even see you play! Hechamos unas caguamas y hablamos de la vida punk!
Up the fucking punks!!
—Mariam

[redacted] *Dear MRR—*
You don't get to be my age without knowing a lot of people who've died. I regret that of all the friends, family, lovers, acquaintances and, yes, occasional enemies who've passed away, Tim Yohannan was one who did so before we were able to reconcile our differences.

Tim was someone I admired for a long time, having listened to him on the radio and read his writing for years before I actually met him. And we had a good, albeit turbulent friendship during the eight-plus years I was a contributor to *MRR*. We agreed on many things and disagreed on others; I was critical of some of his ideas while admiring his organizational skills, his devotion to both the Bay Area and international punk scenes, and above all his passionate desire to make this world a different and better place.

We eventually had a bad falling out that caused me to leave the magazine. That was sad; what was sadder was that hurt feelings on both sides caused us to go on sniping at each other for years afterward. In the heat of argument it was easy to forget the things we had worked on and built together—Gilman Street not least among them—and the many values and aspirations we shared.

That being said, I object strongly to the suggestion that my contributing to *Maximum Rocknroll* is, as Allan McNaughton suggests, an "insult to Tim's memory." If anything, it's the opposite: it's powerful testimony to Tim's legacy that the magazine he helped guide from its inception is still thriving, still such a vital resource, that even people like myself, once alienated from *MRR* – and remember, the fight between Tim and myself was hardly one-sided; I received as much abuse as I dished out – eventually gravitate back to it.

It was a thrill for me to be part of *MRR* again, almost as big a thrill as when I published my first article in 1986, and my reasons for contributing the interview I did were exactly the same as my reasons for getting involved with *MRR* more than 25 years ago: the love of music and the desire to help out a really cool band. It was most definitely not motivated by a desire to disrespect anyone's memory.

The attitude expressed by Allan McNaughton is similar to that which underlay the big bust-up at *MRR* in 1994: the belief that *MRR* always was and always should be "Tim's magazine," not, as it says on the masthead, "By the punks, for the punks." Tim played an absolutely crucial role at *MRR*, and it's unlikely the magazine would have survived anywhere near this long without him, but *MRR* also wouldn't have existed without the hundreds – no, by this time it's got to be in the thousands – of punks who've contributed their ideas, labor, vision and devotion over the years.

In other words, *MRR* belongs not to any one man, but to the world. Censoring it based on somebody's idea of a quasi-religious cult of personality runs counter to everything punk ever stood for. As someone who knew Tim for quite a while, and knew him fairly well, I'm pretty sure he would feel the same.
Best wishes,
—Larry Livermore
Brooklyn NY

[redacted] *Punks/Skins—*
I'm urinating on the personification of misery / loneliness /all unpleasantries of humanity. using a straight razor I'm cutting up the cremated ashes of a bleak yet mild winter with unknown psychedelic drugs and wondering if I should snort/parachute/free base or bang the concoction? I was about to type "but I digress" ...but have I? Pardon the schizophrenic literary approach, I've been doing dadist-esque punkrock'n'roll experiments such as taking a Brain Slug tape for instance and warping it and smearing dead insects on it and putting it in my cassette and listening to it with an open (very open, borderline gaping) mind as if that was the piece of art I was given. So I'm listening to one of my punkrock Frankenstein test-tube babies and loving it with the passion of a neurotic Jewish women addicted to xanax, (just like my real mommy!!!!)

About a year ago I wrote you guys a letter while I was in a court mandated drug program due to my mind and bodies obsession with inebriation to forget certain painful childhood memories, lingering insecurities, loneliness, mental illness, suicidal thoughts, etc. I reached out pitifully for help and I was truly rewarded. (Ask and you shall receive). I told the punx I had no music or love in the institution. Letters / zines / poems / tapes / CDs came flooding the program doors like the fucking insistent harry potter owl. I never felt so loved. I masturbated to thoughts of acceptance and passed out in a dried puddle of ejaculate with a Blatz tape on my slowly rising chest and a letter by a sweet Georgia peach type punkrock gal. I made it outta the program and I'm currently living with my best friend/lover/bandmate in a little room with our bunny rabbit, bongs, tapes, torture devices/sex toys, Ramones action figures and A Truth 7 inches. Our band is called Fried Chicken N Gasoline and we have a bunch of tapes that we'd love to share with punks. The camaraderie and concern was so pulpy and almost vulgar in it's fucking beautiful desperation. Punk truly is a relic... a lingering testament of love... concrete proof that perhaps there's a god. (Actually no, we all know there's no god. so whenever I mention god in this letter, just replace the image that conjures with the ghost of Dee Dee Ramone, forever young and buzzed on good lower east side dope and glue pummeling us with those downstrokes for eternity). Communes and youth DIY and punk aren't a utopian theory, they are concrete entities that allow me to touch happiness myself instead of reading others accounts of the alleged emotion.

I imagine a regular column in *MRR* is a truly sacred, coveted position. Many of the writers have an internet/blog personae that I'm not sure if they acquired that notoriety because of their position as a writer for the zine, or if they got the writing position due to an already existing quasi punk rock celebrity/god/idol what have you (chicken or egg conundrum) type of thing. I want so badly to humbly collapse to my knees before the punk rock alter and contribute what I can musically, artistically, philosophically, to abandon myself entirely. Punk rock saved my life and continues to do so on a regular

fucking basis and I would die to preserve it. Gouge out my bloodshot eyes and stick them on toothpicks if it would ensue future generations have their Darby Crash, Doc Dart, Lydia Lunch, Mikey Erg, Peter Stubb. If I'm given the chance to write up a monthly column I can't promise that I will be sending it from a consistent location (return address) but i can promise it will be on time and it will be written in feces and semen and blood and bile and plasma and from the *fucking soul*. I might have to scribble it on the back of a food stamp application or send it on post card from rehab but it will be submitted. I only have a few more seconds on this library computer before I'm cut off but you will be hearing from me again.

I want to submit a scene report that covers the few blocks I walk around on in Jamaica Queens and the bus terminal where I play Grumpies and F.Y.P. covers on acoustic guitars for amputee diabetic winos. The records and tapes on the floor in the room I rent. The dreams that will come true. Would you prefer decent art or timeless trash?
—Ryan

Hey Ryan—
Anyone can submit a guest column. We can't guarantee we will run it in the magazine, but all our content, including the columns, is sent in by punks who read the mag. The word limit for the columns section is 2000 words, submit something. We might not run it, or we might. Who knows. Acoustic FYP covers sounds like my idea of hell. What we we don't want art or trash?! Are those the only options you are offering?
—Layla

[redacted] *Dear MRR—*
Speaking diplomatically, it was "interesting" to see that the best HC record of the past 5-15 years, period, didn't make the top ten list for 2011 of a single one of your eminent band of critics: that record being the s/t debut by Burning Sensation, on Vertex.

Perhaps this was merely due to the fact that 90% of your crew have not heard the record, as only 300 were pressed, and it largely gobbled up, sold out, and filed away never to be played again by the Internet Mafia. Or perhaps it is rather simply that the sounds, however awesome, were "not of the time," seeing as HC on the *MRR* menu seems to be either blown out crusty Japanese or NY State based noise for noises sake. If the top tens are a guide, just like the Hipster overground, most *MRR* contributors seem swept up in a frenzy over Australian garage rock played by..... hey I get it—I am not an young un either, and they do say variety is the spice of life blah blah, but this is *MRR*!? Right?
FASTER.

At least Al Quint admitted as much in his preamble, re: a lack of passion for the fast loud stuff right now. Just to be clear, this is not an attempt to drum up sales for Vertex—the Burning Sensation thing is sold out, and as I have no pro distro—all sales were done direct, it really is sold out (you won't find this sitting in stores that Midheaven or whoever a Pro-Distributor just dumped the thing on.) Hell, I have already counted eleven places you can download it for free, (my fave was a place based in one of the 'Stans), so feel free.....

I am not surprised *MRR* collectively missed the boat. To illustrate how I view the group think oversight, I draw an historical analogy—*Downbeat*, the venerated Jazz magazine, actually campaigned violently in writing against the likes of Dizzy Gillespie, Bird, and Mingus when they entered the Jazz arena. *Rolling Stone* hated punk—didn't know HC existed... of course such bum notes by so called experts now seem beyond incredible. It seems *MRR* has followed in a long established tradition of literary music "institutions" in simply not getting it, missing the gems in front of them, rather feeling more comfortable with the latest trends.

Maybe Vertex is just as bad, as somewhat ironically, a Soviet Valves 7in. from Perth, Australia is the next record off the production line. The sucker is packed to the gills with garagey melodic wirey punk, the kind of music that ECSR would play if they really did have a single unconscious clue about scatty punk, as well as a Vertex curated Rupture best of LP - Volume 1, drawing from the years where they just couldn't play fast enough.

Anyway, grumble aside, I still love reading the Mag, and can I take the opportunity to say that the whole "is that mag still going" crowd of digital consumers can keep staring at their glowing laptops in social obscurity til hell freezes over for all I care. Fuck 'em—who needs THEM.
Cheers
—Richard Vertex
MRR Subscriber
PS. Good luck to the new *MRR* numero uno—and don't forget the HC

HA! Is this us running a free ad for Vertex enterprises or what!! I liked the Burning Sensation LP a lot, but in terms of hardcore that came out last year I think the Omegas LP was more top ten material for this HC loving human at least! I am glad you are the number one fan of what you release, always a good sign. You will note that David from Burning Sensation's other band Rank/Xerox made numerous top tens.
—Layla

[redacted] *To whom it may concern—*
re : Bill Bondsmen demo review
We recently saw a review for a demo of ours and are kind of perplexed about it. Here's the thing—NO ONE in the band sent it in. It's not available AT ALL. It's not available for sale, trade, or even free. Please don't ask us for it.
Background:

The always outstanding Mike from Replicas had recorded it summer 2011 and, before we could finish overdubs or mix it even, he moved and our old drummer quit/wasn't asked back. So, we shelved it and in late fall/early winter we rerecorded all of it with our new drummer Daniel (ex Reason Of Insanity. Currently also in Detroit's own UDI & Final Assault!) and got all the overdubs, mixes, and mastering done on all of it plus a few more cuts put down to tape. If you want to hear a superior version of one of the cuts on the demo along with a new one on shiny black vinyl with a download code you can send $5.00 cash or blank money order (US residents only. We're working out foreign distro now) to :Bill Bondsmen 15106 Paris Detroit, MI 48101

And to whoever sent it in: Thank you very much for digging the band and wanting to help BUT please ask if it's ok next time?
Cheers,
—Bill Bondsmen

[redacted] *Dear MRR,*
This is more of a general rant about push-button activism (or slacktivism) than any sort of measured response to anything that has been in the magazine over the last few months. At best you'll find it entertaining; at worst you'll run it in the letters section.

I, like many of my fellow punk fanatics, watched with horror as my Facebook wall and Twitter feed blew up with the so-called "activism" of my many "more conventionally liberal" friends when KONY 2012, the 30-minute propaganda video produced by Invisible Children, hit YouTube. (As I type this, that video has 76 million views, by the way.) I watched the statuses of so many of my friends transform instantly from "OMG that party was fun" and "I wonder if I should do this essay" to "OMG Joseph Kony must be stopped" and "If you don't like Invisible Children you support the use of child soldiers." These were kids who didn't give two fucks about who won Super Tuesday (Rick Santorum took Oklahoma—uuuuuggggghhhhhh) the day before, much less give a shit about the world around them in general, who were all of a sudden committed human rights activists dead-set on "making Joseph Kony famous." It got so bad, one new "activist" actually called me a Republican because I said that advocating for military intervention in Central Africa just to capture one shitty warlord while ignoring the general fucked-upness of *the entirety of Central Africa* was wrong!

I'm not going to get into how fucked Invisible Children is. Plenty of websites and articles and shit have done that already. Nor am I going to get into how absolutely shitty Joseph Kony is—that has been done before as well. Mostly it just sucks that this "campaign" is going to be a lot of people's introduction to activism. It sucks because there are so many pressing issues in the US alone that are as valid - if not exponentially more so—as the Kony campaign. When Oklahoma was trying to get these bullshit "personhood" laws passed that would basically take the right of women in this state to control the health of their own bodies away, a skinhead's girlfriend and I organized a simple-as-fuck rally on the state Capitol building. We had no money, no organizations wanted to back us (not even Planned Parenthood or the ACLU) and I had to drop out of organizing because of family problems, but the rally still happened—and was by all accounts a success. Hell, we even made national news because a Tulsa Democratic senator, Judy Eason McIntyre, was photographed holding a sign that said "If I wanted the Government in my womb I'd fuck a senator."

Pretty awesome.

It's so easy to find a campaign that doesn't see calling for war as one of their main selling points. It's so easy to get involved locally to make shit better. Occupy Wall Street—warts and all—proved that last year, and hopefully will continue to prove that throughout this one.

Anyway, I sort of lost the vitriol for this rant and sending it is seeming like less and less of a good idea, so I'm just going to cut it off here before I make myself look like too much more of a fool.
—Trevor

[redacted] *Dear MRR and the Shitworkers—*
Please consider this an honest outreach and not an angst-filled bitchfest. I'm from a small town in Kansas. The closest metropolitan area for me is Lawrence, with Kansas City a bitch of a drive away. I go to any punk show I can get wind of, but those are getting fewer and farther between. Can you name me some Lawrence, KC area show houses, distros etc. that can help me better tap into local punk? Maybe I'm dumb or just a poser, but I'm sick of scrounging up spare copies of *MRR*, reading and re-reading articles and whining "I want to be part of that!" Now I wanna do something about it.
—Cody
codylkeener@gmail.com

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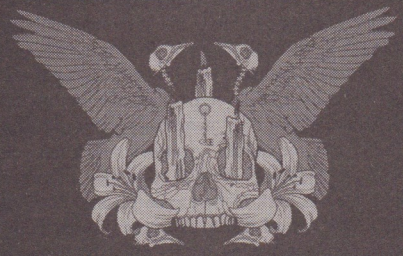

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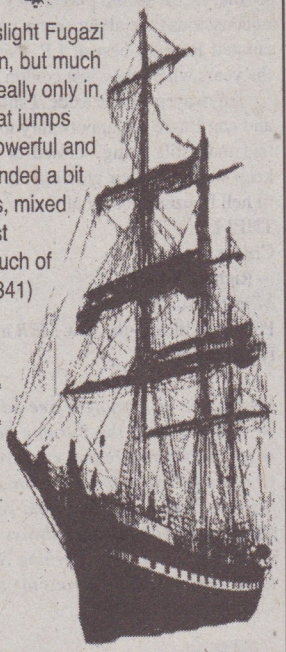

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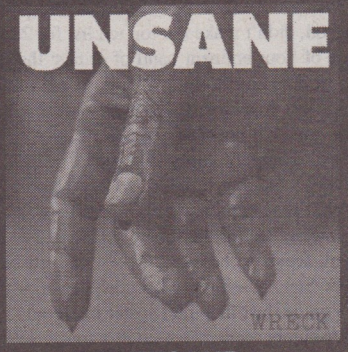

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COLUMNS

There is an old classroom phenomenon when the industrial machinations of young minds corrupted by nudging toward the pedantic suddenly twitch and malfunction—like computers fried upon contact with the contents of a soda can—at the advent of a question posed with simple intentions; a phenomenon that yields hilarious results. It typically goes as follows: teacher grotesquely marred by age and disillusion poses the question, a flurry of hands are raised and the cracking, nasally voices all produce answers sprouted from industrialized intelligence that flop to the ground with a sickened thump, the teachers disillusion takes on a frenetic pace—and in a fit of spiteful sadism at the realization that they've ruined these children's lives, they call on the one child who sits in the back corner, the one with abominable hygiene, marked by a foul odor with crooked teeth and a shit-eating grin—the one who cackles at the slightest hint of a sexual innuendo and whose desk jostles with a curious rhythmic clamor every so often—and the child answers correctly. The Cleveland band HOMOSTUPIDS are that child. I recently grabbed their first full length, a 12" inch record titled *The Intern*, released in 2007—a year which for me, was filled with classroom scenes of that nature.

It's a calamitous hoax to think you can pinpoint what spawns musical ingenuity, but HOMOSTUPIDS have it, BROWN SUGAR has it, CRAZY SPIRIT has it, HAMMERHEADS have it, The ROPES have it, CONDOMINIUM has it, TOTAL CONTROL has it, RANK/XEROX has it… a fuck ton of bands have it. HOMOSTUPIDS (in particular) are partially so remarkable because they play music in a way that when presented to the pedantic classroom that is the majority of music's milieu, people scratch their heads at the simplicity and wonder, "Why the fuck didn't I think of that?"

HOMOSTUPIDS unwillingly (maybe unknowingly?) belong to the trajectory of mutants making fucked up music that sneers and mocks the world in front of them in a sheer fit of brazen guitar screeching over obtuse raw noise. HOMOSTUPIDS sit properly in my mind next to bands like VOID, FLIPPER, TEENAGE JESUS & THE JERKS, the STOOGES—bands who conscientiously rejected the burgeoning pedantic behavior of the surrounding noise; or bands that digested what they liked from it then resuscitated it covered in their humbly unique mark. These are the bands that respond with hostility or sheer bewilderment to imbeciles like myself begging for explanations or hidden meaning in their degenerate sounds. These are also bands who know how to make a guitar punish and hypnotize a listener with a cult-like presence.

These bands have ostensibly simple motive and appeal: make loud, obnoxious, primitive, and antisocial noise. But in doing something this brash and simple, they project grotesque, but intensely human pictures—nihilistic, confused, surreal, deranged pictures of banal existence. The STOOGES upset the sensitive psyches of '60s hippies bent on community, dripping their sour sweat on the sweet tastes in all the good vibes. TEENAGE JESUS saw all the fuss over the supposedly cacophonous punk rockers and sought to show 'em what that word really meant. VOID talked about the agitation and nihilism ("War Hero" in particular) that they felt in their sheltered lives in a way that probably made their tight-assed neighborhood intensely uncomfortable. FLIPPER one-upped the political idealists who thought they were offending people and turned 'em on their head by offending them with their sardonic existential dread. HOMOSTUPIDS play loud with a certain reckless, deranged stupidity that undercuts the smarmy, overly-referential swarms of bullshit and pleas for approval. They are begging you to hate them and you love 'em all the more for it, a true exposition of the masochism inherent in the enjoyment of outsider music.

The Intern goes by in a clattering, slashing blaze of harsh fidelities—an ugly sound mutated out of the nauseating smog of daily life. I feel a turn in my stomach and a throb in my head when I hear this shit and think about what it's reacting to. This is a fully loud and vicious trip, different from the latest 12" offering which really sold me on the band. The political discussions thought to be essential in the archaic favorites have been ousted into the modern vernacular since the '90s, exposed as rather trite and transparent in their purpose as self-esteem props—the bugged out belligerence of HOMOSTUPIDS seems like a fitting reaction to all the wafting flatulence.

Modern music culture is notably and hilariously reverent of its past, in a similar pedantic way to that sea of confused, bewildered, mechanized children you can find in any given classroom. The more bands spacing out in the pedantic milieu only to come out crashing with records like this one or any of the slabs from the bands I listed earlier the better.

Endnotes:

* as evident by my comparisons to archaic guitar violators—in a paltry attempt to justify my dribbling though, I'll say this: I compare the Homos to these old names because these bands are all part of the same trajectory in the sewage systems of music—they possess a common, lethally infectious energy that has not lost its vitality.

SCHOOL JERKS are set to release a 12" this spring, they posted tracks on the internet and they meet all the drooling, longing expectations I had for a further progression of their pristine quality. Sure to be a thick dollop of mutant rock gold. RANK/XEROX released an amazing LP last year, I only found out about it a few weeks ago though. Look for writing on this slab in the near future and an interview in *Accept the Darkness* (#9 coming soon). CRAZY SPIRIT and HANK WOOD & THE HAMMERHEADS are supposed to record LPs this year. So are VILE GASH and The ROPES. NYC mutants GOOSEBUMPS are the pure sonic embodiment of everything that comes to mind at the word "Hardcore," everything good at least. See them live and spend days letting your body recuperate. This year should see some great new mutant musics. Sell me your first REPOS 12". c/o eggmangel@gmail.com

There was this thing that happened at the Crude Thought / Hysterics show in Oakland. It was such an amazing and wondrous and mind-blowing show and everyone could feel it and everyone was freaking out and watching out for each other. The pit was full of ladies and queers,

the bands were rad, then this thing happened at the end of Crude Thought's set. Brontez, whose house the show was at, in a state of pure jubilation ran up and grabbed the mic in order to report to the whole crowd that this was the best show ever, and that Crude Thought are an amazing band. Brynn from Crude Thought promptly grabbed the mic back and said don't touch me, Brontez grabbed the mic back and repeated that this was the best show ever and then he got pushed away and then he pushed back... and then chaos ensued. Brontez was upset, he had helped to set up the show, he had to clean up after the show, it was in his house and all he was trying to do was express what everyone was feeling, that the show was amazing and that Crude Thought is a rad band. Everyone was trying to calm everyone down. It was the kind of chaos where the crowd is various levels of drunk and everyone has a different tactic for remedying the situation. It felt like that moment when the PA is feeding back and everyone swarms the mixer even though no one really knows how to fix it. Some were ready to fight, some wanted to talk, some ignored it, some gave space, some yelled about who was right and on and on.

I'm not usually the guy to rush in and be like "let me handle this!" but Brontez is a long time friend of mine, I met him years ago when he was on tour with Veronica Lipgloss. When I moved back from the Northwest I didn't really have many friends here so I ended up going to shows by myself and spent a lot of time standing awkwardly in corners, but he was the first to grab me and drag me into the pit, pogoing and dancing and exclaiming the sheer excitement of being at a show and sharing each others company. That night in a moment of tipsiness I felt I could be a voice of reason.

I don't know Brynn at all, but I am deeply familiar with being a lady lead singer in a male dominated subculture. I cannot tell you how many times men have touched me or gotten waaayyy too close, and not in the sense of wild show and everyone is running into everyone, but in the sense that the music is over and they come up and feel it's ok to put their fucking hands on me, and I don't fucking know them. I have had men take pictures of me after a set while I am in various states of undress. If they had taken that picture five seconds before while we were playing I would not have cared, but for real, the second the music is over there is no reason to touch me or be in my fucking personal space or to take a picture of me without asking, absolutely none and for reals I will call you out. And for that I have been called a bitch and a slut. What I'm trying to say is if I was in an unfamiliar town in an unfamiliar venue and a man that I don't know, even if it's the guy who set up the show, with no shirt on grabbed the mic from me I would have had the exact same reaction as she did, so she must've been in the right, right?

And when I told him this, Brontez told me about strangers grabbing his dick and people calling him a nigger and a faggot at shows. And that he is not some random straight white dude but a black gay man and that he was trying to give a compliment and that a white girl in his space yelling at him over the mic and him being pushed away was fucked up. And that as she called him out he was calling her out. And that it was about race. And what it is like to be a black man in a white dominated subculture. At some point I found myself repeating what I had been saying and he was repeating what he was saying and we were getting nowhere.

What had happened to Brynn was a half naked man she didn't know got in her personal space. What happened to Brontez is he was trying to give praise and was told to fuck off over the mic by a white girl at a show.

At some point Stephie from Hysterics pushed through the crowd to talk to Brontez, saying it was a misunderstanding and that neither party was right and neither party was wrong, both felt fucked and both stood up for themselves. She was right. Both are deeply familiar with oppression, with fucked up shit happening at shows that goes unchecked, with being touched, with terrible threats hurled at them. They both know it. And this was exactly the point: no one was right, no one was wrong, but also no one was really listening to each other. Everyone had their opinions and speeches prepared before mouths were even open.

For me it suddenly clicked that I wasn't really listening to Brontez, that I only saw Brynn's side of the story because that's the story I know personally. And I couldn't see Brontez's side because I was so stuck on this experience that I am mega-familiar with. And that I wasn't hearing his side and his experiences, and that this is a systemic habit, that simply because we are punks there is an assumption that we wouldn't participate in shit like that, we are exempt, right? That because I see myself as a queer and a feminist and a person who constantly reevaluates what the fuck I am saying and a person that hopes people call me on my shit, someone who thinks about these things all the time and what they mean to you and me and the people around us that I am a person who listens, but I wasn't. And no one really was. And this type of thing relates to racism to sexism to classism to homophobia to ableism and everything else. Not to say that actually listening to each other would bring about utopia, but being heard in and of itself is liberating, listening to others is a direct way to challenge the status quo and mainstream values and society and to challenge and push ourselves, to check ourselves in everyday life beyond sitting around and reading theory books. To actually possibly maybe change the world.

That same night there was a hardcore show I wasn't at, at the bowling alley. At some point some jock showed up and was being fucked up in the pit, throwing the N-word around, eventually punching someone. What bloomed out of that was a larger discussion of racism within the scene, specifically racism within the Bay Area scene. And again, people all having different things to say all at the same time, no one really listening to each other. People calling it an isolated incident involving an outsider and that racism doesn't exist here, others saying racism is alive and well here, everyone telling everyone they are wrong, "low-level" racism not being that bad, so on and so forth. But let's remember that just because some outsider shows up and throws slurs around and is immediately kicked the fuck out does not in anyway mean that racism does not exist in the scene. And that even if the scene were to be utopian to imply that the outside world doesn't exist and has no impact on our lives is absurd.

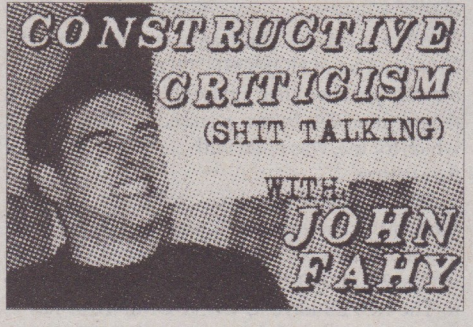
With all of these things, and so many other instances that aren't discussed here, what I'm trying to say is we need to talk and we need to listen. I have just as much ability to be wrong as being right as being in the middle, and so does everyone else. All that fucked up shit is alive and well because it's deeply ingrained, and that shit needs to be discussed. People should be talking about it and listening about it all the time because apathy is ignoring it and therefore acting as if it doesn't exist. We all need to get checked on our shit, we all need to check others on their shit and this doesn't necessarily have to create a battlefield. There is always room for improvement, some things will never be "over" or "done," resistance against bullshit must be constant and never ending because bullshit never ends.

But the Hysterics/Crude Thought show continued. And it wasn't even ruined at all, if anything everything that happened at that show, the bands, the misunderstandings, the callings out, the fevered opinions and arguments made everything more real and more vital, more of a challenge and a push forward. And it sparked discussions during and after where not only did people talk but people started to listen too, and those discussions went beyond just what happened at Brontez's house and just what happened at the bowling alley.

And as Hysterics started to play Stephie addressed the crowd:

"Some shit went down, everyone saw it, we all experience different layers of oppression and we all fight it, let's keep fighting it"

And the crowd erupted, the music came crashing in, everyone lost their shit in the pit and we were all together.



Stunted Learning:
Shit I Did Instead of College

Soon it will be spring. Then it will be tour season. For the last seven years, while some people were spending the same time becoming cardiologists and things of that nature, I have spent my years working a job from fall to spring and touring in the summer.

I'd mostly blacked out after the 2010 CMAR fest in Germany, hosted by our friends Lars

and Sabine. Having a hell of a time in general, I stopped at the bar early on and got into a conversation about music with a stranger that sprang from one enthusiastic subject to another, rapidly finding many shared interests. Becoming fast friends, we bought each other beers as the discussion progressed and we laughed and chatted. This beer was quite strong, however, and as I realized how drunk I was becoming I also learned that the food was all gone. (Vigorous drinking and lack of food are usually cause for all of my blackout-nightmare-scenarios, like when I was in Ireland on 9/11 and the Irish government called for a day of mourning. Pubs opened late and I had been picked up by friends and taken out for drinks without having breakfast or a snack or any damn thing. The bartenders assured me at some point sandwiches would be available. I drank on as more friends showed up and good times multiplied. Inquiring about the sandwiches, I was told they'd been delayed. Later on, after many more drinks, I was told that sandwiches were never to appear. Afterwards, I used the bathroom, walked out and immediately backwards-collapsed, Farley-style, onto a table full of drinks, out cold.

The owner of the bar stood over me as I slept and told my friends that I was now barred for life from the pub and he didn't give a shit if I was from America and "the goddamn towers fell." I woke up in a friend's apartment three hours late for work and in a bed with six people). I lost memory at this point, but pictures surfaced later (fucking digital age nightmare!) of me pointing and screaming at some polite European people and another of myself perpetrating a rather sick full-nelson on our staunchly straight edge bear of a host, Lars. Lars gave me that "Oh shit, this guy" look when I woke up the next morning and as we drove to the venue to clean, where the rest of the band was already, Lars, after much silence, asked, "So, are you like, embarrassed, or..?" I didn't know why I should be yet so I happily replied, "No!" Part of why I should have been embarrassed, indeed, was that I had been periodically screaming "Ich bin so aleine!" Intended to refer to my single status, I learned this phrase-not knowing that the translation is closer to the super-sad "I am so alone!" I was reminded of this incident later as I continued to re-meet people throughout the tour that witnessed my night of madness at the fest. Perfect.

This year we are going to Europe for twelve days. Both of the bands I'm in, six people total. I've been to mainland Europe twice before, although briefly, so I'm still really excited to get thrown into a bunch of situations with gracious hosts, odd and incredible venues and some beautiful scenery in between. Twice before, once during each trip to The Old World, I've had one night of sheer debauchery. An escapade. My hangover from the last one seemed to last a week. At times like this, I wake up wishing I had a partner in crime that I could stare at and think, "I know I fucked up somehow, but you were right there with me, being just as shitty." Luckily, I have my friend Joe who reassures me that I did not act like as much of an asshole as my hangover demands I beat myself up for, and more importantly, he does not remind me that I have prefaced every tour with the promise/self-fulfilling-prophecy that "This year I'm going to get stupid."

Still, no hangover could ruin a European tour. Everything is different and exciting. People are generally pretty educated, open-minded and looking for answers. European audiences are pretty laid back, although seemingly much more amped up as relating to politics. Seeing my friends react to differences in culture was also interesting and amusing as you'd expect from young punks who have been fucking with, pranking, mocking and annoying each other for years. The education I received from meeting European punks and talking about life is, in my opinion, almost equal to the socially bizarre ritual of touring with stupid punk friends year after year and seeing their behavior and hearing their odd ideas.

Often, my old band was able to have smart discussions. Inevitably, though, the stupidity would have to emerge. For people who enjoy replying to what someone says with something that rhymes, just for the sake of shittiness, this is simply what's going to happen. Stupid shit. Not an easy environment to try to be intellectual. Many of these moments linger with me.

Once, riding through Georgia late at night, someone asked the group which album we thought we would always listen to, something that would always stick. We took turns mulling it over aloud and nothing was too shocking until our drummer Chris says, "Jewel." I don't know which album, but the answer remained "Jewel," as in, Jewel, singer-songwriter of the late-nineties college-folk(??) genre. Chris said he genuinely liked it and would certainly listen to it for years to come. The subject passed and the discussion fizzled out. Our vocalist, Nevin, drove at about 75 miles an hour and Chris, in the passenger seat, rolled down his window and leaned his head out into the wind. Like a dog. Joe(guitar) and I were on the couch in the back reading and the wind was loud enough that we could hear each other speak but Nevin and Chris were blasted with wind and could hear nothing else. It was cool out and there was a faint odor of chimney smoke in the countryside. Joe turned to me and asked what I thought of Chris's suggestion and why I thought Jewel—not typical of Chris's taste in music otherwise, to say the least—would be the lasting holdout. "I don't know. Maybe it was the first album he was really into and it lasts on that basis alone. It could be that he really believes the songs are that good. Or maybe it reminds him of a time that was pivotal in his life, something that was going on during adolescence or something, you know, something was happening..." At this point, as if punishing me for giving his intellect any credit, Chris interrupts by starting to nod vigorously and turning towards Joe and I in the back with that "Something-tells-me-I'm-onto-something" look, hollering over the wind, "SUMTHIN' SMELLS GOOD!" Pleased with this development, he then quickly stuck his head back out the window.

Another day, taking a stab at the avant-garde, Chris began talking about free jazz in the van once and asking each of us what we thought of it. Nevin, aka "Pickle," is an open-minded gent but a harsh judge of what he deems "crap." He especially doesn't like anything based on "experimenting." Hearing the subject matter this day, Nevin tuned out until Chris pestered him for a thumbs-up-or-down on free jazz. "Huh? What? FREE Jazz? Fuck no, man... Some dickhead banging around on a piano?" In the van, you had to be ready for brutal dismissal.

I always liked driving at night. I liked that it was quiet and as close to getting alone-time as you could on tour while band members passed out after a show. We also had a rule that the driver controlled the music selection, which I coveted so as to avoid Chris's free jazz and Jewel tunes. In the twilight after a show, between adrenaline and fatigue, I decided to engage in Deep Discussion with my bandmates. The night was calm and there was no music playing. I put out an idea. "What are some things you guys wanna do before you die?" Now, basically I meant this question in the realm of, "What is important that you, what are your goals and what would like to accomplish before expiring?" Was it taken this way? Fuck no. Chris did not bite. Nevin, nothing. Silence abided until Joe calmly said, "You know those racetracks, like at Daytona? I wanna drive around one of those in a racecar." Not feeling thwarted, I pressed on. "Ok....what else?" "Well, I'd like to play football on a professional, regulation-sized football field." Fucking motherfucker. "OK, what else??" "Uh, I'd like to have like, a whole class of first-graders attack me, you know, as hard as they could and just see how many of them I could fight off." Fuck it, forget it.

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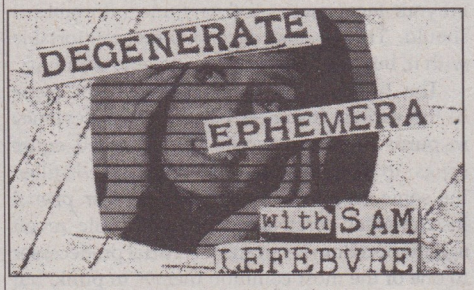

Punk on the Fringe

In a review of Total Control's split 12" with Thee Oh Sees, I expounded pretty thoroughly on the notion that Total Control's music explores the fringes of maladjustment, the brink of madness, and the resulting tension is what lends it such compelling character. That quality is definitely something I seek in punk, and the records possessing such a quality are my most frequently revisited. Indeed, sifting through my favorite records of 2011, they are typically ones which cultivate such tension, and some of the most positive reviews I've written were of bands in complete command of such a quality. Now, in some cases, this is a pretty esoteric inference that might reveal more about my own psychological state that anything, but that tension is what I gravitate towards. Not only in punk, but film, literature and art in general.

Sex Church, Neon Blud, Diet Cokeheads

and Rank/Xerox made some of my favorite music in 2011, and each of those bands explores the cusp of madness in some way. In some instances, the lyrics deal specifically with neurotic maladjustment and in others the frantic cacophony just evokes the feeling. Of course, when the uneasiness isn't explicitly confessed in the lyrics, it's presumptuous to assert that the musicians intended to convey the notion, but that's definitely what I took from the above mentioned bands. To some, the nebulous dirge of Sex Church might even sound pastoral, and I confusingly observed a friend of mine tap his foot to Neon Blud, which was shockingly counterintuitive to me.

Maladjustment is only one aspect of what appeals to me about certain punk records, though. An utter lack of redemption completes my endearment. The notion that a musical climax never conveys exaltation, only a culmination of dissatisfaction, can be much more poignant than relief. There are great examples of this in films I've seen recently. Take Clouzot's *The Wages of Fear*, for example. The strongest characters die, the most sensitive characters are crestfallen and an oil corporation successfully exploits every single character the viewer is endeared to.

Total Control, the band that started this whole convoluted thought process to begin with, have a few tracks that epitomize this. "Nervous Harvest" trudges along with determination, but it's inundated with the sense of futility. The sense of purpose is depressingly quixotic, and the overdriven guitar outro, or anti-climax, confirms some bleak hopelessness. They've got inspiration on the verge of mania, but it's only use seems to be making compelling, frightening music. If the line, "I'm not in it for money / Just wanna stand on your face" makes listeners uncomfortable, it should. The vocalist doesn't seem comfortable with it, but he's resigned to inevitable depravity.

The Electric Eels are responsible for some of the earliest instances of this social deviancy in punk that I can recall. They devoted entire songs to agitation and anxiety and distilled the sonic essence of uneasiness in their primal instrumental beratement. Their juvenile revolt against boredom is certainly a crucial predecessor to one of the most common themes in punk, but the masochistic alienation is even more evident. How many neuroses can fit on one album? One song? The Electric Eels established the template and Rudimentary Peni explored the possibilities, but it's easy to cherry pick examples of this given hindsight.

There are plenty of examples of this phenomenon on punk records that come to mind, but I was struggling to come up with a practical way to really cultivate it, and then I rang up a borderline bat shit crazy customer at the record store I work at. He was buying some CDs and babbling some standard insanity, and then he paused and uttered what immediately struck me as a stroke of outsider punk poetry. Before walking out the door, he told me, "Well, if I don't piss in my mouth, then no one will," with obstinate assuredness. Granted, I've been reading Georges Bataille, so I'm pretty desensitized in regards to urine imagery, but the customer's statement took on a particularly literary quality. Suddenly, the band I had seen the night before came to mind, with the impeccable rock 'n' roll sneer that accompanies punks whose inspiration defies their proficiency and propels them into reckless abandon. Only, their singer was such a hopeless dolt, he detracted from the whole package. If only the urine guzzling poet whom I had rung up could be set up with that band, I predict that some positively damaged screeds would materialize.

So, writing a review of Total Control's split 12" with Thee Oh Sees definitely instigated this column. It's one of a few split records I own with one side severely worn down from heavy rotation while the other is mint. The review is for *Degenerate* #10, which is coming along much like a runaway caboose operated by existentialist gremlins discussing the symbolic significance of the railway's end as they hurtle towards it.

With the remainder of my word count I must mention that Noh Mercy, the femme punk drum 'n vocal whose two sole tracks you've undoubtedly stuck on mix tapes, now have an entire LP. It's incredible, not merely a case of every song being inferior to "No Caucasian Guilt," as one might fear. On the contrary, it's a full-length collection of rehearsal recordings that actually obliterate their previously released tracks. Superior Viaduct Records is responsible.

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Get in touch at degeneratezine@gmail.com and keep up on select reviews, back columns and writing for other publications and www.degenerateephemera.blogspot.com.

No decisions for you
Media blitz, media blitz
immediate hits, we rule!

I'm 26 years of age and my entire adult life so far has been deeply interwoven with the internet. Yeah, often it's information overload, but somehow necessary… a reflex nonetheless. These networks can be overdetermined, self-defining knowledge bases or shittalking doucher timedrains, depending on the moment. In 2012, self-consciously we trawl through this mire still, it's become bloated but the choices are bigger, now we're staking out space for our own opinions, politics, communities of shared interest. The luddite arguments are all old and tattered, it changed everything, punk included, we know cuz we were there, watching it happen, the fearful commentary, the first download code, now all of that is nothing new. Proliferation, and the understandable screwfaces of those who worked so much harder to make these connections that social networks and instant communication let you buzz off so easily. The global event. And in those self-conscious, sometimes self-loathing-but-fuck-it-I'm-doin-it-everyone's-doin-it-anyway moments, think of the funny binaries we've created; the very old and the very new; of Instagram and phonograph, of Facebook and Newsprint. All this future didn't turn out how anyone predicted. The other day I was reading a back issue of this magazine where a former coord was patiently explaining the ins-and-out of Myspace in his column, what this might mean for record collecting and punk and humans and connections. It seemed so dated, sure, but so precious too, an ephemeral newsprint moment, a magazine cut to tatters for cut and paste mischief, dogeared and, shit, only seven years ago.

As punks, how we navigate digital things is pretty interesting. In the act of "doing," the internet makes you/allows you/encourages you to forget, in a culture where we fetishize the ability to remember, to reenact. This morning I was trying to find a way to get money to get more some wholesale copies of *Nuts! Zine* over to the UK—its editor doesn't use paypal. Suddenly I'm at a momentary loss, searching out how much I'll have to pay in fees to digitally bank transfer and caught up in a web of suggestions, of course I ask my networks and the simplest answer that had evaded me sneaks back instantly—go to the post office and buy a twenty dollar bill. Hide it inside something. Of course. I put it in a demo tape. Everything is faster than sometimes it needs to be. The sale of an LP becoming a "digital event" on several labels public presences also made me think how the simple act of ordering a record that used to be slow and deliberate can become kneejerk, somehow desperate. Forces conspire, not always deliberately. On the one hand, it makes it seem like having a tool (internet) be a universal thing is somehow too much for punks, who've always needed to stratify between the in-the-know and the denied-access, against their better judgement, making having the right URL seem like some top-table, in-crowd badge of pride. On the other hand, how brilliant and exciting that in 2012 we are, collectively, the most excited about *now* hardcore, current bands that you can (in theory) go see live tomorrow.

What a sterling return from the reformation-reissue double danger of the mid two-thousands! Still, being "in the know" about where to score a record seems cooler if you're talking a dusty box in the back of a shop, not a brand new record and a website – but there are reasons for that, too. I mean, I live, make and sell music in a country where the scale of the punk populace means there will always be more records than people there are to sell to. This means losing money, or at least an impossibly slow rate of return (you can forget profit) but also that people can get a record that came out a couple years ago, even if they only see the band live that week. It means that three years down the line, when a rad "mature" punk emails with out of the blue lavish praise of your old bands first seven inch (how it's a reminder of "life before discharge" my new favourite term) then you can dig out a copy and sell it to him for the original cost price. I call this slow punk, maybe it's the new slow food.

I've been thinking about all this stuff in the context of feminism, too, because, what with one thing and another, I've caught a heap of shit for my views these last few weeks. Where to start? With a cautionary word to myself, perhaps, that I'd do better to keep more eyes on books, on the street, than on the screen, that would maybe be a good start. The more time you spend looking into it, the bigger this nightless world of word-war putdown pedantry seems to become, even though its one that can effectively disappear, for all intents and purposes, the moment you shut the laptop.

Incident one: You see an image of a disembodied man's leg kicking the pregnant belly of a woman, in silhouette, created to seem like the Antifa logo. It says "Anti-breeding Actie" around it. A silly, tasteless meme for the bored, intended to shock, even though its creators were unable to just revel in the inevitable backlash. Images come and go. It's a relentless sea of referents out there. Of course, the principle is that you create a network of people who, due to connections of life, will probably agree with you. It's not like that anymore, because proliferation of a medium usually justifies a lower standard overall. Hey, c'mon. I am talking about Facebook. In my *MRR* column. Are you embarrassed for me? Maybe you're too good for it, and you keep in touch with punks you met somewhere through studded-collar carrier pigeons. Good on ya! But there are debates happening there where consensus reality/the boundaries directly collide with disaffected internet crusties some kind of base troll mentality, the everything-is-permissible-if-deemed-"funny"-to-someone brigade, where every stripe of punk person seems to weigh in, and they need to be documented. Was I shocked to be called, variously, a "stupid fat bitch," "petty obese feminist" "stupid cunt" and for it to be suggested that I have a "firework shoved up my cunt," because I shared this strange "anti-breeding" image and suggested, tongue-in-cheek-although-deadly-serious that, if ones views on overpopulation (a Trojan horse argument for all kinds of racist shit, but yeah) go so far as to justify violent misogyny, then why not start this noble pursuit of "voluntary extinction" with themselves? Maybe I was a little shocked, yes, but only that people I might see at a punk gig would be so defensive about such a stupid thing, but hey, if stripes are revealed this way then so be it. Are we are at a point where the idea that the internet is somehow "not real life" has been put to bed, and as a friend of mine pointed out, it's 2012, would you seek to delegitimize arguing on the telephone too? An aside: one of the dudes involved is meant to be putting on Weekend Nachos this summer, bummer… maybe I'll bumrush the show with fifty moshing toddlers while wearing a rocket launcher strap-on.

Incident two: You co-run a feminist activist group that deals primarily, although not exclusively, with street-level organising around sexual harassment in public places. It's international women's day, and a journalist calls with her idea that the Council of Europe's convention on violence against women, which your government has just made a show of "committing to sign," includes a pledge to criminalise "verbal, non-verbal or physical" sexual harassment, might result in wolf-whistling being made "illegal." We get calls like this occasionally, especially in this one week of the year when women's groups seem to get a spotlight thrown on them, and my co-director Julia responds with a reasonable statement that, yes, we should deal with everything that might make women uncomfortable, which sometimes does include wolf-whistling. Of course she wasn't suggesting that police should lock up wolf-whistlers instantly, and what with the convention being primarily about legislating on domestic violence issues, and ensuring that rapists can be tried for crimes committed in countries other than their own, as well as other deeply important things like forced marriage and female genital cutting, which is more prevalent in the UK than many people realise, the whistling thing seemed like a bit of a side issue.

I got another call very quickly from a tabloid newspaper and also gave a statement that, to me, wolf-whistling is part of a culture that says women's bodies are public property. It was cool to be quoted, though, as a valid opinion on a topic we give workshops about and are invested in even as a two-woman unpaid team. Then the following morning, everything went crazy. We got phone calls from different journalists every hour, a barrage of emails. We get mentions in most national papers (across a spectrum of left to right politics, with the tabloids at the "righter than right" end of that, and the *Guardian* on the left) and also the attention of the BBC. Mostly a bastion of good quality publicly-funded journalism, it also has regional radio stations all across the country… with slightly less quality control and more of a phone-in vibe… We are put up as spokespeople for an argument that wolf-whistling will be made illegal on a host of broadcast panel debates. The fact that that is not going to happen, let alone that it has nothing to do with the real issues of the convention, seems to evade most of the listeners. So it is, then, that Julia is told by a presenter on BBC Radio Birmingham that he has "Googled her face and she definitely merits a wolf-whistle," while I am told on BBC Radio Teeside that "you women love it really though." I go so far as to disclose and contextualise a sexual assault I experienced to try and get my point across, and still it gets brushed off, presumably too heavy a truth for daytime radio.

Nowhere more than in the mainstream media, as comparatively stringent and "free" as it is here compared to the USA and many other countries, do you realise just how much your "voice" and "opinion" will be tailored to fit a pre-agreed agenda. That said, the *Guardian* asked me to write something for their "Comment is Free" section and it made me feel funny inside to get my name on the website of the only newspaper I'd even vaguely trust, to be able to mount a public call-out of the government's agenda on signing this convention nearly a year after they'd first been invited to. How they'd tried to erase many key passages in the document, even including the piece about violence against women being a human rights violation, a fact that I'd discovered in a two minute Google session, yet one that had somehow evaded every other news item on this story. The comments were left open on the *Guardian* article I wrote—so four hundred comments later… mostly from loonies arguing a "misandrist" conspiracy, and someone who tried to take me down point by point but referred to me in a beautiful typo as "Ms. Beyonce." No one tried to shove any figurative fireworks anywhere, but the hatred, defensiveness and general reactionary vibes were a common feature to the Facebook thing.

What can you do, really? I never asked to be hated but it's par for the course. Keep talking, keep asking questions, fight woman-hating crusties and the mainstream media with equal vigour, and like me you can always bury your head in the global bosom of allies and rad humans for comfort and support when necessary.

Send more steamy hatemail to bryonybeynon@gmail.com

Let us now praise DISTURD. Risible name aside, these guys are spearheading a stench-core/crust revival. I had the pleasure of reviewing their *Isolation...* EP (from Blackwater Records) last issue, so I won't spill much more ink on it here except to say that "Master" is an impeccable exercise in straightforward cudgeling crust of the highest order, dispensing with frills aside from a rudimentary solo that relies more on power than finesse to make its impact. Besides the long-delayed *Isolation...* EP, DISTURD also self-released the *Collapse...* EP, making a matched set of primitive crust-core brutality for your listening pleasure. Unlike *Isolation...*, *Collapse...* begins with a clean-picked melodic intro, something I can't remember the band doing before. After this period of build-up, the main riff drops and it's a damn doozy, verging on SACRILEGE thrash territory, but with the martial tempo of classic crust punk. The B-side, a new expanded version of "Isolate" from the Blackwater EP, is even better, a D-beating rager that marries the best of driving CRUDE S.S.-style Scandi-HC to S.D.S.-ish metallic crust. If you have any kind of soft spot at all for DEVIATED INSTINCT, early HELLBASTARD, S.D.S., MISERY or the more recent sounds of STORMCROW, HELLSHOCK and AXEWEILD, you owe it to yourself to check out this band ASAP. Between these two EPs, the tracks from the *Hardcore Inferno, Tsuyama HC and The Darkest 4* compilations, there's a pretty killer *Early Years* LP to be made by the enterprising label mogul. I can't believe all this heaviness is made by a three-piece. (for *Collapse...* EP contact d_age_ch@yahoo.co.jp,

for *Isolation...* EP contact www.blackwaterpdx.com

It's practically tiresome at this point to say that Spain can do no wrong these days, but the fucking NUEVA AUTORIDAD DEMOCRATICA demo just further proves that point. Members of SUDOR, LA URSS, HORROR and others come together to create something that sounds nothing like their other bands. There is a kitchen sink of influences here, from the DKs vocals to the ESKORBUTO melody to the early DISCHARGE primitive songwriting. I'm frequently leery of any vocals that are described as "Jello-esque", but Daniel's vocals, when matched with the raw tracks make for one of the best demos of the 2010s. There's melody, there's anger, there's everything that makes punk fucking great in these seven songs. Given the quality, I'm sure this will show up on vinyl sooner or later, but in the meantime grab the tape, for the love of punk. (Solo Para Punks, www.soloparapunks.es)

Y'know, I'm going to just dispense with the constant disclaimers at this point. Yes, the M.P.D.S. may include some sketchy characters, and I certainly don't like all the associated bands, but after last month's ripping DORAID tape and this month's IRON FIST EP, I'll just let it go. So yeah, the IRON FIST *Die Wasted on Doomsday* EP is pretty fucking good. No surprises here, but the MOTORHEAD influence meets the VENOM influence at an interesting tangent, and the whole thing does exactly what its supposed to do, which is inspire the listener to crack a beer and rock right the fuck out. The drunk-sounding vocals (both lead and backups!) are extremely convincing, the leads are cheesy in the best possible way and the whole thing comes off much more sincere than a lot of their retro-trash peers. If nothing else, I don't doubt that these guys A: appreciate beer at least as much as I do and B: don't give a shit (viz "I Don't Give a Shit," which is probably the best track on the EP, skeevy lyrics aside), though really, if I wanted evidence that they didn't give a shit the godawful cover art is proof enough. (Iron Fist, www.ironfist-hprr.blogspot.com)

Putting down the beer (for now) and pivoting to the other side of the globe, Singapore's VAARALLINEN have banged out a remarkable ten-song demo of Finn/D-beat worship! It never fails to bum me out that Singaporean punks can't use their real names for fear of unwelcome governmental attention, but "Electric Fence," "Goldfish" and "Glue" have made a really fucking awesome impression, bringing a melodic edge to the songwriting that a lot of bands trying for this style either miss or sidestep. There's a catchiness and speed here that has more in common with DCHC than typical Finn-core worship, but it doesn't sacrifice a bit of power for all that. Busy basslines and hyper-speed reverbed-to-fuck vocals definitely bring the Finland '81 feel to the proceedings. While their sounds aren't all that similar, I get a kind of RAPED TEENAGERS vibe from this, as VARRALLINEN write a lot of different-sounding songs, but they all come together in a very cohesive way, even the out of left field cowpunk-ish closer "Mediakontrolli." At times there's almost a LIFE'S HALT feel with the ranting vocals and major-key riffs. This is a great demo that would appeal to a lot of different kinds of punks. Well worth the attention of anyone who likes good fucking hardcore played fast and raw with a ton of heart. (Blood of War Records, www.bloodofwarrecords.blogspot.com, Cactus Records, cactusdistro.weebly.com)

From the immaculate streets of Singapore to the basements of Michigan, I am late but finally have a chance to sit down with the MERCILESS GAME 8" EP. And, of course, it's a beaut. While Zach's been doing this project as a one man band for many years out of love for the classics of Kyushu-style noise core, this lineup is augmented by some friends (well, at least Kamikaze Dan of LOTUS FUCKER/KAMIKAZE NOISE) and is all the better for it. The MERCILESS GAME/KAMIKAZE NOISE split tape and the MERCILESS GAME/ROTOZAZA EP are both nearly-unheard classics, and I'm glad there's a new recording that will hopefully draw greater exposure to this uniquely talented noize worshiper. Raw, hateful, loose as fuck and packed with enough "Aaaaaaaaaguuuuuuhhhh" for ten NERVESKADE records, this is essential listening for anyone who loves the noize. Fans of GAI, SCREAMING NOISE, early LITTLE BASTARDS and other rediculous noizenheimers need this shit, like now. I could go on, but really...if you're in the know you already have it, and if you're just catching on you've dropped the mag to go get a copy. Well worth the almost two year wait from recording to completion. (SPHC, www.sphc.bigcartel.com)

Finally, we have (surprise, surprise) another fucking awesome compilation of of Japan. The *Step Into the Light* LP combines a motley crew of bands that span the range from melodic street punk to chaotic raw punk to '77 swagger, with the uniting thread that pretty much every song is fucking awesome. The bands I follow on here (FOLKEIIS, SKITZOPHRENIA, VENDETTA) come through with reliably excellent material, reinforcing the point that unlike here in Japan the compilation is still seen as an opportunity to shine and thus gets a bands better material instead of throwaway tracks. The real surprise was how much I enjoyed contributions by the DRUNK BOI'S (you'd think it's Oi!, but they're total CHAOTIC DISCHORD worship), ROUGH STUFF's total singalong PIST-meets-LOWER CLASS BRATS track, and the LAST MOMENT's Japanses HC-meets-NOFX (as bizarre as that sounds) B-side opener. As far as the more familiar bands go, SKITZOPHRENIA come through with a surprisingly long singalong punk track that recalls the BRISTLES (Sweden) in their heyday, while FOLKEIIS provide the standout track of the comp with their dark Finnish-style hardcore, which has taken a metallic turn since their *Hell Kaaos Night* EP. The final treat is the SUGAR-esqe last track by STRANGENESS. I mean this shit is straight-up fucking pop, and it is good. The perfect palate cleanser, and you'd never see it coming. This is up there with CIGARETTEMAN as far as awesome Japanese powerpop goes, and I don't say that lightly. I can imagine a lot of punx will turn this off after FOLKEIIS, but to me the pop track is totally the icing on the cake. Once again, the Japanese show the rest of the world how amazing a compilation can be when everyone is bringing their A game. (Ningen-do, www.ningen-do.net)

Thanks for tuning in, 2012 has been an amazing year for hardcore so far, let's keep it up! By the way, the DHK demo that Golnar had in her top ten of 2011 is just as good as she said and seems to be languishing in a few distros even now. Pick that shit up; it's an album's worth of the rawest, catchiest D-beat punk you're like to hear this year. An amazing release and well worth your money. Gimme feedback: agunderwood@gmail.com or write me c/o *MRR*.

Part Three:
The End of the Three-Month Time Waster

For the last two months, I've been writing about the oft-overlooked UK Underground scene, who were, outside of the Detroit groups of the same years, perhaps the most direct analogue from '60s Rock to '70s Punk that exists. The Groundhogs, Motorhead, Hawkwind, Pink Fairies, the Deviants and more were mentioned, and I coulda gone on except I'm a human being with things to do. This month's column thrillingly concludes this three-part shit series by detailing exactly what these freaks did after the safety-pin set took over.

Alright, before you stop reading, I'm not going to rehash the early history of punk music. That's a god dam tired exercise for fat men in New York apartments—I am only mildly overweight ("drug bloat") and, despite being Jewish, my apartment is certainly not in New York. I ended my column last month at the Phun City festival of 1970, a festival that actually has quite a lot written about it elsewhere (it even has its own website!) which was the real convergence of the "proto-punk" masters; William Burroughs, the Deviants, the MC5, Pink Fairies etc. all played for free to an audience of drug sluts and motorcycle gangs. What I didn't mention is that in the next few years, their audiences shifted from the fading hippy scene to a younger, more art school crowd. Johnny Rotten was a huge fan of Hawkwind and the Pink Fairies, and Pete Shelley of the Buzzcocks and Magazine played their records until he wore the grooves out. The influence of these bands is not lost on the modern punk scholar—the violence, raw, weird sex and heroin abuse advocated by these ostensibly "hippy" groups would carry on into the nascent punk movement. While the UK Underground bands often used a perverted version of the blues as their base, the earliest British punk bands used these groups as their own template, while getting rid of most of the scales and solos and shortening the lyrics until they expressed only the basest, most urgent desires and ideas.

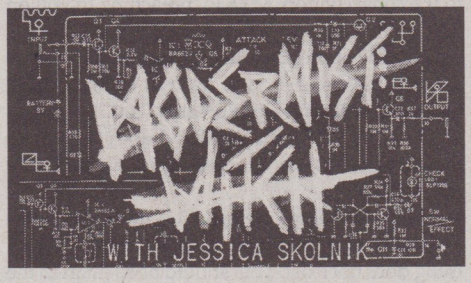
Influences aside, the members of these groups had their own individual impacts on the punk movement. Twink, of the Deviants, Pink Fairies,

Pretty Things, T. Rex, Tomorrow, and his own solo albums, recorded (with a band called The Rings) one of the best singles of the early era, the Chiswick Records classic "I Wanna Be Free b/w Automobile." Both songs are superb, from the guitar tone, to the production and everything in between. The band included future Advert Rod Latter and Alan Lee Shaw, later of the Maniacs. They played a mix of old Pink Fairies numbers and new tunes, including future (and only) Maniacs tune "Chelsea '77" The only accounts of their live performances I've been able to find were contemporary reviews. One "Jane Suck," in the June 77 issue of *Sounds*, describes the new songs as "transparent" and asks "Which bus to Woodstock?" at the end. Another describes Twink cowering at the back of the stage, presumably to avoid the "gobbing" that was so prevalent at the time. Due to "personnel issues," his band quit on him, and while he continued on as the Rings for a while, calling on his old mates from the Fairies, he eventually dropped the name and put out the *Do It '77* on Chiswick. It includes an update of the old Fairies tune "Do It" and some new songs (including the insanely titled "Psychedelic Punkaroo," credited to "A Syd", get it?), but is a far cry from the sneering punk of the Rings single. At some point in this year he goes to Belgium and plays drums on Elton Motello's absolutely classic *Victim of Time* LP, which is somewhat curious as Motello had himself been a drummer with Hubble Bubble. After this, it's sad to say, Twink sort of dropped off completely—he didn't resurface with new recordings until the mid-'80s, and of those, I can't in good conscience say any are good. But what a run he had!

The figure of Larry Wallis is another that casts a vast shadow over the landscape of punk. He was in the original Pink Fairies for a bit, followed by a bit of a floating period between various bands, and like Twink, he too played with Took, who some might know as the non-Marc Bolan part of T. Rex. He rejoined the Pink Fairies in 1972, penning most of their best album *Kings of Oblivion*, but barely played live. It was during this time that he formed another band with members of the UK Underground scene, a band that, out of all of them, has gained the most recognition over the years. Motorhead, named for a song by bassist/lead singer Lemmy Kilminsters former group Hawkwind, to speed and speeding, formed in 1975, practicing inside an abandoned furniture store with stolen equipment. Dave Edmunds (a powerful force in rock music in his own right) produced their first album *On Parole* (which remained unreleased until 1979). *On Parole* features mostly songs written by Wallis; only one song, "Motorhead," was written by Kilminster. Their label was unsatisfied with the recordings, however, and Lemmy decided to fix their problem by hiring another guitarist. Wallis immediately quit in order to tour with the Pink Fairies, who were playing out again. The Pink Fairies record their only Stiff single, "Between the Lines b/w Spoiling for a Fight," which is a classic in the thug-rock vein. Wallis also recorded his own solo single, "Police Car b/w On Parole", which is easy to find and excellent. He kept very busy, backing up Mick Farren on his *Screwed Up* album (mostly bad mid-tempo "punk") and playing a one-off gig with Rat Scabies and members of Thin Lizzy. He also toured around a bit with Wayne Kramer's post-prison combo, though the recordings I've heard aren't anything special. Wallis also produced a number of albums for Stiff, including the Adverts first LP.

You might find some Hawkwind (or, perhaps, Hawklords) records that give the appearance, or are described as, punk records. Sadly, outside of one decent (though fake sounding) song, "Death Trap", their "punk" output falls on the bad side of middling. Mick Farren drifted about during the late '70s, recording some fairly bad fake-punk, before settling into a career as a writer—you might recognize his name in old punk zines, and I have a copy of an early Byron Coley mag that has a piss-poor Bukowski rip-off story by Farren in it. Recently, he "authored" the first Bomp book, and some of his writing is contained in it. Another creature to come out of the UK Underground was Barney Bubbles—he was an artist and graphic designer whose work was featured heavily in the underground magazines, as well as gracing Hawkwind and Pink Fairies covers. He, of course, did innumerable punk covers, including *Machine Gun Romantics* by the Damned, and designing the original Stiff Records logo. There's a recent, although almost prohibitively expensive book of his art out now.

Anyways, that's it, folks. I didn't cover everything, not even close, but if you aren't familiar with the recordings I mentioned this should be a good starting point. Over the past several years I've noticed more and more punks expanding and really digging Hawkwind and the Pink Fairies, and I figure that anyone who likes these groups and punk besides might be interested in their ventures into the world of gobbing and bondage. If you consider yourself to be a person with at least a modicum of decent taste, I command you to get these god dam records, treat them like shit and play them loud!



In Praise of Being Fundamentally Uncool

I'm not saying that I'm somehow immune to social pressures, that I don't ever think about my image or how I'm perceived, that criticism just rolls off my back—but I do believe that trends pass, that what's valuable and meaningful to one might not be valuable and meaningful to another, that punk is what you make of it.

My favorite punks are secret punks—the ones who don't necessarily wear the uniform (though I like the aesthetic of the uniform, it gets exhausting to keep it up sometimes), the ones who see punk in broader terms—it's always been, to me, about making art and music outside of the rules of the mainstream industry, often with a particular aesthetic but, you know, not always. It's not just a set of sounds, not just cut and paste flyers, not just patches and studs and so forth.

Cultivating interests outside of or tangential to "the scene" is just as valuable—if not more valuable, in many cases—as hearing all the It Records and knowing all the Right People and looking the part.

Social climbing is boring at best, disgusting at worst.

The lifestyle gets old.

There are the records I listen to in the dark over and over again, listening for the song structure, listening for the way the sounds are processed, listening for the way they're processed, but really in love with the way those songs hook me under my breastbone. Some of those records are "punk" or "hardcore," but some of them have the same attitude, were produced the same way, even though they don't fit into those aesthetic genres. Some of them aren't raw at all. Some of them are. They are all important to me, they have all impressed on me as a musician and a songwriter. I actually spend a lot of time with pop music because I'm so fascinated by the pop factory and how it works and I can spend hours thinking about the way those songs are constructed and how they were recorded and what the plastic parts that snap together are these days.

The process of meaning-making has always been so important to me. I spend a lot of time thinking about it, unraveling What We Talk About When We Construct Narratives, especially the narratives of ourselves. The rise of social media has led to some really interesting developments; the idea of profiles, of blogs as insight into a person's interest or self, of aggregating self-selected information and of crafting your image to appear a very certain way … it's the refinement and expansion of a process we've been engaging in forever as humans.

So what does it mean when I say that I'm a punk?

It means that I question everything, that I take nothing as given. In my case I had a scene to nurture me, but not every punk does. It means that I was a weird kid who grew into a weird adult who loves weird records and fellow weirdos. It means that I am more comfortable at a house show than I am at some place that has wristbands. It means that I am expressive about my feelings when I feel like it's right even if it doesn't win me social points (see: my constant thinking and talking about privilege, fucked up social structures, refusing to let people get away with bigotry). It means that I hold myself to the same standards as I hold my friends and community to; that I am always trying to be a better person.

Coolness is detachment. It's posing. It's adhering to a set of arbitrarily enforced rules. Think about how those rules have changed over time—even in the twenty or so years I've been going to shows I've watched hierarchies come and go, sounds and microgenres become popular and fade into obscurity and become the butt of jokes and rise again. Every scene's got its trends, but why give any value to those trends beyond their immediate appeal?

I have no interest in coolness. I've spent

enough time and energy and anxiety worrying about how I'm perceived that to willfully give any further credence to it is wasteful. I've mentioned this before but I was a shy kid, and I have some measure of social anxiety as an adult, and I overanalyze *everything*. For a long time I hated myself for being such an intense person, tried to dial it back, tried so hard to please everyone.

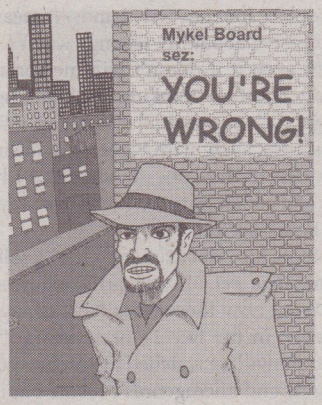
I'm done with that.

I will be my floppy goofy self and I will listen to guilty pleasures and tell people I love them all the time and laugh too loudly and ask questions even if I'm "supposed" to know the answer already (fuck your cred test), and I will wear fancy dresses to shows and get in the pit if I want to (but not if I don't), and I won't force myself to do things that are contrary to my beliefs just to look good, and I will allow for change and growth.

Coolness doesn't allow for change. It is binary. Coolness insists that the world is not a grey, messy place, that there is a "right" way to be and a "wrong" way to be, that there aren't a million factors, conscious and unconscious, going into every personal choice we make. Coolness is being Seen, it's shallow, it's not what matters when the floor rots out and you see the infinite uncertainty below. There is no mirror down there, no Narcissus' pool. There is only motion, only falling.

So if, in the grossest terms, what is not Coolness is Uncoolness, let's all be uncool together. Let's acknowledge our fuckups and not be afraid to make them in the first place (because we're human and we *will* fuck up). Let's stop caring about what's in and what's out and start transferring meaning onto the things that hold true personally for us. Let's be vulnerable, let's be rough around the edges, let's be awkward sometimes. Let's be infinitely strange and variant and beautiful and not police one another for fitting into or not fitting into an arbitrarily defined mold. Let's make room for one another. Let's step up and step back as we need to. Let's listen to one another and spill our secrets. Let's carry things for one another sometimes. Let's value our emotional reactions as well as our logical ones. Let's be the kids we always were and the adults we always wanted to be.

This is not a manifesto.



"God did not create man in his own image. Evidently it was the other way around."
Christopher Hitchens

I'm madder than a Republican with anal warts. I should be happy. Hatemail again... after such a long dry period. I'm no longer preaching to choir... or maybe I am, but they're sure as shit a choir in a different church.

One letter was absolutely correct about my error in crediting my half-hero, Ron Paul, with something he didn't write. One letter looked as if the author googled my name with "pedophile" and used all the results to incriminate me. Jezus fuckin' Christ.

Ok, I tried it. I googled the combination of Millard Fillmore and pedophilia. The results?

About 10,500 results (0.38 seconds)

Try it yourself... from home... not the library. Though with the way Google is, *your* inquiry will probably match *you* with both Millard Fillmore and pedophilia when someone else asks.

With Rick Santorum complaining that Obama is not governing "by biblical principles." And this from Newt Gingrich:

I have two grandchildren. I am convinced that if we do not decisively win the struggle over the nature of America, by the time they're my age they'll be in a secular atheist country, potentially one dominated by radical Islamists.

It's clear that Americans live on the dark side of the moon of idiocy. Of course, those politicians may not be as stupid as their quotes, but *they* are preaching to the choir.

I just finished reading a book called *God Is Not Great, How Religion Poisons Everything*. It's by anti-abortion atheist Christopher Hitchens. As a pro-abortion non-atheist, I expected to disagree with a lot of what Hitchens had to say. I didn't expect, however, how useful his book would be in providing examples for this column.

So, now Brothers and Sisters. I want you to stop reading for a bit. Close your eyes. Get down on your knees. Feel the power coursing through your veins. It's the power of MYKEL. Imagine the touch of MYKEL on your forehead. Feel the love of MYKEL. Listen to the song of MYKEL as he preaches to the unpreached. MYKEL telling it to the congregation. MYKEL preaching to you on *how not to think*.

Take the quote at the beginning of this column. What it means is: 1. God did not create human beings. 2. Human beings created God.

Okay, then add the idea God does not exist... and BINGO! *Logical inconsistency*. Our first way *not* to think.

If human beings created God, then God *must* exist. It is not possible to create something if that thing does not exist. That should be as plain as the wart on your anus created by anal intercourse. An argument based on the non-existence of something you say was *created* is a non-argument. It contradicts itself. Get it brothers and sisters?

Flash to a dark empty stage... a single spotlight focuses on a wooden stool.... the sound of footsteps... a man enters the spotlight. He wears a dark suit, a black cape with bright red lining, and a top hat. He bows to the audience, removes his top hat and sets it—upside down—on the stool.

"Thank you ladies and gentlemen," says the man, "I know magicians are supposed to pull rabbits out of top hats..." he gestures to the top hat with his left hand.

While the audience looks at the hat, his right hand quietly reaches under his cape, "but this hat is empty today." He holds up the hat in his left hand to show the audience it is empty. This action hides his right hand that now grasps something.

"Instead," he continues, "I find myself in the uncomfortable position of having a hare up my nose."

He drops the hat onto the stool and puts his right hand to his nose releasing a rubber rabbit. He holds it high. The audience laughs. It's call magic. And it's called misdirection.

Look over there! And while you're looking, the author pulls a fast one. In Hitchen's case, he writes: Faith-based fanatics could not design anything as useful or beautiful as a skyscraper or passenger aircraft. But, continuing their long history of plagiarism, they could borrow and steal these things and use them as a negation.

It's clear Hitchen means that religion (especially Islam) cannot make anything on its own, but can only destroy what was made in the secular society. By implication (misdirection), the World Trade Center Attacks were *Muslim* attacks. The reason was religion... a fanatical Jihad.

Bullshit.

Logic says this attack was *not* religiously motivated. If it were, why not Big Ben or some synagogue in Des Moines for fuck's sake? The World Trade Center is a symbol of American *trade*, business... not religion.

If someone attacks your people, kills your leaders, invades your country, you don't need religion to tell you to fight back. The US has destroyed the Middle-East for *oil*. *Millions* of people have been killed, either directly by the US, or by US financed troops that later find themselves killed by other US financed troops. The pilots who flew into the Twin Towers could've been Zoroastrian for all that mattered.

Hitchens, like the American right, and the pro-Israel everybody else, made a political attack into a religious attack. It's a trap, and if you fall into it, you'll be a victim of *misdirection*.

I don't remember it exactly, but in college I saw the play Cyrano de Bergerac. I remember that Cyrano was supposed to be some kind of intellectual who had great ideas and a big nose. When people didn't like what he said, but were unable to come up with an adequate objection, they made fun of his nose. Maybe I got it wrong, but it doesn't matter. What's important is the idea.

That's called AD HOMINIM. It means "if you can't attack the idea, attack the person." I write a column complaining that people are more concerned about a football coach accused of a non-lethal crime than they are about Apple making iPhones at companies with such bad conditions people have committed documented suicide... Real *dead* people. Two letter-writers attacked me, personally, with only the briefest mention of the *ideas* in the column, and nothing refuting them.

And Hitchens?

We now know Pope Pius XII composed the following letter to Berlin: "To the Illustrious Herr Adolf Hitler, Fuhrer and Chancellor of the

German Reich!... We wish to assure you that We remain devoted to the spiritual welfare of the German people... May the prosperity of the German people and their progress in every domain come, with God's help, to fruition!"

What's it mean? Catholicism is bad. Why? Because one pope writes a nice letter to Hitler. That is ad hominin... a kind of misdirection and it's a way you should NOT think.

NOW try this one from Hitchens: "Pythagoras refuted astrology by the simple means of pointing out that identical twins do not share that the same future."

While I don't believe in astrology, I know even identical twins are not born at exactly the same time and would therefore have different "charts." I also know that no astrologer believes your life is determined 100%... down to the smallest anal wart... by the stars. There are still other influences—or free will. It's *science* that's trying to do away with free will (the gay gene, the alcoholic gene, the obnoxious personality gene)-- not religion.

Hitchen sites an expert and POOF, it's true... NOT!

Type "Experts Agree" into Google and among the 10,300,000 results you'll find these things they agree on:

Experts Agree With Ron Paul's Controversial Foreign Policy

Experts agree biodiesel must be part of a sustainable society

Romney Vs Paul: Experts Agree GOP Contest Now A Two Horse Race

Experts agree: Pack's Aaron is simply amazing

Winter forecasts vary, but experts agree it'll be wet and stormy

Experts Agree This Is The Most Effective Diet In The World

Experts agree - Sugar is a health destroyer

Experts Agree: Cindy Crawford's 10-Year-Old Daughter Is Genetic Perfection

Experts Agree anti-gay texts of major faiths taken out of context

Get it? If you want to convince people without actually having facts, just make it up and put it in an *expert*'s mouth. Better, a bunch of experts... all agreeing (with you).

You can be vaguer. Try *everybody* knows... or it's common knowledge that...

There's even a linguistic trick called the agentless passive that does the same thing.

[Aside] A brief intro to Grammar 101:

Active: Natalie Portman thinks Mykel's penis tastes like licorice.

Passive: Mykel's penis is thought by Natalie Portman to taste like licorice.

In the active sentence Natalie Portman is the subject. In the passive sentence, the subject is Mykel's penis. The agent, however, (the one who does the tasting) in both sentences is Natalie Portman.

I can use a passive with no agent. Mykel's penis is thought to taste like licorice. That way, I don't have to say who actually did the tasting... the reader has to guess. [End of aside]

From Hitchens: As a materialist, I think it has been demonstrated that an embryo is a separate body and entity, and not merely a growth on or in the female body.... the words "unborn child" describe a material reality.

Who demonstrated it? Who gets to call a sliver of barely more than a snotball an unborn child? The agentless passive answers those question... but it shouldn't. And it's a way you should NOT think.

Ok, Brothers and Sisters, that's enough for today's sermon. I'm not sure if next month's column will be written from New York or Gibraltar. Probably the latter. The one after that: Africa. Yes Muslim Africa. You wanna make somethin' of it?

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ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog viewers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

-->Right again dept: After the WTC attacks, Ron Paul spoke about how the US itself, caused the attacks. Not in some stupid conspiracy-theory way, but because of how the US is viewed by other countries in the world. Read the text of his speech at: tinyurl.com/RonPaulon9-11.

-->King Bloomberg dept: NY Mayor Bloomberg said in a speech at MIT that "I have my own army in the NYPD, which is the seventh biggest army in the world." A private army for the mayor. Occupy that!

-->Pay to Play dept: Supervisors of Riverside County California voted for a bill that would force jail inmates to repay the country for the costs of jailing them. Supervisor Jeff Stone, who introduced the measure, called the jails "prison hotels."

-->Sid Yiddish sent me this note from the IRS:

You can treat your child as meeting the residency test even if the child has been kidnapped, but both of the following statements must be true. The child is presumed by law enforcement authorities to have been kidnapped by someone who is not a member of your family or the child's family.

In the year the kidnapping occurred, the child must have lived with you for more than half of the part of the year before the date of the kidnapping.

Now that's what I call compassion!

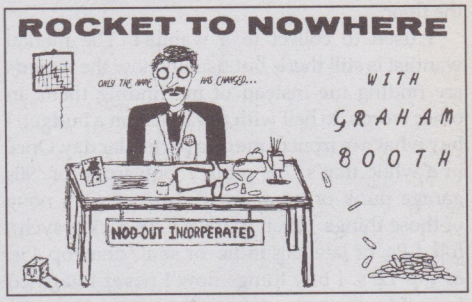
-->Website magazine reports that email spam in November 2011 was the lowest in three years. Only 70 percent. I guess most folks are like me and only read our Facebook mail, deleting everything else. So spam killed email and now it's killing itself.

-->Arizona does it again dept: Sorry Sid, but that is one fucked up state. This time, five Arizona Republican state senators have introduced a law that prohibits teachers from talking about anything that would not get past the FCC.

The law not only hobbles the ability to teach about sexuality and other non-Victorian topics, but it also puts teachers in jeopardy for teaching *The Canterbury Tales*, *The Catcher in the Rye*, *Ulysses*, and probably every work by an obscure English writer named William Shakespeare.

But the bill goes further. Because the language in the bill doesn't distinguish between public speech or conduct and just plain old every day speech or conduct, the law could require schools to fire teachers who use profanity and have sex in their private lives away from school.

With the Republicans continued attacks on teachers and schools, and the guaranteed lowering of educational levels... they guarantee a society of ignoramuses! Exactly the people who will be voting Republican!



What a weird month to write a record collector column. I guess it's prolly hard for y'all to differentiate one month from the next, but for me the change is all too real. Yes, it's true: I am a broke record collector. I mean, yeah, things are fine, it's just, all that extra spending cash I used to use on the side, it's not much there any more. Basically, the flow of rare punk bonzers into the Booth's household has slowed to a trickle.

This wasn't an overnight change. It's been in the making for many months. I've come to the sad realization that you just can't fake it as an old punk collector when you're unemployed. Not now anyway. Shit is way too expensive. At least the stuff I don't already have.

It's been a strange shift. I mean, yeah, I've been on a budget before, but if some important record came on the market, and it felt like my best shot, I'd figure out how to make it happen. I guess in theory this is still possible, but more often than not, nowadays I just sit on the sidelines and watch. I'm still semi-regularly on eBay and I'll still bid on records if they seem like they might float under the radar cheap, but even then I rarely seem to win any of them.

Collecting on a budget is oddly different. I'm remembering what it was like when I was a teenager, I had 20 bucks for the week, and I actually had to choose between records. Like, I can't just buy *both* of them. To think! A few years ago the question was never "Can I afford this?" I either needed it or I didn't. Sure, if a record was making the rounds, I'd wait out a cheap copy. Sometimes years would pass before I got it, but I would never resign myself to fully saying no. I'd make it happen.

Now I have these long drawn out internal battles over records with $7.99 price tags. $7.99 is actually a lot of money when you consider the amount of records available for $2.99 or $1.99 or $0.99 or 50 cents. Like I could easily bring home five records and have a cup of coffee (or beer) for $7.99 plus tax. Now I have these out of body experiences hearing myself consciously avoid $15 or $20 records, unless I can somehow convince the frugal me it's truly something I will never see again for anything close to that price. Boring! I always preferred the motto "Buy now, sort it out later!"

I've made some adjustments. I mean, I still buy a lot of records. They're just super cheap ones. About two years ago I started to make the slow transition from shopping the bins, to shopping the dollar bins. My legs are stronger than ever thanks to the new regimen of squats, and I've now worn through the knees of several pairs of jeans now that I spend so much time on the floor.

I used to collect to a wantlist. The mental wantlist is still there, but usually now the records are finding me instead of me finding them. In other words, to hell with a wantlist on a budget, I buy what's in front of me on a particular day. Once in a while that's '70s punk / powerpop or '90s garage punk or hardcore. But usually it's none of those things. Often it's '60s/'70s rock/psych/folk LPs, or late '80s indie, or soul/doowop 45s, or rap 12"s. I buy things now I never imagined I would ever appreciate… disco records, house records, country records. Country!!

It's actually been pretty fun. Especially when I go record shopping with friends. They're all still trying to find the same 50 records on their wantlist that, really, they're never gonna find in a store. Inevitably, they'll come find me, clutching the two borderline mercy buys they found but aren't really sure they want to buy them, and meanwhile I'll already have a stack of eight records from the dollar bin, one or two eliciting the now standard, "You found *that* in there?"

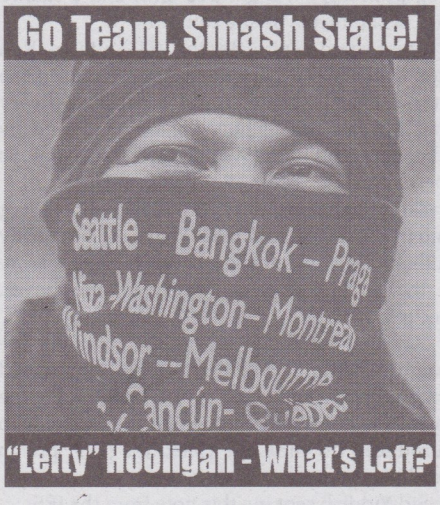
But I'm not bringing home the bonzers like I used to, that's for sure. I've had to sit by and listen to friends brag about their latest conquests. Someone across the Bay scored a grip of OG MISFITS singles for peanuts at a moving sale, and just this past week a buddy scored both the FIX *Vengeance* 7" and AGENT ORANGE *Your Mother Sucks Cocks In Hell* 7" for a tidy sum. I used to be a mover and a shaker, but these days it feels like I'm out of the game.

Life does still have its surprises though. Despite missing out on all the big names this month, for the first time in a long time, I actually got a vintage punk record I'd never heard, barely even heard of, and it is fucking sick! I don't know how much I've talked about my UK82 Anarcho/Street Punk obsession in this column, but it's one of the few punk genres I'm still pretty serious about sorting out. There are a handful of things I've seen on wantlists or genre discographies that I've always been curious about, but they are some obscure shit music, the type of undesirables that got melted down years ago. They often feel like a lost cause.

But I finally got a hit on one of them, on one of my internet saved searches. I'd seen the sleeve on the internet before, and it looked too good to be true. The CHRONIC / LIVING DEAD split 7" flexi. I'd always thought it was some mid-'80s release, I didn't have super high hopes, but they had me at crude xerox sleeve. Six pounds plus shipping? Sold!

So I got this thing last week, and it's barely left the turntable. Turns out, it's actually from 1981, and hell does it sound like it. CHRONIC's "No Time" is like Thee best UK pop punk anthem I've heard in forever. Kind of along the lines of STIFF LITTLE FINGERS and NEWTOWN NEUROTICS, it's super tuneful roughly hewn pop punk with not overly annoying political lyrics and the catchiest chorus ever. I almost shat myself upon hearing it the first time. Almost sounds Australian it's that good.

But then, it's not over. There's an entire other band/song! LIVING DEAD is hella anarcho shit, this is more what I was expecting. It's not hardcore, it's more the classic goth-tinged dirge. I mean, yeah it's rough and tumble punky, but not in your face, more like a slow pacing lunatic, trying to figure out what all has made his life so miserable. It's funny how dirges like this used to be despised by many punk listeners… they just want to hear the hits. As time goes on, it turns out there's something worthwhile here after all. Bring on the dirge!!



Do not gloat when your enemy falls; when he stumbles, do not let your heart rejoice.

Proverbs 24:17

It's a thought experiment. Imagine that you can go back in time and personally assassinate dictator X, and by doing so, save Y number of lives, all the people slaughtered by said dictator. Would you do it?

Personally, I would do it in a New York minute. Hitler? Stalin? One life for millions? No question. I would do it in a heartbeat.

Now, take this another step. Imagine that you can travel back in time, but instead of taking out dictator X, you can only kill the dictator's mother, thus aborting the dictator's birth, and thereby preventing the murder of all the dictator's victims. Would you do it?

That's where I draw the line. I couldn't do it. I could not kill an innocent in order to prevent evil from being born into the world. Aside from dyed-in-the-wool pacifists, I think most people would opt to blow away a monstrous tyrant, if in doing so they saved thousands, perhaps millions of lives. But this line—being willing to kill the dictator but not the mother of the dictator—seems to be the way most people would respond to this exercise.

Perhaps I'm being too optimistic though. There is a surprisingly common tendency to hold the family and friends of a criminal responsible, guilty by association if you will, for the crimes committed by that individual. Initiated by the Bolsheviks during the Russian civil war, the practice of holding ones enemy's families hostage as an act of terror appears to be widespread in conflicts around the world, despite being prohibited by the Geneva Conventions. Hell, the Bolsheviks held hostage the families of deserters, rebellious Kronstadt sailors, even Bolshevik Red Army generals in order to insure their loyalty. The willingness to produce collateral damage however doesn't require excuses like "the ends justify the means" or "by any means necessary." Recently, Attorney General Eric Holder asserted that, in the war on terror, the US government has the right to murder one of its own citizens as suspected terrorists whenever and wherever it choses to do so, simply on the word of the President, in order to "save lives." In this case, the real victim is due process and the US constitution.

This little thought experiment was brought to mind by the sudden death of Andrew Breitbart at 43. Now, don't get me wrong. Breitbart was a despicable individual who was willing to deliberately distort facts in order to get the results he desired. In the case of USDA official Shirley Sherrod, he edited down the video of a speech she gave at an NAACP fundraising dinner in order to "prove" that she was an anti-white racist. As a consequence of his video hatchet job, the NAACP condemned Sherrod, and the government fired her. When Breitbart was forced to post the full video, it was revealed that Shirley Sherrod had said the exact opposite and opposed discriminating against whites. The NAACP apologized, the Department of Agriculture did as well, offering her another job, and Sherrod sued Breitbart for defamation. But the damage had been done. So I have no love for Andrew Breitbart, a slimy, loathsome individual at best who practiced a shoddy, scurrilous form of character assassination he mislabeled as journalism. Yet I was extremely uncomfortable over the outright gloating with which many progressives greeted the news of his death.

Take Henry Kissinger, for another example. I consider Kissinger nothing less than a war criminal. If I could have been assured that, when he was Secretary of State, his assassination would have saved the lives of a million Vietnamese and tens of thousands of Chileans, I might have condoned such an act. But better to have him arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to a six by nine cell for the rest of his sorry life. I still think it's a great option. Or better still, have him slave away gathering night soil for Vietnamese or Chilean peasants in his old age. It would be justice that he suffer for his crimes. When someone chided a left communist I know that "the rich are human too," he retorted, "yes, I'm glad they're human because I want them to suffer when we take everything away from them." I want to take everything away from the likes of Henry Kissinger, leaving his kind to eke out the remainder of their lives in abject misery.

I shouldn't be quoting the commie in question. He thinks of himself as Marx's gift to the ultraleft and once scolded fellow radicals not to let their compassion get in the way of their politics. He manufactures enemies at the drop of a hat, and

if anyone would take their families hostage as an act of terror, it would be this asshole.

One person I'm not reluctant to quote is Tim Yohannan. Back in the day, it was rumored that Tim was not just an upfront Maoist, but also associated with the Revolutionary Communist Party. I once asked him how his politics had changed over the years, and was surprised when he said "I guess I've mellowed with age." To hear Tim use the term mellow in reference to himself was quite a shock, and he went on to explain "I used to think that the guy who runs a Fortune 500 corporation should be put up against a wall and shot. Now I just think he should be forced to be the janitor and push a broom around his company all day."

I've been mulling things over as I've gotten older—past associations, actions and ideas—and like Tim I believe I'm mellowing with age. Last column, I made a clear break with the liberatory Left I once considered myself a member of—both left anarchism and left communism—by expressing my doubts that workers are capable of emancipating themselves as a class. Now I'm arguing that even heinous war criminals like Henry Kissinger shouldn't be summarily executed, but rather severely punished for their crimes. I'm even queasy about celebrating the death of right-wing morons like Andrew Breitbart.

What's more, I'm approaching my own death with much contemplation, and a bit of soul-searching. I've made my fair share of enemies in my lifetime. I hate to think of people wishing that I would die, or gleefully celebrating my death once it happens. I suppose that many of my political associates would contend that it is far better to be hated than to be ignored, that to be despised by the class enemy equates to being effective. I've got a decent ego, but even I don't think I've been so effective politically as to merit being placed on some blacklist, either governmental (FBI, Terrorist Watch, etc.) or private (David Horowitz's http://discoverthenetworks.org/ being the most egregious). No, most of the folks who hate me do so because of some past, personal fight, or more likely, because I was an asshole. Tim Yo, when he knew he had non-Hodgkins Lymphoma and was actively looking for ways to have MRR continue operation, asserted that a key characteristic of any magazine coordinator had to be their willingness "to be an asshole." Unfortunately, my being an asshole had nothing to do with any managerial strategy, but was due instead to my immaturity, my drug abuse, or my desperate circumstances mostly of my own devising. I have tried making amends, and I try not to behave like an asshole any longer. Still, I've done personal damage I'm not proud of, so I dread thinking of who's lining up to dance on my grave.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

I supported myself on lip of the sink in my tiny bathroom with my wrists bent back, steeling myself as a crimson stream ran down my inner thighs. I kept breathing, nauseous from the chemical hormones. Another sharp cramp punched me in my right side and I let myself lay down on floor. The cold tile was smooth against the goose bumps on my legs, and I lay in the fetal position, unself-conscious in my solitude. I concentrated on the radio. NPR's Steve Inskeep told me Catholic bishops were going to fight Obama all the way on the contraception issue. I texted the Assistant Principal at the public high school where I teach that I couldn't come in because I was having a reaction to my new birth control. She told me to contact the payroll secretary. I began to talk to myself aloud. *You are okay. You will be fine. Stand up. You can stand up.*

The doctor at Planned Parenthood hadn't warned me about potential side effects. I'd filled out a form that said, yes, I *was* having sexual relations with a partner who was pressuring me to have sex without condoms. She hadn't asked me about that or anything else that revealed I might need emotional support. She just swabbed me for HIV and wrote me a script for a pill that would only make me bleed four times a year. Then she said I didn't need to get tested for Hep C or syphilis if I wasn't having sex with bisexual men or sex workers and waved me out of the room. I demanded to get the tests anyway, and she rolled her eyes and sent me to get my blood drawn. I went home feeling numb and wanting a shower.

Planned Parenthood was founded by eugenicists and it is impossible not to feel like they are trying to keep bad candidates for motherhood under control by any means necessary. I know I'm not supposed to mention this in the current political climate, but I was treated like a bad woman they wanted to remain childless. We were at least in agreement there. They used to tell you to wait to start the pill until after you finished your period, but now they tell you to start right away, which I did. I was on a high hormone medication notorious for severe side effects, but I didn't know that at the time. I didn't know until I ended up on the floor bleeding from contraception while the men on the news discussed the evils of it. I went online on my phone as I lay on the floor and I read pages of horror stories from women who had their first panic attacks, who lost their sex drives, who gained or lost fifteen pounds in the course of the month. As I read and the news blared in the background and I tried to stand, I felt mad. At the man who had missed the appointment I'd made for him to come get tested with me at the clinic, but who I'd cared for when he was attacked a few days before. At Planned Parenthood for giving me meds that were reeking havoc on my body. At the Christian Right for trying to limit my access to Planned Parenthood's services. All the while, I was on the news: vice-presidential hopeful Bob McDonald was ready to sign Virginia's legislature requiring transvaginal ultrasounds prior to the termination of a pregnancy. This is an unneeded procedure that is essentially forced penetration by a machine with the primary objective of devastating women who are already in trauma. I wondered exactly when my uterus become the ultimate symbol of America's decline. Would the next national disaster be caused by hoards of women pumping themselves full of hormones in order to be able to have reckless sex with men of all races and no religion who: sleep on couches; reject monogamy, let alone marriage; and neglect to floss their teeth? Do most Americans really believe that all single women and all queers should pray instead of acting on our desires? And if not, in the words of June Jordan, *"What is everybody being so reasonable about?"*

These past six months have been transitional for me. I broke up with the person I'd expected to spend my life with last summer. I'd endured many years of dating the wrong people before I'd fallen in that kind of love. Now, after five years, I am single again. What's changed is now I'm an adult with a career and my old punk fliers are now in frames. A line has been crossed, from my 20s to my 30s. I can't go back to my youthful recklessness with love; or, rather, I shouldn't be back there.

During my youthful punkrock years, I made most of the mistakes you'd imagine. I briefly dated a Raymond Carver-level-alcoholic. He was cute and not that bright. His body ran away from him, his kidneys flushed themselves out in my bed one night. Another night, he was drunk and the condom came off inside of me, he said nothing and kept going. In one of those classic moments of punk rock irony, the next morning *he* taught me how to determine that I was ovulating. He lay sprawled in my bed while I got ready for work and he told me he had a feeling I'd get pregnant. He kept sleeping and suggested I call in for work because the girls I gardened with would understand. I shook my head. I put on a tank top and my black Carhart overalls and put my hair in pigtails. I attached my pruning shears to my belt loop. I told him I'd figure it out. He went back to sleep. I made coffee and waited on my front stoop for the girls to pick me up.

At that time, it was the heart of the dot com boom in SF and everyone was making money, even dirtbags like me and my friends. My coworkers helped me navigate how to get the morning after pill during the work day. I went to the clinic to get a script during lunch, dropped it off at the pharmacy, did another maintenance gig, picked up the script, and downed the pill with black coffee from Muddy Waters before doing my last job of the day. After work, as I

finally managed to eat, he showed up with a twelve pack of Sierra Nevada. That was the apology, better beer than he normally would have bought, and copious amounts of it. We drove in my pickup to the squat where I was showing Lizzie Borden's classic feminist video *Born in Flames*, about a group of vigilante chicks who surround would-be rapists on their bikes and take over the news station. A bunch of punk boys sat in the audience, friends of mine, acquaintances of his. I was sure they'd have kicked his ass, had they known. Now I wonder if they'd done the same thing the week or the year before to some girl I'd never really talked to. He left town the next day and I got my period soon after. I escaped without an abortion. My friend stick and poke tattooed a broken heart on my right ankle, for the child that never was, and I was done with it. I thought that was a mistake of youth. It didn't occur to me that any moment in my life could look like that again. But, of course, right now it looks exactly the same, minus the twelve-pack.

Here's how I got to a place where I was laying on my floor at 8am thinking about June Jordan instead of watching the kids write their own poems about their rights. I'd left town for a minute to see old friends during one of our school breaks. The night before I flew out, I was out at the bar getting hit on by a younger guy who laid it all on too thick. His eyes held a hope and innocence that was impossible to trust. Our conversation depressed me, my own lack of innocence was glaring. So I left to see the man who had been making me crazy for months, had turned me into a flower deprived of adequate sunlight. As always, I continually bent towards him that night; he flashed radiance on me with screaming compliments and public kisses and then left me to fend for myself in a dark bar full of his drunken friends who hit on me, not even bothering to pretend they didn't have girlfriends. I watched them drink themselves into oblivion and I though back to the man who'd pissed my bed. What happened to their bodies in secret? Were *these* guys spilling their kidneys into some 20-year-old girl's bed? *Run*, I wanted to say to that girl, wherever she was. But of course I couldn't even listen when I said it to myself.

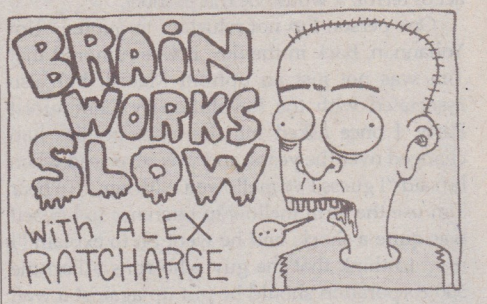
That night, I brought him home and we held hands in the cab, and I looked at him with a mixture of hatred and adoration in my blood. We immediately fell into each other's arms in my apartment. He was insanely tender with me, as he always is when we are alone. It is as if all the toughness he fronts in the world disappears in my bed. Somehow, that night, with my defenses down, he unexpectedly came inside of me. I was not on the pill. After, I struggled to make myself push him off me, but instead I held him as if he had the power to keep me alive. *My hormones and his pheromones are gonna be the death of me*, I thought.

The next day I woke up and showered. I moisturized. I thought about being a mom, raising a kid alone. I drank a pot of coffee, cup by cup, trying to imagine facing my pharmacist to get Plan B. I didn't leave the apartment. Instead, I woke him up an hour before he had to go to work. *I'm mad at you*, I said. He didn't remember he'd lost control. It was a forgettable event for him, like jaywalking through traffic and not getting hit. It was forgettable because he'd never have to fight the battle that was beginning in my body.

He mentioned that we were both running late and should get a cab: he had to go to work and I had a plane to catch at JFK. I sat next to him in a cab, feeling a warmth inside my body; my body didn't understand how going through this could usurp my life. I dropped him off at work an hour late, watched him as he got out of the cab. He was smiling; he hugged his boss who was in front of his work, and he proceeded with his day. I would decide what to do on my own. If I called, he wouldn't think to answer, because this day was no different than any other. I was ovulating. I had health insurance, a career, and a vague feeling that I was missing out on some essential experience of humanity by remaining childless. I had to hatch a plan. He was still inside my body.

At the airport, I went through the motions. I passed endured the usual insincere, lecherous compliments about my tattoos from security. I went on my phone and I looked up a pharmacy where I could get Plan B after I landed. I called to confirm that it was in stock and that they'd be open. Afterwards, there was nothing to do but drink a martini at the depressing airport bar. I knew I should call a friend, but I was unable to be able to hear myself tell the story of the past 24 hours aloud. The middle-aged man next to me drank scotch only vaguely diluted by tap water. I gathered he was a regular business traveler from the conversation he had with the bartender. He caught me staring and smiled at me, "Celebrating?" he asked, gesturing to my daytime cocktail. "No," I said. I had nothing to celebrate, I thought, knowing that was bullshit. I was celebrating that I was a woman with certain privileges, right? I would not be publicly condemned for sleeping with a man who not my husband, who wasn't here to approve my treatment, who did not feel any responsibility to care for me. I was able to purchase medication that would prevent me from raising a child all on my own. These luxuries are not small. They did not make me feel empowered, but merely made the humiliating, painful experience not utterly terrifying. I've never had to have an abortion. I would have had my whole life change, if not for $50 and our current laws regarding contraception.

That evening, I bought the morning after pill from a bottle blond lady pharmacist whose purple eyeliner was supposed to set off her brown eyes; she seemed disinterested in my particular narrative. She asked me if I had any questions and I said no. I stood in the rite aid parking lot, drinking coconut water and wishing I still smoked. I took the $50 plan B pill while standing next to the store's trashcan, my leopard print suitcase lewd next to my too-short skirt and over the knee boots. I felt typecast. I threw out the box immediately, as if I were hiding evidence. I sort of was. I walked to my friends' house, and I decided to go on the pill. *Nothing could be worse than this*, I thought.



What we do is not secret anymore. That anyone cares, or not, is another question, but the feel of occult conspiracy that use to give punk much of its initial attraction seems gone for good. Ten years from now there will be plenty of twenty-something telling stories about how they discovered radical punk on the *Vice* website, or the Facebook page of their older cousin.

A lot of people my age discovered punk in magazines or on the radio, through bands like Green Day, Offspring, or to a lesser extent NOFX and Rancid. In the mid-nineties these bands became big and, for all the bullshit that's been spewed about 'em ever since, they were a major force in converting their listeners to what a *MRR* aficionado would call "real punk." These bands were connected to the underground, they had played shitty house shows all over their country, they knew of DIY and fanzines and places like Gilman Street or ABC No Rio; arguably they didn't care about the politics behind this music, but at least they were very much aware of it. Green Day, even now that they're as big as the Stones, are still pissed off about being considered "sell-outs" by the underground they were born out of (see *Cometbus* #54 for reference); NOFX wrote a song about Tim Yo, mocking radical-minded punks in the process, but mocking it also meant acknowledging their existence, putting it out there for thousands of skateboarders and acne-ridden teenage misfits who couldn't have known any better. In their liner notes, in interviews, on the shirts they wore, these bands were constantly name-dropping smaller, grass-level punk bands, zines, record labels, etc, and those who paid attention would start investigating, and soon be rewarded with the discovery of a whole new dimension, hidden behind the surface. I'm pretty sure one of the first times I heard about *MRR* was in a Rancid interview. Hate 'em if you will, but those were true gateway bands in different times.

A lot of people in the generation after mine discovered punk through Blink 182 or Good Charlotte. I've never listened to these bands, as I was already into Madball and Seein' Red when they started getting big, so I've got zero attachment to them. Just a matter of generational differences, nothing to be proud of. They were never part of my world, and I've got no business dissing their musical merits when I still blast ... *And Out Come the Wolves* on a regular basis. But what I do hate about Blink 182 and their likes is the fact they were gateway to fuck all. They weren't namedropping their friends underground bands, because their friends were the shitty jocks from high school and

the surfers with the most expensive boards on the beaches of a plastic world. They were 100% in it for their own selves. They were pure products of the music business. Closed circles, not open spirals.

Now, some 40/50 years old punker would argue that it's all the same, that NOFX or Blink 182 is just bullshit for the kids and doesn't even sound like punk. They'd go on about how they discovered punk on a shitty mixtape they found in a dumpster in Bumfuck Suburbia, featuring the odd Black Flag or Velvet song in between The Eagles and Billy Joel and some mongoloid disco jams, before going on a rant about how, back in the days, you'd get beaten up in the streets just for having a shaved head and wearing a Devo shirt. We've all heard the story so many times it's almost achieved legendary status by now. Legendary, and boring. Punk is dead, etc. Big fucking deal. Go back to your suburban house, I can hear your brats screaming.

What I mean is that each generation's got their own way of discovering punk. Now no one will disagree that today's way is the internet, and for better or worse there isn't much we can do about it. But that doesn't make the consequences less fascinating, as they can tell us something about the future of punk.

I know, talking about the influence of the internet on punk, or anything else for that matter, has already become a bit boring and already cliché by now, especially for the ADD children of said internet generation, but it seems some aspects of it are rarely mentioned. One thing is how, from France to Australia to America, punks these days seem to be way more musically "open-minded" than they were ten or fifteen years ago. You know, everyone wants to be different, so everyone listens to Roky Erickson, Darkthrone and some old blues band on Mississippi Records to emphasize the fact they aren't "letting the punk police dictate their musical tastes," oblivious to one small detail: there isn't a punk police anymore! It's been killed by the '00s, killed by cynicism, and even if it was still alive all it would whimper in 2012 is "Please, don't just listen to punk, be open-minded, don't be a square. Oh and eat all the meat you can, while you're at it. We've just discovered it is actually good for you."

It seems obvious that the reason why "punks" are so "open-minded" today is because so much goddamn (good) music is available for free by just clicking on a Mediafire link. Wouldn't make any sense to listen to punk all the time, right? Different music for different moods. But another reason, I think, is a bit more abstract: because of the internet, everything is mixed with everything, and punk is no exception. The downside is that it's been considerably watered down by being blended with all the things it used to try to separate itself from. Imagine living in a small town in the '80s and seeing a rad underground punk band in a newsflash on TV – sure it happened back then, very occasionally, but today it's happening all the time, every single second of every single day, and it's called the internet. Confuse and Seein' Red constantly share the same screens as Amazon, Google, and Lady Gaga, so instead of existing on the fringes of society, at least aesthetically and mentally speaking, punk is part of a giant pseudo-culture where we can pay our taxes and score illegal drugs (or buy a Perdition 7" and a brand new car) by the same means, if not in the same click.

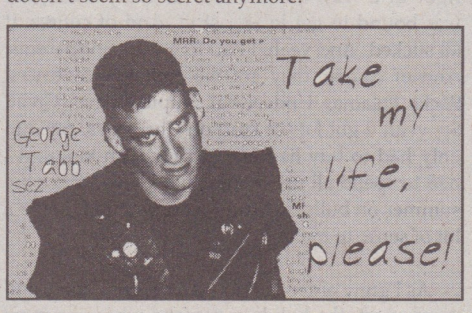
Before Paypal we used to send letters and well-concealed cash. A tedious process, and I sure as hell use Paypal on a regular basis these days, being the lazy ass that I am, but nonetheless, the very act of hiding money in an envelope and sending it to someone you'd never met meant a few things—it meant taking a risk, real albeit small, it meant writing a letter or drawing something for a stranger, and more than anything it meant doing something a bit weird and unusual, something that set you apart from your friends and family and could only be understood by fellow punkers. In other words, it was one of the many rituals that gave punk the feel of an underground conspiracy in the headspaces of young kids the world over. Same goes for designing fliers, using scissors and glue to create fanzines, sharing rides to go see local bands no one cared about in remote industrial areas, listening to records on vinyl, hanging in squats and dark basements, wearing fucked up clothes, the list goes on. All these things were part of the reason why punks would nod their heads in agreement with that discreet criminal look in their eye when hearing the song title turned slogan, "What We Do Is Secret."

Now the natural tendency of punk is to be different, to be against a certain status-quo, whatever that status-quo is, so it should be no surprise that punks have tried maintaining that underground conspiracy feel in the digital age. So we get a bunch of bands consciously avoiding the internet, having names that are hard to Google, putting out records that are hard to obtain, ie with very small pressings; we get bands trying to play music that's more intense, more fucked up, less accessible, ie all the noisecore of the past few years, all the dark twisted post-2010 HC and all the bands that fit under the ridiculous term "mysterious guy hardcore" that some message board clown coined inbetween a racist joke and checking the latest update on YouPorn. Basically, we're talking about some kind of survival strategy, to keep underground punk in the same metaphysical dimension it used to evolve in despite the changes in the all-too-real world it is a part of.

Of course there are pros and cons to this. I'll take two labels as examples: Youth Attack, and Alta Intensidaz. Now most of you are probably thinking "Alta Intensi... What?", which is exactly the point—Alta Intensidaz is a tape label outta Spain (although it has been known to operate from England as well) putting out great raw punk tapes by bands no one knows about, with killer homemade (handdrawn, screenprinted, photocopied) artwork, no website, no replies to emails and what one would sadly call an all around old fashioned anarchist message: fuck the state, fuck society, let's operate outside of the mainstream. Basically it is the only current label I don't hear about on blogs or fanzines, but by checking the distro table and talking to the actual human behind it when touring Spanish bands come through town—so it's got a very real "true punk feel" in what has quickly become "the old fashioned way."

Youth Attack Records, on the other hand, like to cultivate the same kind of "mystery" feel, but they do so by very different means—putting up ridiculously limited records by bands with no apparent message on a "big cartel" type online shopping cart that a bunch of teenage nerds stare at all day long with their dicks in their hands. On the surface, Youth Attack share some characteristics with Alta Intensidaz—no advertisements, hard to get records/ tapes, great artwork—but both label are as different as night and day. Both are at opposite ends of a spectrum of punk labels operating in a time where words like "cult" and "mysterious" have quickly changed their meaning, if not lost all of it.

The Olympia band that seems to have influenced, directly or not, most current Youth Attack groups, is the greatly missed Sex/Vid. When S/V came up, it was pretty insane to realize that the fact they weren't trying to market themselves was seen as some kind of statement, possibly the ultimate one in a (punk) world obsessed with moving products online. Apparently the band didn't chose their name because of its impossibility to be Googled, which is both reassuring and awkwardly disappointing—if they had, it would have been a genius move, not in the traditional outsider "fuck you" sense but in the disturbing "genius punk marketing strategy" category—to predict the consequences, you had to be one hell of an expert on the chaotic, contradictory ways in which this music has always worked. But it wasn't a marketing strategy, it was just weirdos being weirdos and doing what they wanted regardless of the consequences. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of all the bands that followed in Sex/Vid's footsteps—as is always the case with truly groundbreaking bands, the followers adopted only the superficial aspects, leaving the substance behind, and now we get bands trying as hard as possible to come across as "mysterious" or "confidential" without even understanding why. It is tempting to name those bands but it is mainly besides the point —what I mean to say is that some people do things from the heart, while others calculate how to come across as having one. More importantly, I think the true ways in which punk has changed in the past decade cannot be quantified, whether in record pressings or entrances at gigs—we have to deal with new ways of thinking, of comprehending the world, and I can't find better words than "metaphysical change" to explain myself why what we do doesn't seem so secret anymore.



I look over at the guest lead singer of Furious

George for him to tell me the next song. Well, I don't know if it is actually Furious George, I mean, Evan was away, somewhere down south with his girlfriend or something. Filling in for him on bass was Steve from the Devil Dogs. Also on stage were our drummer, John, and a guest guitarist by the name of Vermin, who seemed to be having severe tuning problems among other things that night. The singer says to me, "What song, again?". Doh. I look over at John and he just shrugs his shoulders, as he exhales the last bit of weed from his lungs. I look over to Steve, the guy from the Devil Dogs, and he is busy straightening his bow tie and fiddling with the bass. Typical. I look over to Vermin. What a name. Vermin. He looks back at me, then at the lead singer. I roll my eyes and say to the singer, "We're doing Blitzkrieg Bop, Joey". Joey Ramone says, "Oh yeah, take it guys..." And I count off "One-two-three-four!"

It was one of those nights. Actually, it was one of those weeks. The night Furious George played was Christmas. It was at CBGB, and Wendy and me were putting on a benefit to raise money for an AIDS hospice. Well, we weren't actually called Furious George that night, we were The George Tabernacle Choir. Ya know, sort of a Christmas-y name or something. Anyway, I'm getting way ahead of myself, so let me back up a bit, as usual.

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The fucking holiday season always makes me nuts. I guess it probably goes back to when I was a little kid. I remember every year I would have to buy Christmas presents for all my brothers and sisters, as well as parents and stuff. I hated it. I'd have to stand in long lines, and buy gifts for people, who, as far as I was concerned, could pick out something better for themselves then having me spend my hard earned allowance on them. And my family wasn't small. Two brothers, three sisters, four parents, and like six grandparents. I would usually have to start saving money in July for the holiday season. And the fact that I was Jewish, actually didn't make a difference at all. My family always had a Christmas tree, and we always exchanged gifts on Christmas morning. I remember once asking my dad why we didn't celebrate Hanukah, and he told me 'cause Hanukah was eight days, and then he'd have to get each kid eight gifts, and since he had six kids, that would be, um, err, forty-eight gifts. He said he didn't have time to buy forty-eight gifts and we were lucky if we got anything at all, considering what kind of kids we were. And besides, we all got gifts from one another, so we would get plenty of stuff. Ahhh...the wisdom of my dad. He was right in a way. Since I had so many siblings, I was bound to get lots of stuff. And of course, it all sucked. And yeah, I had like six grandparents. And of course, they got me stuff too. Sweaters. Socks. Pajamas. Underwear. Stupid clothes. Great. So, yeah, I got lots of stuff on Christmas, my dad only had to buy like one gift for each kid, and I had to spend all my money that I saved since the summer on bullshit. Stuff no one wanted. Made a lot of sense to me.

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As I grew older, and my family grew more and more apart, the holidays somehow became more tolerable. Most of the time I was not on speaking terms with my dad and step-mom a lot, so therefore, as far as I was concerned, I didn't have to get them anything. They of course, in return, didn't get me anything as well. Which was fine with me. I took the money I would have spent buying them bullshit, and would spend it on important stuff—like porno magazines and booze. Of course I would still get my brothers and sisters gifts, if they were around, and as we all got older, the gifts given and received were a lot better. I remember once my brother gave me like an ounce of weed. I asked him where he got it, and he told me he was growing it out in the woods near the stable. I asked him to show me his stash, and he took me to a field full of marijuana plants. It was incredible. I asked him how big the field was, and he said he was growing about an acre of pot. Holy shit. My brother, the businessman....even back then. He told me that soon he was gonna harvest it, and make a lot of money. I asked him if he did all of this himself, and he told me that he didn't, that these two women who were living in a small house on my dad's land were helping him. Their names were Nancy and Joyce. They lived in this shack of a house my dad let them live in for free, in exchange for taking care of some of the land. It seemed to me that they were taking care of the land just fine.

Actually, I remember once going to visit Nancy and Joyce unannounced. I knocked on their door, and thought I heard them say "come in". What one of them probably said was, "I'm coming," because when I walked into their home, they were both naked, and Nancy's face was buried in Joyce's crotch. I kinda stood there stunned for like a second. Actually, it was probably more like a minute. Because finally Joyce said, "George, on your way out, please close the door." Doh.

So, my brother, and Nancy and Joyce were growing pot. Cool. Anyway, about a week after I got the pot, and found out about the harvest, my dad comes to the dinner table really furious. He tells us that he thinks Nancy and Joyce are doing a horrible job, that the barn is not very clean, and that there are acres of weeds growing where there should be hay, for the horses. I look at my brother. He looks down at his dinner plate—sweet potatoes with marshmallows. My dad says that he made Nancy and Joyce clean the barn already, and tomorrow they have to clear the fields of the weeds so they can grow hay. And the weeds were really strange looking. I start to burp up my milk through my nose as I try to hold back my laughter. My brother just glares at me.

The next day, Joyce and Nancy do clear out the field, as well as their shack by the time my dad got home from work. I remember them driving away in their pick-up truck as my brother and I got off the School bus. Joyce leaned out the window and said, "See ya around, Tabbs," and then sped off with the back of the truck full of black garbage bags. I looked at my brothers and they were as puzzled as I was. Of course, later that night, after my dad told us that Joyce and Nancy had quit, I found my brother in his room with his head in his hands, mumbling something like "It's all gone. All of it. My first million. Down the fucking tubes. Damn lesbians." He then explained what had happened, and told me how all his weed was gone. I told him I was sorry, and he asked me if he could borrow some of the pot he had given me. I said "sure." Then I asked him if I could borrow the Hustler I had given him for Christmas. I said I just wanted to read it. We both smiled and he let me borrow it. But most of the pages were stuck together.

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So, where was I? Oh yeah, so the holiday season brings mixed feelings to me. And this year, well I decided to do something about it. Get drunk, like every night. And I did.

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One night, a couple of days before Christmas, I was hanging out at "Caa". Pronounced like a hard "C" as in "cage," or "kill." "Caa" is Coney Island High, a local club, also known as "Phony Island High", or "The Almighty Alter of the East Village Hair Gods and the Women Who Love Them", or "AAECHGWWLT". "Caa" is easier. It is located on St. Marks Place, here in New York, which is punk central. Well, actually, squatter central. It used to be punk central, with such cool stores as "Trash and Vaudeville" and "Sounds" and stuff, and those stores are still there, but also a lot of pan-handling kids from suburbia are there as well. Now, I got nothing against these kids, maybe against their smells, but not these kids, and most of them are alright, but don't ask *me* for money. Come on. I wear a leather jacket with US pins on it. I have big sneakers, and am from New York. I'm not gonna give them anything. Ask the yuppies or something. Why ask another punk. Schmucks.

Anyway, Caa is owned or operated by a couple of guys in DGeneration. While they are nice guys, most of the people who attend Caa are people who either worship the hair of DGeneration, or are there to be seen. Of course, there are a few cool people who go there, just to have a good laugh, like me, my pal Ryan, and Mike and Renee from Blanks 77. We all usually get drunk, and look at all the poseurs. It really is funny. On any given night, you are bound to find at least ten, if not more, Johnny Thunders clones. And there are also lots of girls I like to call "megabreast". The girls with the implants, who like to make sure everyone knows just how big their boobs are, and how small their brains are. Sometimes, for fun, I'll take ice out of my drink, and try to throw it between some large breasts. When I do score, the girl usually goes nuts, and I kinda have to leave the club. The people who mostly attend Caa used to go to a club called "The Scrap Bar", here in New York. Real metal, poseur shithole. But now, well, since, "punk" is in, they come to Caa. Fuck 'em.

So, I'm really drunk, and hanging out with Ryan and Mike and Renee. Ryan says he sees this chick, and is going to go talk to her. I tell him to go for it, what ever "it" is. Then it is just Mike and Renee. Mike keeps telling me he has "no time." And Renee agrees. I ask him, "no time for what?" And he replies, "I just have no time." He is obviously really drunk—as usual. Actually, every time I see the Blanks play, he always falls off the stage. Drunk. He never seems to get hurt. I guess cause of all the booze. I respect that in a guy. Anyway, I say to Mike, "Let's explore Caa." He says, "you go." I say, "what?" then Renee says, "Yeah, you go." I say, "I go where?" And

Mike says, "you go." I say, "what? I go where? To heaven? Hell? Uptown? Florida? Fucking Florida? I hate that shithole. Fucking rednecks everywhere, asshole old people drivers. Dumb cops. Fucking sunshine asshole state. Ya know how to give a redneck a circumcision? Kick his sister in the jaw. Fucking shithole of the earth. fucking Florida...," but Mike cuts me off and says, "you go, like, there you go." "Oh," I say.

So, me, "you go" and "you go" make our way around the club. I bump into the hair of one of the guys in DGeneration, and I say, "Hey Jesse, how are ya? This is 'you go' and 'you go'." He just looks at me. I guess I am sorta drunk. "They are both named Hugo?" asks Jesse. "No," I explain to my friend the walking poodle, "these are the Blanks 77 singer and guitarist, 'you go' and 'you go'." He just looks at me. "Ya wanna another drink, George?" I tell him I do and he gets me one.

The next thing I know the Hugos and me are downstairs in the basement of Caa. We are in a dressing room next to a small bar. In the room with us is this girl, very pretty, and her boyfriend, I guess. I tell the girl that my band, Furious George, is playing on Christmas night, at CBGB, and that she and her boyfriend should come to the show. I then give her a flier and a sticker. She looks at the sticker and tells me how cute the monkey is. I tell her that that monkey is me. And that can't she tell? She looks at the monkey on the sticker with the US pins on his leather jacket, and then at my US pins. She then says, "No, I can't tell it is you." In the meanwhile, her boyfriend is ignoring the conversation, and watching a small hand-held television. He then shows it to me and explains he can get like six channels on it. That this girl, the one in the room with us, had just gotten it for him for Christmas, and that he loves television. He loves television more than anything in the world. Uh huh. Then Mike Blank says to the girl, "say, I got no time, but aren't you the girl on 'Friends'?" She tells him she is not, but she is a Golden Globe nominee. Mike says, "what's a Golden Globe? And I got no time." Me and Renee laugh. The guy just continues to watch the hand held television. I think to myself that this guy is probably Mike TV from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, and that he is all grown up. "A Golden Globe is what great actresses receive, and I am a great actress," she tells us.

"This is Lars, from Rancid," I say to the Golden Globe nominee, as I point to Mike Blank. "You go," says Mike. "You go," repeats Renee. "So?" says the Golden Globe nominee? I ask her if she knows who Rancid is, and she says "No." I tell her that Rancid is a huge punk rock band, and Lars here is the main guy, and can't she tell from his green spiked hair? She tells us that she doesn't listen to the radio. "But you've seen him on MTV," I say to her, "haven't you?" She tells us that she doesn't watch too much television. Of course, at this point, Mike TV exclaims, "I watch lots of TV In fact, look, I have a hand held television. I can get like ten channels on it. I just nod my head. Mike and Renee say, "you go," in unison.

To be continued...

Exercise In Southern Gothic

I skipped work at the dinner that day, but not writing class. The theme of the lecture that day were the Southern Gothic writers and what constituted as Southern Gothic in genre writing the hand out explained. "Southern Gothic is a subgenre of Gothic Fiction unique to American literature that takes place exclusively in the American South. It resembles its parent genre in that it relies on supernatural, ironic, or unusual events to guide the plot. It is unlike its parent genre in that it uses these tools not solely for the sake of suspense, but to explore social issues and reveal the cultural character of the American South. The southern Gothic style is one that employs the use of macabre, ironic events to examine the values of the American south. Racial tension and gun violence are often featured." I took this to mean "Fucked up stories about growing up in the Deep South" and "OH BITCH I got a *million* of them." With that much I decided to rip this genre a new asshole and wrote "Exercise in Southern Gothic."

1. "The Graduation"

I had been away from Alabama so long my family started calling me "California Boy." I had been away so long I forgot things. I didn't eat fried catfish every Sunday anymore and I forgot about the heat or rather how it was not the heat but the humidity. But dear God—how could you forget? I also regretted things like how I never did acid as a teen. I sat on my mom's porch the night I flew in watching all the fireflies thinking "This would look *so* much cooler if I was on acid." There was the stench of poison the planes sprayed on the cotton field surrounding my house. Defoliant. It was used to make the leaves fall off the cotton faster, but sometimes I felt like they were secretly spraying it to kill us. The man across the street who was my mom's age and had been a farmer and mixed around with it too much had died from too much getting in his blood stream. I had come home for the graduation. My younger sister and all the kids from her age group that had grown up in "the field"—about twenty-something kids were going to finally walk across the stage. I would be a witness. I took a mid-day walk because in the back woods all you do is walk, walk, walk, say hi to a cousin or faux-cousin, (i.e. you had grown up so close and they were black too, so your were basically "cousins") and then walk some more.

I looked around and cotton was not king anymore. They grew it too long and it drained all the nitrogen out of the soil. Soybeans (or as it was explained to me) put nitrogen back into the soil, so they grew that mostly now. Up the road three houses and one crop field over was where I got attacked. I stared at the house.... When I was twelve two girl cousins (eleven and thirteen) had invited me over put me on the floor fully clothed one laid on my pelvis and one sit on my face and they both dry humped me furiously for thirty minutes. I remembered being able to smell the younger ones pussy through her leggings and wishing I was somewhere else, and no, *not* because I'm a fag who hates pussy but because Jesus, NO FOREPLAY?!?!?! Couldn't we have kissed with tongue first? Another time. I roller skated over, the two cousins and four more neighborhood girls knocked me off my skates, held me down, undressed me and all started laughing at my penis. When I told my mother and she surmised that *surely* this was why I was gay. Naw girl, calm down I say. As a gay man in touch and in control of his emotions (upwards to 20% or the time) I knew that my faggotry was pretty fucking epic. Seemed like a lot to blame any one person for. I kept it chill. I attended the community fish fry that was being held for the graduating babies and one of the cousins was there. She had seen a picture of me online dancing naked on a stage in Paris and said "Damn you moved to California and got turned out, didntya? It took quite the restraint not to slap her and say, "Bitch, you started it..."

2. 3.) The Hunting Trip

It all started with an exercise in writing class (it *always* starts with an exercise in writing class). I pulled a torn sheetlette out of the hat alongside the others in my class with instructions that read "Write about your father". I'm immediately like "How the *fuck* is this a ten minute writing exercise?" Then I put it to it. My dad in too few words: He was raised 45 minutes outside of Selma during the '60s and early '70s. Thirteen kids and he was the youngest of the two boys in the clan. Selma was a hot bed of political activity, and his small rural community, Lamison, had caught some of the run-off. His older sisters took birth control pills and road trips to the West Coast. His older brother played in bands in Selma and one of his sisters went to study in Lebanon (she left right as the bombs were dropping). He'd get drunk (or "just buzzed son" as he'd say) and we would go riding down the back roads. We'd listen to "All Along the Watchtower" ten times in a row and he also loved Fleetwood Mac. As he explained R&B radio was an urban phenomenon and didn't hit rural Alabama well into the late '70s. Mostly the older black generation (like my Grandfather's age and up) listened to country music. Fleetwood Mac was the first thing they played on the country radio that had a bit of swing to it and he'd play "Dreams" and explain that the song was how he felt about my mother. He was a hunter. He killed a rattlesnake once to eat the meat and left it's carcass on the bathroom floor, head smashed, nerves still going (I didn't know snakes could still wiggle around for hours despite being dead). I could still hear its rattles. I was taking a shit and was convinced that my dad was a conjurer and out to get me. Other times I would step over dead deer left in the hall, so the dogs outside wouldn't get first crack at the meat. I later in life would come to respect a man that could kill a deer and live off of it for the winter,

but as a faggy teen who didn't eat red meat, I thought of my dad as a wildman. I remember he took me deep in the woods pulled out a gun and said I couldn't leave until I took the gun apart, put it back together and then fired it just like he had showed me 100 times before. I hated guns. I start to do it but then I freeze up, start crying, and then refuse in the over arching archetypal "son stands up to father in the woods" kinda way. My father says "What are you gonna do when some redneck breaks into your house and rapes your wife? You gonna fucking cry then too?!" The latent homosexual in me gave a terrible pause "Wait a minute, my wife?!!?!"

Let's talk records for once. Firstly, someone's just released a CONFUSE bootleg discography LP. Why, I m not sure since the band has reissued everything on CD and the original vinyls are not impossible to find. Only on eBay does the *Nuclear Addicts* Flexi (pressed in 1000 or 2000 copies) cost over $100. And of course everything has been bootlegged about a million times already. As this new CONFUSE discography is a bootleg you might as well just download it off the internet. It is extremely annoying to think that the most amazing punk band ever is going to be remembered as the most bootlegged Japanese band ever. This new bootleg adds absolutely nothing new. It is 100% about making money. Fuck off bootleggers! At least do it tastefully if you have to, you know? Anyways, read what the band thinks about this in the next *More Noize* (no. 9).

Secondly, the long awaited PEOPLE LP is finally going to see the light of day. Nevermind Fabian, nevermind that PEOPLE is now an altogether different band (only singer remains) and nevermind the fact that first album *Fairy Tale* has already been released on tape and on CD-R as well as been available on the internet (rips of both the tape version and of the CDR version!) for a long time! Nevermind every fucking thing, the best band of the last 25 years is finally being full-length vinylised!!! As for the politics of DIY economy I am not that bothered to comment, no insult meant to people who've sent cash in well hidden envelopes to Los Angeles. Anyway, read more what I think about People in the next *More Noize!*

Thirdly, have you also been obsessing about CONTROL from Hakata, Kyushu, Japan, recently? I have, shit loads. Mostly because their side of the split EP with STAGNATION is glorious. But also because Corner from INJECTiONS wrote a 3000 word essay about that band for *More Noize*. By the way, I am releasing a INJECTIONS live CDR now... but I know you guys don't like CDRs so you can fuck off.

Fourthly, years ago I exchanged emails with Sugi from KURO which resulted in probably the shortest most retarded band interview I ever did. I had misunderstood a statement online that said the band had reformed and recorded a new album, so I sent off a bunch questions asking about that but actually that was just me being a retard. Anyways, here's a excerpt:

Me: When is the new album out? What can your fans expect? Will it be the old school Kuro sound?

SUGI: New album will be release 24/3/2008. Although *Who The Helpless* and the music which released the contents of the album in 1984 are the same, it completely records in another studio at that time. Although it will stand in about 25 years, it is an unpublished sound source. And an unpublished live sound source of those days.

Me: Who is in Kuro now? Same members as before?

SUGI: New album is a thing in an original member by the thing of the 1984 recording.

Me: Have Kuro been playing all the time? Did you break up? Is this a comeback / re-union album?

SUGI: KURO was formed in 1980. Sugi and a Manji seceded in 1985, the member of the help was added after that, and it was working for several years. And the original member Hide and Morikawa passed away recently...."

Now, in the four or five years since I had that correspondence I've been wondering about the new KURO album. For sure I did come across a number of KURO reissues, bootlegs and compilations on CD and on LP and I was thinking that perhaps the idea for the new album was scrapped for a more standard reissue. Anyways it was fucking weird and in the end I began to think I had imagined the whole story.... until recently Tommy Woods, internet legend of Japanese hardcore punk collectors, revealed that the planned CD would have included an unreleased alternate take on *Who the Helpless* record, a live gig from December 2012, another gig from October 1986, a few more live songs from September 1982, and finally an instrumental cut of the *Who the Helpless* EP (yes, without vocals!!!). Needless to say a lot of this is unreleased, and if this was not enough the CD liner had "very detailed info about KURO." Unfortunately, it seems the release was stopped because one of the other members wouldn't agree to release the record. This was about 1 month before it was due to be released so it was all pretty much finished. Gah?!!!

Fifthly, the persistent trend of offloading obscurities and obscenities off 30 years vintage continues. I happened to come across an eBay auction for a SUBURBAN FILTH rehearsal tape, at a starting price of £20 (!!!), but ending more than double that. Anyways, the description got me all horny: "SUBURBAN FILTH - rehearsal august 1982. This is UK noise punk before you were born. Twenty songs recorded on a ghetto blaster, by Totton's (Southampton) premier 1982 punk outfit. Have had this for 30 years and never heard of any other tape by these. For lovers of Jap noise especially. Comes with a photo of the drummer (he sent me the tape). The song titles beat CHAOTIC DISCHORD'S. One of the rarest tapes I have ever owned."

Now excuse the digression but I saw this internet auction while having a second's break off my daughter's four year birthday party—which was loud as hell—and my ears are still ringing three days after—louder than any noise punk gig!!!! But before I could look into the sources for SUBURBAN FILTH a few mates filled in all the info needed: Zach from MERCILESS GAME (buy the 8" now!!!) said that this demo "makes EAT SHIT sound like opera". Clint, who released that dreadful Hackney record EAT SHIT had this to say about it all, being an expert and all:

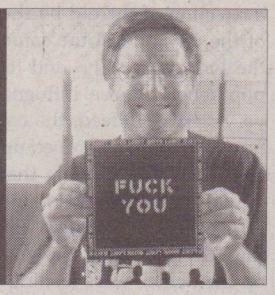
"This is meant to be coming out as a 7"—the same fine fuckwits that brought you the EAT SHIT 7"! There is a demo and another rehearsal... One day. Soon I hope. SUBURBAN FILTH are so terribly inept and under developed, it might possibly have been their first time on the instruments. EAT SHIT on the otherhand is a sonic assault, the guitar is so shredding and although the drummer just plods along its so outrageously noisy it makes DISORDER sound like a Sunday picnic."

By the way, Clint has long promised a Hackney Hell Crew 2LP via Wicked Witch. This is said to include POISON demo ("pure nonsense DISCHARGE meets plod... should have been a 7". Really. Famous only for being a patch name on Scruff HELLBASTARD's jacket"), EAT SHIT live in Newcastle, SONS OF BAD BREATH rehearsal and live Newcastle, Grinder (Goats Breath And The Camel Cocks) rehearsal, The OLD CODGERS live and BLOWER live."). I sincerely hope that 2LP will come out. Perhaps this column might help give it a push up the arsehole? Meanwhile those not guilty of technophobic racism can listen to the SUBURBAN FILTH demo here: http://tinyurl.com/7auyvul This is an upload from Rut, from the band, who's included a bunch of photos and all the lyrics in the upload folder. Here's a choice lyric, from 1982!!!!

Destroy Music
Music's Fucking Shit!
Tune the guitar, bollocks to that
Cos all fucking music's fucking crap
Destroy music (Destroy Music)
Can't take it no fucking more
Destroy music (Destroy Music)
It's a fucking total bore
Destroy music, Destroy music - aarrrrghh

Finally, Lasse from Detonate Records in Japan just released two new records: Noisecat 7" and Caravana Anarquista 7". The latter is delayed by two years or so, and it's amazing it is finally getting released. The former is said to include some of the best material Noisecat has ever recorded to date (although Keke told me unenthusiastically that it was songs from over a year old haha) including the Swankys cover! See ya later.

AL QUINT



I haven't received any hate mail for my last column yet but just in case anyone thinks I was completely serious about what I wrote regarding people who collect and cash in cans and bottles, please note the date of the issue—April. In other words, I haven't turned into some right-wing asshole. Some might consider me an asshole but rest-assured I'm still one of the leftist persuasion. The sad thing is there are plenty of people who *do* feel that way, that these people are useless bums who should get a fucking job. I imagine what I wrote is a bit more subtle in an April Fools sense than the MINOR THREAT reunion gag I pulled a few years ago but even some of my esteemed *MRR* colleagues fell for that one. And it might not have even been all that funny, in retrospect. So let's move on to an all-review column for a change

BOSTON STRANGLER started as a solo project for Ban Reilly, the drummer in SCAPEGOAT and former vocalist in TERMINAL YOUTH before that. He has another solo project as well, ANXIETY, who released a 12" a few years ago. Anyway, he did a demo called *Outcast* in 2010 where he played all the instruments and barked out the vocals with raw-throated venomousness. For the Strangler's sporadic live shows, he put together a lineup with people from SCAPEGOAT, MIND ERASER, BLANK STARE and I'm sure I'm forgetting a few (Boston has quite the incestuous scene these days). This lineup recorded an album over a year ago and, after too many delays, *Primitive* has been unleashed. Let's be blunt—this is an absolutely shameless Boston hardcore tribute, borrowing more than a few riffs here and there and that's from just about *all* of the early-'80s crop of bands. It's humorous to realize that all of those bands had broken up (some would re-form, of course) before or soon after Ban and his bandmates were born. *Primitive* is Boston through-and-through, with the opening and closing "busts" having local references—the Winter Hill Gang and its boss, Whitey Bulger, who was arrested last year after nearly fifteen years on the lam, which explains the title "Bulger Breakout." Then there's Ban's Mass accent (*"get out of HEAH," "doesn't MATTAH..."*). Mostly, though, it's in the music—SS DECONTROL riffs figure most prominently but you also catch snippets of DYS and the FU's ("First Offense" sounds like "Civil Defense" sped-up). Hell, you heah, uh hear every band from that period. The stomping, circle storm-inducing title track is instantly memorable and will likely end up being one of the best songs of the year, even though it's only a few months old at this point. I've had arguments with other "old timers" about the whole "it's been done before so why bother" argument. 100% true, in that it's been done before but when it's as dead-on as this, why should anyone complain? I'd *much* rather hear a band do this in 2012 than old bands getting back together and doing it half-hearted or releasing embarrassingly-bad new music (cough*DYS*cough). There's nothing half-assed about *Primitive*. It boils over with lyrical and musical maliciousness. (Fun With Smack, 872 Pleasant St., Raynham, MA 02767, www.myspace.com/funwithsmack)

REPORTS are also from the Boston area but couldn't be any different than the Strangler. Their second album, *Dimano Cambridge*, rocks in a significantly-different way. Head-messing rock with a density of sound, a gnash of guitar, bass, drums and organ, along with soothing vocals. Not as in some sweet pop style but there's a certain amount of joyous blissfulness in the band's approach. It's poppy without being pop. They create a heady drone, especially for the twelve minute title track that settles into a Krautrock-styled *motorik*, and it's rough enough to appeal to punk fan To save you the trouble of consulting Wiki, it's a repetitive rhythmic style that was used primarily by NEU! in the early '70s and also adopted by STEREOLAB in their early days. And there's the hovering spectre of the VELVET UNDERGROUND. Lest you think this is something that falls outside the punk realm, the rough-hewn pound of "Turnaround," "Kittenface" and "The Valley," with an ear-grabbing organ hook, should quickly dispel that. For the more adventurous of you, of course, but it's hard not to get caught up in this band's engaging, cacophonous swirl. (Ride The Snake, www.ridethesnakerecords.com)

EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING, in addition to their three full-length albums (and they're overdue for a new one since *Rush To Relax* came out in 2010), have released a number of singles and EPs, most of 'em tough to get these days. Goner records have collected most of them (last year's *Walking In Unison* 12" isn't included) for the double LP anthology *So Many Things*. The material dates back to 2004 and, to use a cliché, these guys have come a long way from their humble and primitive origins. The first song, the title track, uses keyboard minimalism and vocals that almost seem ad-libbed. After that, though, the band's hallmarks quickly come into bold view. Over the years, ECSR have honed a synthesis of punk, garage and post-punk. I know that's a pat, all-encompassing and broad definition but it works and there are stylistic variations, from the brooding "Demon's Dance," which surges to a thrilling conclusion, to the gleeful-sounding "We'll Be Turned On" to the jerking garage delights of "Hey Mum" and "It Ain't Cheap," to the nervous jitter of "You Let Me Be Honest With You." They definitely honor the roots of late '70s Aussie punk, as X could clearly be cited as an influence. Dynamic musicianship, especially Mikey's versatile guitar playing—jabbing and angular but balanced with subtlety and nuance and his occasional keyboards add colorful flourishes to some of the songs. That's along with the steady bass/drums and gloved vocalist Brandon's sung/spoke vocals--they could be an acquired taste for some but they have a winning charm. A godsend for the long-time fans and not a bad introduction for the novice, since it encompasses their varied musical arsenal. (www.goner-records.com)

Speculate/Accumulate will likely serve as SHITTY LIMITS' vinyl epitaph. A six song 112" that doesn't hit the quality level of their full-length but still connects with jittery aplomb. Hard to avoid mentioning the FALL here and Louis channels his best Mark E. Smith impression most brazenly for "Future Mantra." He also channels Lydon/Rotten a bit towards the end of "Medication Time," where the bass riff nicks a bit from a segment of the SEX PISTOLS' "New York." Barbed post-punk/garage frenzy right in your face. (Sorry State, 111 Old Pittsboro Rd., Carrboro, NC 27510, www.sorrystaterecords.com

So I just mused about Eddy Current Suppression Ring and Shitty Limits. TV FREAKS could be the offspring of both bands since there's a similar vibe, only angrier, for their self-titled LP. The edgy garage/punk thing and agitated as all hell. The last track, "You're Cool," confronts the listener/target with *"are you lookin' at ME?"* In recent months, I've once again seen *Blue Velvet*, *Goodfellas* and *Taxi Driver* and all three of those movies have characters stating words to that effect. I don't think these guys are about to pull a Frank Booth, Tommy DeVito or Travis Bickle on anyone but that's what crossed my mind. Hell, they even make a song about skating ("Four Wheels") sound like a threat. A brash, trebly sound with murder in its heart. And recorded in a barn. (Schizophrenic, 17 W 4th Street, Hamilton, ON Canada L9C 3M2, schizophrenicrex.com)

USELESS EATERS' *The Moves* 7" provides some down 'n' dirty, semi-hooky garage/KBD punk with somewhat primitive production. There's a barbed minimalism that almost edges into post-punk territory but this guy probably ain't been to no art school. There's only one Eater and that's a character from Nashville named Seth Sutton. It's a one-man project and he's rather prolific—three albums in the past year! The first song, "American Cars," is a tad underwhelming but the other songs are throbbingly energetic. Cool EP and I've got some catching up to do. (Jolly Dream, jollydreamrecords@gmail.com)

FAMILY CURSE offer up hard-edged post-punk rock on their killer *Julia Armant* single. The A-side features stinging/angular guitar lines with a surge in the chorus accompanied by lively bass and drums--the production is bright. I know I'm making a shit-load of FALL comparisons lately but Erick Bradshaw also has the Mark E. bug. The flip, "Last Days," rides of a gyrating bass-line with another catchy chorus. They have an album due on Dead Beat that I'm definitely looking forward to hearing. (Drawing Room, www.drawingroomrecords.com)

The guys in POWERBLESSINGS aren't really old-timers but did play in some '90s-era bands (MAUDE, PAGEANT, a few others—I admit I looked it up) and it definitely *has* a '90s vibe. No, not metal or grunge shit but something nervier. Surging, energetic rock that has melody and kick but it doesn't cross over into a cringe-inducing emo region--the vocals are too rough for that. Opening song "Stunt Whale" is the strongest track, with a mellifluent guitar hook playing nicely off the bass-line and drumming. (Manhattan Chemical

& Electric, manhattanchemicalandelectronic.bigcartel.com)

In the newer hardcore department, there's *Pray For Me* by Chicago band DIVINE RIGHT. I thought about using bad religious puns, like "oh hardcore lord who art on the dance floor" but I'll resist the temptation (lead us not...). This is just rough, straight-ahead hardcore punk punctuated by aggressive riffing and snarlin' vocals. There are definitely 80s touchstones (POISON IDEA, early COC) and delivered with plenty of bile. (Residue, www.residue-records.com).

The pride of Umeå, Sweden, UX VILEHEADS, have just had their first album *Hardcore XI* released on Sorry State. After a few 7"s, this 12" provides a feisty dose slam-bang hardcore. Fast, tight, energetic and peppy with a few change-ups i.e. they delve into some really tuneful punk on a couple of songs, "My Path" and "Kitchen Knife." The former has a nice west coast hook to it and the latter connects with a catchy chorus. Those songs indicate there's something besides hardcore purity coursing through their veins and I could see them moving beyond a basic thrash attack--which they're quite proficient at. Smart songwriting, as well. (Sorry State, 111 Old Pittsboro Rd., Carrboro, NC 27510, www.sorrystaterecords.com)

From new to old hardcore, FRONT LINE's *Basic Training EP* was around 30 years in the making. They were a Norfolk, VA band who appeared on *Master Tape Vol. 2* and a tape comp but this is otherwise previously-unreleased, originally intended to be a 7" but the band broke up and it was shelved. Trigger-finger, raw hardcore punk done with unfettered anger. The flyers on the insert show that they played a number of shows with White Cross and they come from that sort of muse. They're mean-sounding but there's still some wise-assery with a song like "Quaker Meeting" and the piss-take cover of "Blue Velvet." This is a ripper. (Beach Impediment, beachimpedimentrecords.blogspot.com)

Two more records on Schizophrenic come from LEGION DCLXVI (aka 666), the self-described disseminators of True Canadian Misanthropic Blackened Hardcore, and UNRULED, who see their 1984 self-titled EP reissued. The Legion do, indeed, peddle the metal on their latest opus *The Final Days*, their first album since 2008. Raw venom in the vocals and a meat-cleaver attack covered in crust. These are punks who are well-acquainted with the work of BATHORY, HELLHAMMER and other purveyors of thrashy and heavier nastiness. Despite the intense, gloomy lyrical matter about the coming apocalypse (as predicted by some religious figures), it does seem a bit tongue-in-cheek and they wrap things up on an exuberantly upbeat note with their cover of the 4 SKINS' "Evil."

Unruled did release a CD awhile back with the guitarist and bassist from the original lineup joined by the singer and drummer from INEPSY and the songs from the original EP were included. Now there's a vinyl reissue. Enjoyable, fast punk in a decidedly UK-82 vein, complete with the catchy BLITZ-type guitar for "Time Is Running Out," which is the best of the bunch. The other three songs (they've added an extra song which has demo-sounding production) also sound as though they'd fit in nicely on any Riot City/No Future release at that time, with "Forced Mistake" taking a DISCHARGE turn. Not bad but "Time" is the pick-to-click here. (see address above)

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I promised to spend some time talking about what I think are my favorite "starter punk" bands, or at least, bands that were considered "starter punk" when I was young. This month I'd like to talk about two bands, Generation X and Menace.

The story goes that in the earliest days of London punk when people first started hanging out at the Roxy and what not, some of the first "punks" were from the London suburb of Bromely. Rock writers and sociologists like to portray early punk as a working class rebellion. But the fact remains that some of punks earliest adherents were from a comfortable middle class suburb, or were art student types. This tends to re-enforce the idea of punk as an expression of middle class angst more than working class rebellion. That is to say, rather than the poor rebelling against the injustice of their lot in life, punk often takes the role of those who have lived in comparable privilege rebelling *against* the conformity and banality of middle class suburban life.

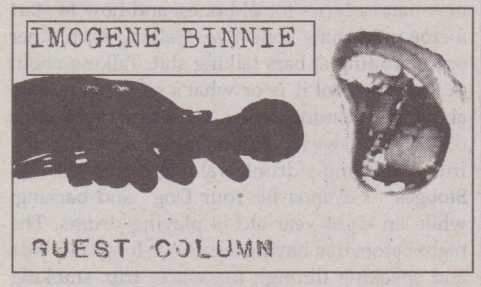
That aside, some of the Bromley contingent went to start influential bands like Siouxsie and the Banshees and Generation X. Of all the late '70s UK punk acts to sign to major labels and gain renown, Generation X stood in the shadows of the Sex Pistols, Damned or the Clash, but seem to occupy the same mid layer as X Ray Spex, Vibrators, Sham and so on. And of course, Billy Idol was able to parlay success as a punk rocker into an '80s rock career, which helped bring some of the punk influence into '80 s pop music. Indeed this pop trajectory was always with Generation X, their second LP *Valley of the Dolls* is some pretty tepid radio pop; I actually like it less than Billy Idols cheesy solo career. That said, early on Generation X was a force to be reckoned with. Their first LP and a handful of early singles, as well as some Peel Sessions and demos, which have been bootlegged and re issued over the years, present us with an outstanding body of work. Generation X played and straightforward punk music, with just enough melody and pop energy to make it super catchy without turning too soft and weak. Taking their name from a well-known sociology text, Generation X formed in 1976. Their first single *My Generation* was both a rejection of the old by the brash young punks of the day, and at the same time a subtle tip of the hat to the Who and '60 s British rock and pop rebels whose influence on the band was very strong. Indeed, the catchiness of the songs brings to mind an amped up version of the Kinks or the early Who more than something like the Velvet Underground or more arty proto punk. Generation X definitely also was influenced by the '50 s rockabilly sound and some of the songs on the demos were leaning in this direction, but didn't make it to the first LP. From what I've seen, I think Generation X was probably one of the best dressed of the late '70s punk bands. They definitely had some great punk style.

As I noted before, punk is often portrayed as a working class rebellion, but listening to some of Generation X's lyrics such as "Day by Day" one thinks more of middle class ennui than dead end kids. Punk anthems like "Youth Youth Youth," "One Hundred Punks," and "Your Generation" still sound brash and snotty even though the band that made them has been washed up for decades. The irony of "Promises Promises," a song about sell outs, performed by a band on a major label, who was soon to start sliding into mediocre pop rock was not lost on the underground punks of the day. Indeed when I was a young punk it was kind of popular to dismiss Generation X based on the commercial success of Billy Idol. That said, the first LP, singles and Peel Sessions are top shelf classics that have stood the test of time.

Next up, is Menace. Menace have always fascinated me, not just for their anthemic and catchy punk music, but for their seemingly being overlooked in the first wave of punk and associated more with the second. Menace allegedly were working class kids "from the streets" and their sound is and was much more raw and hard hitting than most of their contemporaries. Indeed, despite splitting up in 1979, they are usually lumped in with the second wave of UK punk that we now often call "UK82" or "Street Punk" and their working class following tagged them with the "Oi" moniker, although their sound to me is the rawer and harder edge of 77 punk. Menace formed in 1976 and played the same clubs as X ray Spex, Sex Pistols, Generation X and the lot, however, unlike those bands they were not signed to a major label and didn't achieve any fame or fortune. Instead they attracted die-hards and saw their reputation grow as the second wave of punk embraced their harder edged sound. Menace never released a touchstone LP like most of the bigger late '70s punk bands, instead they dropped a string of excellent singles, later compiled and repacked as an LP or CD. In fact, the "Singles 77-79" LP is still in print. Menace super catchy songs, with great sing-a-long choruses and memorable melodies helped lay the template for the Oi music that was to follow. Their lyrics are bleak, angry and cynical. Menace's working class following, attitude and origins give those lyrics and that stance a sense of legitimacy and reality. That gritty realism is something that seems a bit forced when it's coming from the major label record, fashionably outfitted, sneering punks who came from middle class homes.

Menace lashed out at the municipal London Government (the GLC) with their killer single "GLC." This attack on the establishment lead to their record being banned, gigs being shut down and general harassment by the authorities. While this shot up their street cred, it killed their chances of signing to a major label like so many of their contemporaries. It's also said that their working class fan base intimidated the industry and music press types. Menace was never able to quit their day jobs and make a living playing music and split up in 1979. Ironically, the street level punk they had trail blazed was to explode in the UK a few years later and its impact continues to be heard in Oi and Street punk bands everywhere.

Lastly I want to saw a few words about Spanish punk. Spain has had some killer bands over the years and recently has produced a wave of raw punk bands and records that are second to none. As someone who distributes records, I can say that hardly anyone in the US (or Canada) is buying/cares about Spanish punk. Indeed, aside from the pages of this magazine, I rarely hear much about Spanish bands. Perhaps I will dedicated a column to the current wave of Spanish bands soon, but I would also draw your attention to the fact that as in other countries, Spain's punk history is being mined. Many classics of Spanish punk are now in print on vinyl again. Elitist record collectors outside of Spain only knew some of these bands until recently. One killer I just picked up is the 12" by Torreros After Ole. I don't know much about this band, and their legendary status only became known to me when Limp Wrist covered one of their songs. Their 12" was recently re issued and it's definitely worth the search if you can't find an original. Raw and abrasive with some catchy hooks, their sound is energetic punk with just enough speed to push it into the early hardcore realm. This is yet another obscurity I was excited to see brought to light.



Hey *Maximum*. I'm stoked that in my last column I explained to you all about how I can play guitar like Jimi Hendrix, because that presented a really good opportunity for me to learn humility at my band Correspondences' first show last night. I did a tarot reading beforehand specifically about the show and my tarot deck was like, "Sucks for you, Imogen, but this show is going to be such a catastrophe that it'll change the way your band operates *forever*." I guess it was mostly right, too. I had been kinda nervous for Lee, because she hasn't played tons of shows, but it turns out I was displacing my own anxiety onto her, 'cause *Maximum*, at that show I was my band's weakest link.

Check this out: two days before the show, Emily was like "Hey, I have this bass distortion pedal I use for my cello sometimes, but I'm not using it in this band. Do you wanna use it?" I was like "Yeah definitely" because the distortion pedal I've been using for my bass in this band is really one of those Zoom guitar pedals that somebody gave me, which has a bunch of buttons and it can do a million things like reverb and fifty kinds of distortion and echoes and stuff. But since it's a guitar pedal, my bass kinda sounds like a guitar when I use it—I guess it emphasizes guitar frequencies or whatever. So I was like cooooool, a pedal that will help my bass sound like death *and also* like a bass, instead of just one or the other.

Well, pretty much as soon as the bass and drums came in on our first song "Bad Communication," aka "Bad Beer" aka "Bad Beer and Makeup," there was this rad frizzly crackling noise that made it seem like maybe on some level it had been a bad idea to start using that pedal. I don't know what exactly broke or got fucked up, but something definitely did. I still had my Zoom pedal plugged in, because I was using it as a tuner, but I didn't really know how to switch from one to the other in the middle of the song-especially since, like a total genius, I had set up my pedals against the wall where people were standing, which meant it was kinda hard to get to them. Whatever though! Since my band plays by candlelight and we had turned the other lights off, I had to work a lot harder than usual to see where the fuck on the neck of my bass I was off, so having a broken amp setup for the first song was kind of a good thing while I got acclimated to playing lots of wrong notes.

After that song ended, I sorted out the pedal thing, plugged in my guitar, and realized that I didn't have anywhere to put my bass. We practice in Lee's bedroom and there's always a bed right next to me during practice where I can put my bass while I play guitar, but there were zero beds in the Poland Street basement. Isaac was there, though, so I was like "Hey Isaac, hold this?" He thought I meant, "Just hold this for a second, while I do something" but what I really meant was "Please hold this for one song."

When he figured that out he was like "Sweet, I'ma be a roadie for Correspondences."

I was like, "Yeah, totally, although you're gonna have to ask my girlfriend Alex, she kinda called it."

Alex is a hippie lesbian, though, so she was like "We can share roadie duties."

Anyway, then I got my guitar plugged in, and checked if it was in tune by playing that chord in drop-D tuning that goes 000222, y'know? The HUM chord. That's pretty much the only chord I play through the first three quarters of our second song, "Thaumaturge," aka "Cramp Bark, Oatstraw, Rose Hips, Blood," aka "Blood of the Thaumaturge," aka "New Blood" (on account of the fact that our third song, "Bombs Over Neo-Tokyo," used to be called "Cramp Bark, Oatstraw, Rose Hips, Blood"), aka "New Blood of the Thaumaturge." That song went pretty much okay except I missed all the changes I was supposed to be paying attention to. I did get the guitar to feed back pretty good for the end of the first/only verse, which is the longest part of the song by a factor of like eight, but otherwise shit was just falling apart: wrong chords, wrong timing, missing cues. Whatever though! Who cares! We were wearing enormous tulle veils and playing by candlelight, that's what's important.

(Alex did my makeup and Amanda did Lee's makeup and Emily did her own makeup, but we were all wearing a ton of makeup. Like, I was wearing way more than I usually wear, which is usually more than anybody else is wearing. As we were walking in, loaded down with candles stuck into wine bottles and veils made of yards of tulle, Lee had been like, "I dunno, I just feel like wearing a lot of makeup might be kind of pretentious." I was like, Lee, being pretentious and playing Baba Yaga cello doom [which is what Travis called us, it's the best description of our band so far] is the new being an unpretentious band of dudes with short hair. Plus, misogynist/antifeminine constructions of pretentiousness are produced by patriarchal attitudes toward a bullshit constructed idea of "nature" which erases the constructedness going on any time anybody says "natural," so fuckin' whatever. She was like okay, great, whatever yourself. It was good.)

After that song I forget what happened. Maybe I handed my guitar to Isaac? Maybe I just put it on an amp, I dunno. Sorry, rock historians of the future. But I switched back to bass and we played "Cramp Bark, Oatstraw, Rose Hips, Blood," aka "Old Blood." And we hit our stride! I only had one really flagrant fuckup, which is when the song is supposed to go from really loud to really quiet, but I went from really loud to mostly loud to quieting down to quieter to really quiet while everybody looked at me. Alex was like, "The only reason anybody could tell you fucked up is that Emily and Lee were looking at you and each other like 'what the fuck is going on, what are we supposed to do.'" But then we got loud again and then went Jud Jud Jud for the ending and that was that.

People were like "Three more!" but we only have two more: one is "The Baba Yaga Rides," aka "The Baba Yaga Rides a Wild Hawthorne Berry," which is most of the way toward having a structure, and the other is a cover of "Dolphina" by Maple Rabbit, which we totally fucking murdered in practice one day and then all three of us forgot what Lee was doing on drums and we haven't been able to make work since. So we didn't really have any more.

Anyway, a bunch of folks clapped and then a bunch of folks invited us to play upcoming shows that we couldn't play 'cause Emily is an Important Rock Star who has to go on tour with somebody else for a few weeks, but still! That's cool, everybody was like "That was rad" and stuff. I fuckin' love you, Portland, ME punkers.

So even my hubris couldn't wreck the inaugural Correspondences show! The tarot cards were right, though, but I think what they were telling me was something like "you have to fuckin' practice, stupid, and not just brag in magazines about how good you are at playing guitar." So, good call, thanks tarot cards.

I'm cataloguing my fuckups to brag about how cool my band is, yes, but also to be like, thank

the goddess and everything that we are punkers: we get to totally fuckin' suck—loudly and unapologetically. The whole thing about punk is that you get to suck sometimes! (Or always!) I was talking to my friend Ali, the drummer from Viscyra in Philadelphia, about this a little while ago. It's just like, patriarchal constructions of musical validity function to keep us quiet and meek, and therefore fuck them. It's important to totally fucking suck sometimes—plus, it's way better than never even getting to the point where you suck.

I should mention that we played with the Waldos, Grass is Green, Speedy Ortiz and Falls of Rauros, all of whom were awesome. I totally did the asshole person in a band thing at one point where one of the guys from one of the other bands was like "Hey you all were awesome" but I was a little bit drunk and mostly just overwhelmed so I was like "Thanks" instead of "You too," so sorry dude! If you're reading this, your band was awesome too!

Also, nobody in Witch House has bought pepper for a really, really long time, so every time I go to the grocery store I take a handful of those tiny little pepper packets and put 'em in my pocket. I forget that they're there, though, once I get home, so they never make it to the kitchen, and then, since they're not really designed to be sturdy, they end up ripping open and then I walk around with a bunch of loose pepper in my pocket. Anyway, hey Poland Street, I think I sort of accidentally emptied my pepper pocket onto your basement floor. Sorry.

Whatever, I dunno, if you want to talk about it, email imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com.

Have you ever seen an eighteen year-old kid being truly happy? One who still goes to high school hell in a blown-out industrial town and already knows how shitty real life is? And not just smiling and having second thoughts on suicide but glowing like he just figured it out? Not what people will find out later but what they lose at the very beginning. Then next to him seeing some older and more fucked up men with the usual halo, forgetting everyday mess of underpaid jobs, warehouse cold and drug addict misfortunes. It's the feeling that you can turn whichever direction you want and you will see people you just love to have around, even if you are traveling in a dirty train car without heat, through a freezing snow storm drinking warming up beer and losing all possible ability to think straight; just smiling like a lunatic from happiness, exhaustion and being tipsy. It's not only about eating free pizza, drinking beer against a hangover, listening to Dinosaur Jr. and cracking jokes on a day after a sick punk rock show a hundred miles away from the place you usually sleep—it's about finding yourself in this punk life most of us want to maintain.

I grew up in parking lots around a shithole town, a capital of awakening post-cold war disaster. Smashing shit and my body as well. Dealing with drunk security guards and listening to stories told by homeless people. Hanging out on the streets, eating shit when hitting the concrete—skateboarding. Trying to do it while I sucked. But I loved the constant rush of doing something. Whenever I held the board and threw it in front of me, I was always among my friends and within the streets. I was no street kid. I just loved the vibes of constantly being out there. Spending my time among interesting people with different backgrounds. Somehow this was being creative about how to form an alternative world that's just ours and not fucking lame just like others.

I had a bed but I always found it way more appealing for myself to sleep on floors, around friends and half-eaten sandwiches and smashed beer cans. Started getting wasted around fourteen and had these weird smoking parties when a couple of us just got high and we danced to dance punk hits, then i had paranoia my friend's dog will eat my face if I fall asleep. Looked shit, talked shit, thought shit, felt shit. Then became a punk, and a music geek. Found a band full with people whose previous bands raised me and parking lots were replaced by moldy rehearsal rooms under the ground of abandoned industrial sites. Shows, being drunk, travelling, sleeping under the stars, in stinky cars, in squats, drugs, puking, not eating. All this shit. Having shitty jobs. Hating, bosses, falling for girls and not getting love. Sweating on stages, struggling at home writing new stuff, freezing in rehearsal rooms while practicing and working out songs. Having no idea what to do with life. Sleepless nights and blackouts. Cooking for bands, putting as many upside down crosses on flyers as possible, hanging with weirdos. Meeting fucked up people and falling in love with them. Up-all-night-ing. Eating junk food and watching fist fights while waiting for night buses.

All guts no glory. Lucid living. This is life.

This is life for me cause after all that's what I have chosen. I've never been forced. I'm a fucking socially retarded person but, at the same time I feel like this is the way for me to be, and not because some jocks never accepted me. I haven't even ever really met them—I was too busy dealing with my own punk shit. I started doing my things 'cause I always wanted to do music and writing.

I remember one specific summer. When I did nothing but I was working on what is still my masterpiece. It's a sixty-page zine I wrote mostly drunk from booze and enthusiasm, high on either music high or caffeine. What I like, what I feel about songs what kind of images my brain gathers by the help of these tunes. At the time I was reading then James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* and got obsessed with how he described hell through thirty fanatic pages. I wanted this, but with music. But I was living my own boring hell—I wanted to reproduce such perfection, not repeat it.

I was writing this zine like a maniac. All I was doing and thinking on was this zine. I slept five hours everyday I woke up early morning, opened the file on my computer and stared all day long on it. I did nothing else. Except sometimes I went out walking and blasted a beautiful song. And I just felt like my life right now is a huge piece of shit. But if a song like this could exist in this mess then life couldn't be that cruel after all. And I wanted was to be in that song. I wanted to put those feelings on paper. I wanted this constant feeling I always missed. To let it overtake my life and live among these harmonies. Have the strength of such beautiful material made by a human being. I wanted this song to be my life. I wanted my life like this: fragile but beautiful.

Seeing a high school student smile, you can hear him state he just wants this. Going to shows with his friends, eating pizza, drinking beer, sleeping on people's floor having fun. And realizing he is right and this is what all of us should do. Because this kind of life is the fulfilled beauty of that song. And what I wanted then I finally have that now. It's not much but for some of us it's everything. And we should deserve this. We should be able to have some incognito jobs, slack around for a little money and more free time to be fully alive with the adventures of surviving life as a punk.

The only thing better with skateboarding vs. punk is it's instant satisfaction. You just roll and you are doing it. While with punk you have to find a band, then a rehearsal room, figure out songs, practice them, record them, release them, book shows, go to shows. It's slow and it's not happening all the time. Or it wasn't till now, 'cause in this rat life of punk that I've found I'm able to find myself: being up at night, thinking on booking bands, planning and writing collaboration zines. Brainstorming on starting new bands, lyrics for old ones, and how to start a zine publishing collective. Helping each other or just rotting at bars talking shit. Talking about punk, how cool it is or what's so fucking lame about it. Jamming at the rehearsal room on a drunk and sweaty summer night. Seeing my friend amazingly drunk walking on his knees to Stooges' "I Wanna Be Your Dog" and barking, while an eight year-old is playing drums. The night before that having a six hour-long train ride and speaking through the whole trip, smoking weed, blasting ideas from 4 to 10 am. Skinny dipping in a fake lake at middle of a small town few hours before that. Just being with amazing people. Making Molotov cocktails in a forest and shooting Manowar fan-video clips with a flaming toy sword. Midnight record listening sessions through headphones.

Blasting girls' anger on the fucking world—Nog Watt and Tozibabe followed by Silla Eléctrica. Wanting to xerox some inspiring zines and burn a DVD with *Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains* to a girl gang so they can rise up and tell us guys to fuck off. Cuz I hate "girlfriends" and "[someone]'s" girlfriend, the status. Girls who are reduced—or reduce themselves—to being accessories for assholes. The dominance these

jerk boyfriends are putting on them. I adore girls who are putting on Wipers songs on New Years Eve and making us swear to dance. But how could we resist such offers? And I adore her not because I like the Wipers so she is like us dudes who do, but because she wanted to dance to this song with all of her heart.

I love midnight rides for beer with skateboards or bikes. Except when I smash my face into the concrete. Never ride your decks stoned, drunk and heart broken. I love telling cops they can write me fucking checks for walking on a snow covered road, wrestling with my friend but they have no power over me. I love punk flats and their communal living—when one doesn't "take advantage" of each other's kindness but they are sharing their kindness as well. Taking each other to hospitals. Hugging out nervous breakdowns. Playing our hearts out for a handful of people drunk. Not really shredding the right chords all the time but feeling like there is nothing else I would rather do, there's no other people I would rather do it with, and there is no other people I would rather have around. Even if it's for a few hours, it's true then and I won't forget it. Inspiring each other, the stories and everything. Falling asleep on each other's body parts. Almost crying or crying for real. Late night phone calls. Drinking after twelve hours of work—or drinking for twelve hours before work. Just bonding. And not just being only fucking *associates* in punk—something more. Like actually talking about what brought you to this music in the first place—and what keeps bringing you back to it constantly.

But then there's also all the fucked up shit beyond this. Of how this is a struggle. A struggle to be able to have all this. But fuck the whole boring world. It's a political piece you are reading now cause it's always political when it's about us and them. For me punk is not really a direct resistance. It's more about a completely different universe I picked to live in and being constantly surprised how thousands of other people are on the same page with me. Reading for the first time the lyrics of Comet Gain's "Why I Try to Look So Bad" and just not being fully able to fully believe that someone put on paper exactly how I look on the world.

Are you afraid as well? Me too. I don't wanna give in. I wanna fake that I'm trying and secretly be happy with an ordinary job that lets me buy some records and concert tickets next to my bread.

But the difference between punk and being boring, or so-called life and this punk life, is that what we have is easy to achieve but hard to maintain. With punk the "top of your career" is the reality that you can stay young forever.

There were several weeks in my life when I was just out there. My daily routine was focused around punk vibes. I just simply lost contact with the life all of us should do to survive. But what kind of surviving is it when you live for nothing? During those days I lived like nothing but for real somethings. Barely ate, drank way too much, slept under the stars, in bus stops, on cold floors. But there were always those 20 minutes. Those 20 minutes what mattered and made me forget what just happened before and what will after. We live for those 20 minutes and we live for real in those 20 minutes. It's not only about music. Songs, sets, tours, being a fan. It's about finding the true gold even in the rat life of punk. And that gold is…

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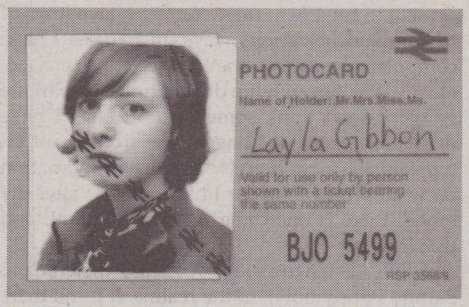

This weekend was the anarchist bookfair; *MRR* tables this every year, and I think 2012 was the first year that no old coots came up to the table and yelled at us for something Tim Yohannon did to them twenty years ago that they have yet to forgive him for. In fact the only older punks that approached the table during my shift were two cool punk women, the first of whom had read every issue since the first and had decided that now was the time to become a shitworker. The other was super hippie looking, and lived off the grid up north somewhere, but used to be in Frightwig and bought an *MRR* tote bag to carry her books in. In the spirit of Anarcho-commerce, I myself bought one book, which I had been thinking about since I saw it at last year's Anarcho bookfair tabling experience. It was published in 1981, and I assumed that the deadstock Vale had located would be long gone, but I saw it as soon as I walked in the room, and grabbed it from the RE/SEARCH table. The first year I went to the bookfair with *MRR* I managed to score a complete run of *Search and Destroy* fanzines for $40 from the same table, this year it was this amazing book of photos of the now non-existent Castro Halloween party from the late '70s. There are several punks pictured amongst the insanely creative yet brain destructive costumes, the most well known being Dee Dee Detroit from UXA, though I think I spotted Jennifer Miro from the Nuns as well... The costumes of the revelers are amazing, disgusting, anarchic, creative, a different world from the shitty "sexy" gnome / jock etc costumes all the frat boys and google employees that have taken over San Francisco adorn themselves with nowadays. I collect old SF memorabilia with a vengeance, old zines, books, evidence that the Googledrones once stayed where they belonged, in the suburbs, when San Francisco was wild and scary as well as beautiful...

One of my shitworker table-mates mentioned that this year he was unable to detect the anarchist bookfair by scent as much as he had been able to on previous years, and it did seem like that contingent was way down. There were tons of cool tables to check out, as well as a few too many crafterevolution people, which is something I just do not get. Radical crafting... There's a section at my work of radical homesteading books, of which there is currently a vast amount, which makes sense as a reaction to the economy and endless war for oil. Ultimately it all reminds me of the back to the land hippie ethos, and how frustrating that was for women. Endless earth mother bullshit ultimately creating the women's liberation movement. When the work get divided how frequently do they reinforce traditional gender roles... I think maybe the first column I ever wrote for the magazine was about this, so I am not gonna talk too much about it, but I do find it a little boring / frustrating. (In short I am totally not interested in embroidering a pic of Joan Jett or whatever *Bust* magazine bullshit this planet of radical girlness entails; I would way rather be in a band or read a book than knit a fucking coffee cozy for the revolution or whatever. Fucking yawn. Each to their own right? Gabba gabba hey). This year the Black Panthers had a table, with a bunch of old posters and newspapers alongside documentation of the continuation of the struggle. Made me wish I hadn't spent all my money in one go... One of the things I like about living in the Bay Area is walking around and knowing that revolutionaries walked these same streets, and actively changed the way things operate. How ideas that originated with say the Black Panthers are now utilized all across America without a thought given to their origin. And how no matter how desolate and terrible things seem now, how racist and terrifying and disturbing the current political climate is, despite the Reagan Joseph McCarthy deifications inherent in all the tombstones for brains we get for politicians, the possibility for something else exists. We must keep going, keeping on fighting, resisting the suburban sleep, the resentment and hate, the easy blame for complex social problems...

I have a box of tapes that I have been meaning to review for fucking months, and I promise they will be in the next demo section, but I have been listening to the following from this mythical box on repeat:

Household tape. This is a tape of their 12" that came out last year, it's on Wild Isle, and it rules. Discomforting music that brings to mind Christina Billotte bands and post-punk girls, the slow songs off of *Chair's Missing*. It's so good!

Tortura is insanely dreamy all girl punk destruktion from London, with I think a Madrid punker on vocals?! I believe it features ladies from Cover Girl, who were one of the best bands I saw when visiting London plus Bryony who writes for this very mag, I will find out the exact scoop but they fucking rule, and someone should put out a 7" pronto!

The Milk Music tape of a radio show they recorded on tour last year. When I asked them when their next record was coming out Alex gave me some insane futuristic date, like two years away... The tape I think has a new song on it, which is sickness itself, and it demonstrates what a good band Milk Music is. Their music is powerful and evocative and while it hinges on some nostalgic concepts it's totally present based formula.

Crude Thought demo is new Olympia HC with a force of fucking nature on vocals and one of the more interesting guitar sounds in HC I have witnessed recently. There are two other Oly HC bands I have heard rumors about being raging, both featuring members of Gun Outfit, but have yet to hear either band... Paco talked about

Carrie's band being inspired by Destino Final, and her giving him a tape that when he listened to it turned out to be blank. Mysterious girl hardcore... Speaking of which, the Lowest Form tape, music for the end of time, end of place, end of sound. Anyways, that's all for now, read next month's demo section for all the details or use your internet sleuthing skills cuz I bet there are youtubes and blogspots and bandcamps.

We are working on a photo issue, email mrr@maximumrocknroll.com for details, but deadline for submissions is April 20th... Just send in your best work, don't send fifty pix, send like ten-fifteen of your best images, at 300dpi making sure each photo is labeled with the band/punk it is depicting. Radness. As always my old writing from these pages is on the web here: whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com, you can email me here: Layla@maximumrocknroll.com and next month is my last true month of coordinating the mag! Our new coordinator gets here at the end of April, so it's gonna be goodbye from me after four years of helming this mag. I will still be super involved, but as of now I no longer live at the *MRR* compound.... Pretty crazy! Liberation feelings.

THE DICKTATOR

mariam bastani

Well hello everybody! I am feeling pretty fucking lousy with a gnarly ear infection of sorts. I always get sick when I am stressed. Anyway, rather than make this a journal entry whine-a-thon, I am gonna make this short and sweet. I went back to Chicago this month and holy shit do I miss home. I am perpetually homesick and that is the truth. I am letting you all know right now that we are still looking for another content coordinator because my mother has breast cancer....again. This is her third bout with it and the outlook isn't great. Even with insurance, her two jobs and my dad's small business, just the chemo costs $500 bucks a month. Fuck that and fuck Susan G. Koman for not supporting Planned Parenthood. Fucking asshole... That is the only healthcare many, many women have. With the preventative medicine that Planned Parenthood provides, numerous women can head off breast cancer at the pass. Doesn't it seem like common sense to support that? Am I nuts?

Anyway, I have to concentrate on family shit so I am starting to look for my own replacement even though we *just* got one for Layla. I don't wanna leave *MRR* this soon but if something happens with my mom's medical condition, I can't really leave the mag on the fly. Also, the side effects of the chemo are making it harder and harder for her to work, so I have to start financially preparing to help them out. So in the best interest of everyone, I have to take care of this. My family means more to me than anything else.

I am not an emotional person, not a crier, and I am not a person who talks about my feelings in an engaged way. I am not saying I am a tough guy, but that's just the way shit is. All of my hurt immediately turns into anger. Is this healthy? Probably not, but what the fuck is healthy anyway... I dunno how others deal with this sort of thing, but seeing as how illness has been ever present in my life in many forms, I have learned to handle it in various ways. In frenzies I have compulsively eaten, drank, injected, exercised, etc my way through life during times of extreme stress. I don't think some of the things I have done are right, but I have always come out on top and have no regrets. Despite the variation on what physical means I have used to alter my mood, there is one thing that is consistent, and that is music.

While I listen to all kinds of music (listening to Skinny Puppy now), in the realms of punk there are a handful of songs and albums that carry me through times that make me wanna, not blow my head off, but kill every one else around me. Here is a list in no particular order of songs and albums that have been getting me through my extreme anger. Enjoy!

Poison Idea –*Feel the Darkness*. The whole album. No shit. I know everyone loves *Pick Your King* but this one is pretty fucking depressing whilst ragin'... I can relate. There is anger and frustration here with both the self, factors out of ones control and the hell you create when you turn a blind eye. Life is about action and reaction. Don't be a victim.

Toreros After Ole – "Ratas." It's a simmering anger that is going on here until the chorus, when it busts wide open. The push and pull of this song can be frustrating, but for me it's comforting. When you have been in that sort of push and pull, when you are always waiting to see if you can hope or despair (dramatic, I know...), you start to build a place in that uncertainty. You can find comfort in the most uncomfotable situations because of their fimilarity. There is a lil funny guitar flourish in the middle of the song and when it kicks in it's a relief of sorts, only because you remember that you can laugh at yourself for doing push ups in the dark (see the Life's Blood song below...).

As Mercenárias – "Santa Igreja." I am not sure what is being discussed in the song, but by the tone, you know it's not some passive shit. The vocals on this are so harsh and biting that you know this lady is not fucking around, yet can articulate what it is she is angry about. The song has interesting use of chords, relying on "less is more," an approach that I appreciate especially when translated into verbal expression.

Big Boys – "No Love." The lyrics to this song are pretty right on. After you have been dealing with a real fucking problem and people want to complain about to you about who is on the cover of *MRR*...Fuck off.

Negative Approach – "Nothing." Quite possibly the best hardcore song ever created and has been as constant in my life as the sun rising every day. If I hadn't had this song from the beginning, I would be in a women's correctional facility for massive manslaughter. Not a joke. I lied when I said that this is no order... This is the number one song on this list for me. Nothing can compare.

Totalitär – *Luftslott* EP. The whole thing is so fucking ugly... I got this on a tape when I was younger from the Chicago "Legion of Goons," these older punk dudes that still go to shows and are punk as fuck. Even though our friendship has primarily been through music and shows, these are true Chicago punks in the sense that it's not just about music, but about your community of friends.

Life's Blood – "Never Make a Change." The first scream on that, goddamn... Listen to this super fucking loud in you room with the lights off and do push ups. True story...

Out of Order – "I don't Feel Like Laughing" Yeah, I don't feel like laughing. Sometimes you just wanna fuck shit up, or even someone up. Does that make me a bad person? Humans are complicated... Some shit isn't funny and the only way you are gonna make me laugh is when I sock you one. That's comedy.

Wretched – "Libero e Selvaggio" The title is "Free and Wild." Catchy guitar hooks that are menacing, sad, yet hopeful at the same time. The bass on this is sinister. This is less a break-all-the-shit-in-the-house song and more a sit-and-seethe one for me.

Void – "Who Are You?" I can honestly say that anything by Void is applicable here, but I love this song because it's close to the sentiment that I feel when someone says, "Hey, if you ever wanna talk..." when they really mean let's listen to me give you a bunch of shitty advice. Sometimes people don't want to be positive. Sometimes people want to be negative and fucked. You listen to punk and if you can't handle hearing this rage amelodically, it's understandable, but don't fucking ask if you don't wanna hear it.

There are a slew more punk songs and albums that fit in this list, but this is what's up right now for me. Fuck it.

On some lighter notes, when I was in Chicago I had the opportunity to take part in a panel with Mimi Nguyen and Osa Atoe about race and culture in punk and zines. It was great! It was awesome to see the turn out and response. Daniela Capistrano who started the POC Zine project in NYC (a project that is archiving zine by POC) is the mastermind organizing the "Meet Me at the Race Riot" tour in which this panel will be recreated in different cities. There will be readings, discussions, zines and much more (Osa and I were talking about including some sort of music and video component...but we will see!). If you are interested in getting this to your town and more info, holler at me and I will pass on your info!

Martin from Los Crudos and Limp Wrist fame is putting together a new photo book to be released by Make-a-Mess. It's almost 200 photos spanning years and years of punk from all over the world. It's fucking crazy looking. I have seen the book take shape and holy shit! In here there are more people of color in a US punk book than I have ever seen anywhere else. There are not just band shots but tons of great shots of punks just being punks. It's a must see.

Lastly, I hope that any punks dealing with illness or anything else that sucks know that this shit is not the end of the world. We have the best music in the world to carry us through.

Up the punks...for real.

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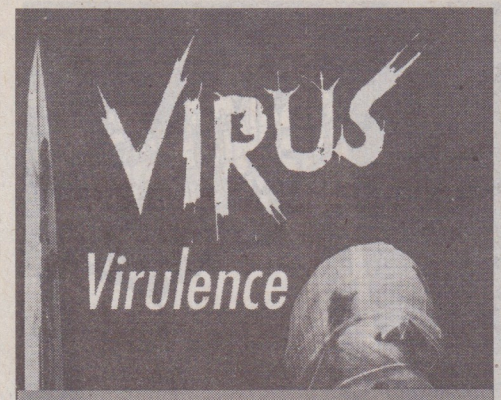

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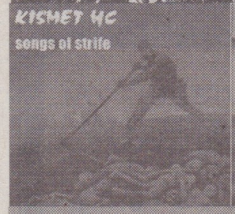

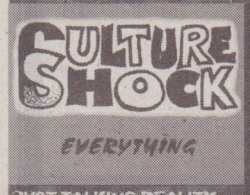

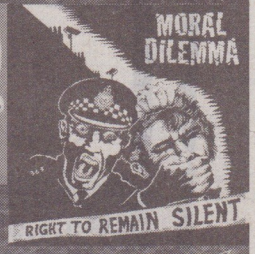

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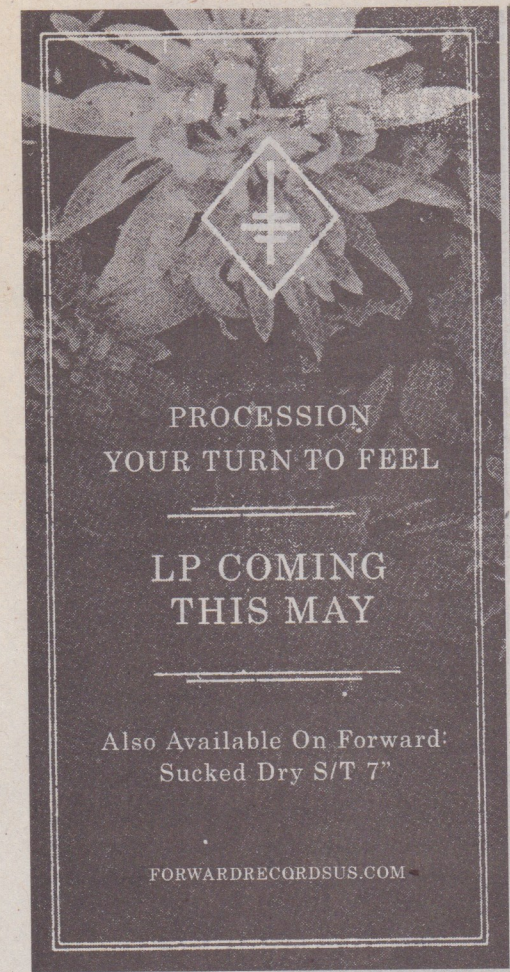

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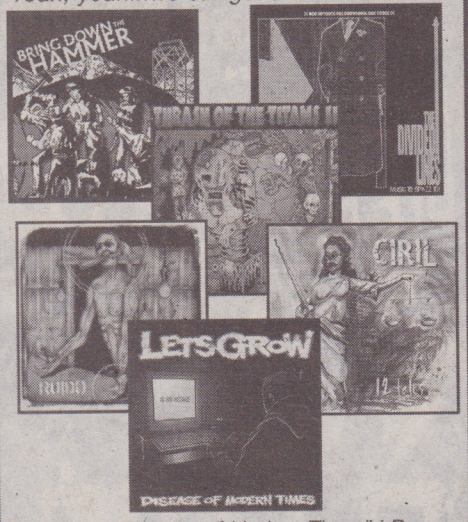

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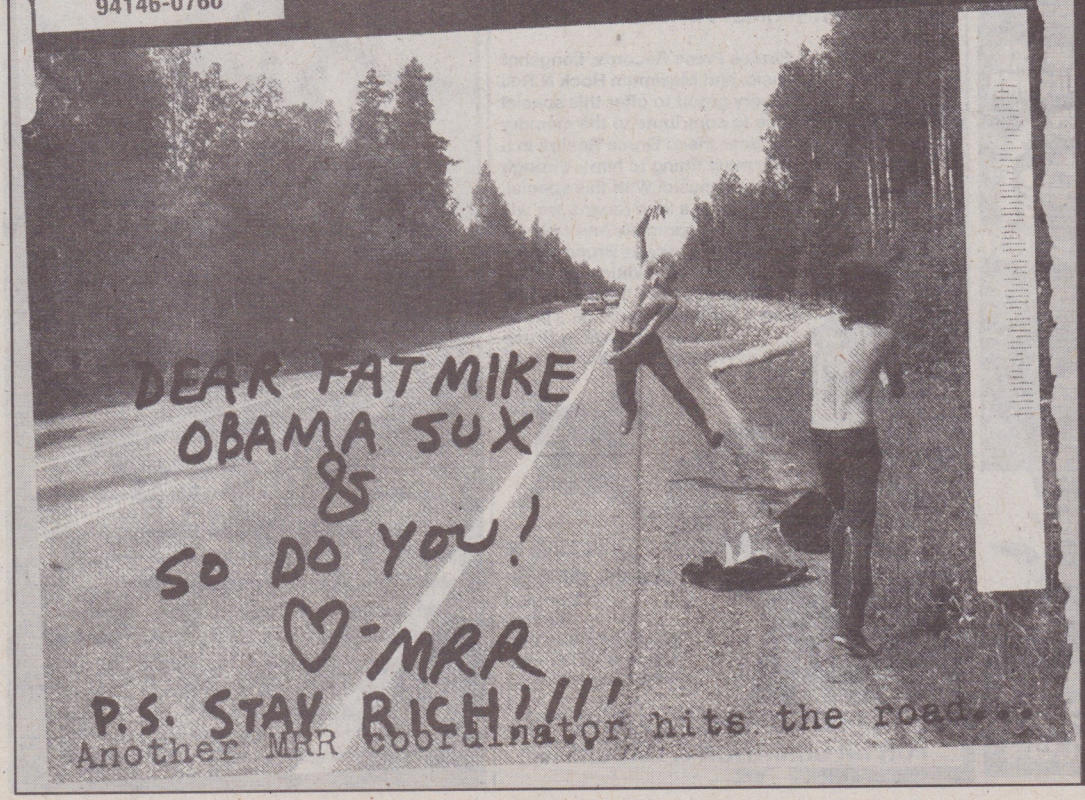

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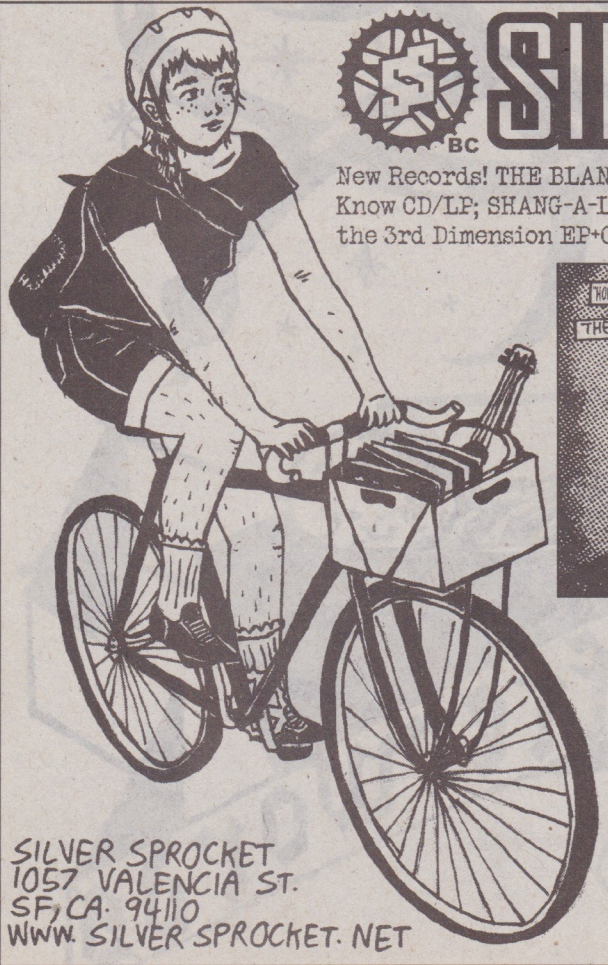

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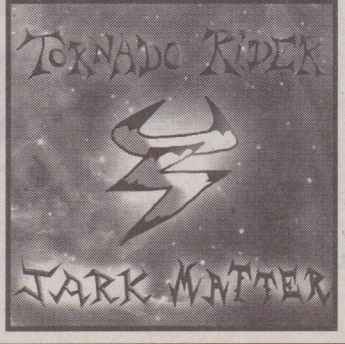

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2) REASON(S) FOR FORMING

3) LYRICAL CONTENT

4) SOUND

5) FUTURE?

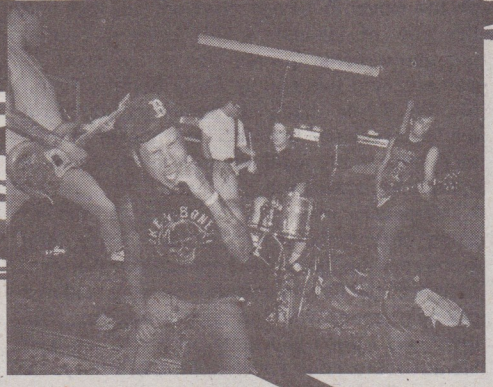
BAY AREA SPECIAL PT. 1

REPLICA

1) NOVEMBER 2011, OAKLAND, AT ALARIC'S RECORD RELEASE SHOW, JUST BEFORE THE OCCUPY OAKLAND GENERAL STRIKE.
2) WE LOVE PUNK AND MAKING MUSIC! I (JULIANA, GUITAR) HAD JUST ARRIVED TO THE BAY AREA FROM BRAZIL AND WANTED TO START A BAND, SO I INVITED B (DRUMS) AND ALICIA (BASS) TO PLAY. B KNEW DHARMA (VOCALS) AND INVITED HER TO JOIN US.

3) ...SOCIAL GAMES, LIFE, DEATH, DREAMS OF BOTH...
4) FAST HARDCORE PUNK. WE HAVE MANY INFLUENCES FROM '80S HARDCORE, FROM CRUCIFIX AND DISCHARGE TO AGNOSTIC FRONT AND CRO-MAGS.
5) PLAY TONS OF SHOWS, DO SOME WEST COAST DATES PERHAPS WITH PERMANENT RUIN, PROMOTE OUR DEMO TAPE, AND HOPEFULLY RECORD AGAIN FOR A POSSIBLE 7" SOON!
(PHOTO CREDIT: MURRAY BOWLES)

HUNTING PARTY



1) WE FORMED IN EARLY FALL 2011 IN SAN FRANCISCO.
2) NONE OF US HAD PLAYED IN HARDCORE BANDS IN YEARS BUT WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN HARDCORE KIDS. IT JUST MADE SENSE.

3) DISILLUSIONMENT MOSTLY.
4) HARDCORE. "LIVE IT OR LEAVE IT"
5) WE HAVE A 7" COMING OUT ON HESITATION WOUND RECORDS AND ANOTHER ON IRON LUNG RECORDS, A WEST COAST TOUR AT THE END OF MARCH AND HOPEFULLY AN EAST COAST TRIP IN THE FALL.

EXHUMANS

1) FORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 2011, SAN FRANCISCO.
2) WE HAD THE URGE TO PLAY MUSIC AND WE DIDN'T FEEL THE BAY AREA HAD A SCENE REPRESENTING THE MUSIC WE'RE INTO, SO WE DECIDED TO PLAY THE MUSIC WE LOVE.

3) WAR, WORLD DESTRUCTION, THE DARK TRUTHS AND TRAVESTY OF DAILY LIFE.
4) HEADACHE HARDCORE. TAKING INFLUENCE FROM BANDS LIKE NO SECURITY, FRAMTID, SHITLICKERS ETC... WE PUT OUR OWN SPIN ON THINGS TO MAKE THE SOUND WHAT WE WANT. HARDCORE PUNK.
5) EIGHT SONG 12"EP AND WEST COAST TOUR WITH BLOODKROW BUTCHER IN MAY. MORE TOURING IN THE FALL AND MAYBE ANOTHER RECORD. TOUR EUROPE. HOPEFULLY MORE.

PERMANENT RUIN

1) ABOUT A YEAR AGO IN SAN JOSE-ISH (SANTA CRUZ AND SAN FRANCISCO, TOO).
2) TO SPIT BLOOD IN THE FACE OF ALL COWARDS. SERIOUSLY.
3) SEX//RELIGION (...SEXY JESUS).

4) BROKEN GLASS IN A GARBAGE DISPOSAL.
5) WE PLAN TO HEADWALK ACROSS THE US ON THE FACES OF POSERS, MOSTLY LIKELY JUST THE EAST COAST, AND CUT A COUPLE SLABS OF WAX.
(PHOTO CREDIT: MATEUS MONDINI)

NEWS

Maximrocknroll News Compiled by Mariam Bastani

IF I WANTED GOVERNMENT IN MY WOMB I'D FUCK A SENATOR: A POLITICAL SCENE REPORT FROM THE THEOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF OKLAHOMASTAN

—Trevor Hultner, student journalist at the University of Central Oklahoma.

Oklahoma is considered to be one of the most socially conservative states in the nation. Our representatives in Congress have repeatedly tried to force an anti-global warming, anti-abortion agenda on the rest of the country, and our state legislators maintain a level of insanity only dreamt of by the best dystopian authors. In 2010, for instance, a State Senator successfully got a referendum on the November ballot that not only banned the use of Islamic Sharia Law in courts, but international law as well – it passed 77 percent. And this spring, State Senator Ralph Shortey (yeah, that's his name) introduced a bill "symbolically banning" the use of human stem cells in the research and development of various food and drink products.

"Basically what they're doing is, they're using embryonic stem cells and these fetal kidney cells to gauge the chemical reaction that their artificial flavors induce," Shortey said in a phone interview with me back in January. "So, obviously I don't like that; I'm a staunch pro-life advocate. I don't even believe in embryonic stem cell research for medical research, let alone for food, you know, for making food taste better." He also told me that, "This bill was written to start a discussion, you know, on an ethical—on a foundational principles basis, as most of us in the legislature are pro-life. As pro-life people, do we really believe that life begins at conception; secondly, do we really believe that we should protect that life; and then thirdly, if we're unable to protect that life, should we protect the dignity of that death? [...] Those are the questions that this bill is going to ask the legislators and the entire state." Looking back, this should have been plenty of warning.

And now we come to mid-February, 2012. Everything was going spectacularly; the US hadn't entered into war with Iran yet, Classics of Love had just released their fantastic LP and Rick Santorum was still being considered as this sort of strange, definitely-no-shot-at-getting-anywhere super religious nutbag in the context of Republican primaries. That was when, on February 15, the Oklahoma State Senate voted to pass SB 1433, which was being called "the Personhood Act."

I can't summarize this bill without becoming temporarily immobile with rage, so I'll just copy-paste some of the language straight from the text.

"A. This act shall be known and may be cited as the "Personhood Act".

B. The Oklahoma Legislature finds that:

1. The life of each human being begins at conception;

2. Unborn children have protectable interests in life, health, and well-being; and

3. The natural parents of unborn children have protectable interests in the life, health, and well-being of their unborn child.

C. The laws of this state shall be interpreted and construed to acknowledge on behalf of the unborn child at every stage of development all the rights, privileges, and immunities available to other persons, citizens, and residents of this state.

D. As used in this section, "unborn child" or "unborn children" shall include all unborn children or the offspring of human beings from the moment of conception until birth at every stage of biological development.

E. Nothing in this section shall be interpreted as creating a cause of action against a woman for indirectly harming her unborn child by failing to properly care for herself or by failing to follow any particular program of prenatal care.

No science at all. Just "So uhm, we just, like, decided that life begins at conception, and fuck you if you think otherwise, based on that silly biology thing. Stupid lefties and their science witchcraft."

At the same time this was going on there was another bill being introduced and talked about in the State House of Representatives called House Joint Resolution 1067. The author of the bill, this amazingly sexist scumbag named Mike Reynolds, went on a local newscast and said that abortion should be illegal even in the case of rape or incest. This is batshit even for Oklahoma's standards.

Here's a piece of HJR1067 (only a piece because of that whole immobile-from-rage thing):

Section 38. A. With respect to the right to life, the term "persons", as used in Section 2 of Article II of this Constitution, applies to every human being from the beginning of the biological development of that human being.

B. The intentional killing of any innocent person is prohibited.

1. Only birth control that kills a person shall be affected by this section.

2. Only in vitro fertilization and assisted reproduction that kills a person shall be affected by this section.

3. Medical treatment for life-threatening physical conditions intended to preserve life shall not be affected by this section.

4. Spontaneous miscarriages shall not be affected by this section.

5. No innocent child created through rape or incest shall be killed for the crime of his or her father.

This. Shit. Is. Fucking. Crazy.

Luckily, I was not the only resident of this state (which shall be henceforth known as the Theocratic Republic of Oklahomastan, or Oklahomastan for short) that thought so. I got a text a couple of days later from a good acquaintance named Ashley. She was pissed and wanted to know if I wanted to help with organizing a rally on the State Capitol. I have never organized a protest before. So naturally, I said yes.

Our first day, we set up a Facebook page and started inviting random people. Soon enough, we had over 500 people. By the end of the weekend, we had over 1,000 people liking the page. We got in touch with other activist groups in the area, got some local news coverage and pretty soon we had 1500 "likes"—a response none of us could have ever anticipated.

Full disclosure, my involvement with the organization of the protest was minimal after the first meeting. Some personal stuff went down and I wasn't able to continue. That being said, my friend Ashley knocked the rally out of the park. Over 600 people showed up to the Oklahoma State Capitol building on a rainy Tuesday to hear reproductive endocrinologist Eli Reshef, poet Lauren Zuniga, comedian Brandon Patrick and a slew of potentially-affected women speak about why the Personhood Act and HJR1067 are bad for the state. A group of women donated their shoes to a program called "Barefoot and Pregnant;" the shoes were delivered to state legislators who supported the bill. A Democratic state senator from Tulsa, Judy Eason McIntyre, was even photographed holding a sign that said, "If I wanted government in my womb, I'd fuck a senator."

The rally was by all accounts a success, but the fight in Oklahomastan to get basic rights for women isn't over. Ashley's group, Oklahomans Against the Personhood Act (which is merging with the Oklahoma Coalition for Reproductive Justice), is helping to organize several more demonstrations, and their site, oatpa.com, has a crapload of resources for people in the state to use in their own fight back against the men in power who hate them.

SPARKS FOR THE SIGNAL FIRES: REFLECTIONS FROM AN OAKLAND PARTISAN

By Asco Ascaso, February 2012

"So we stand with you not just in your attempts to bring down the old but to experiment with the new. We are not protesting. Who is there to protest to? What could we ask them for that they could grant? We are occupying. We are reclaiming those same spaces of public practice that have been commodified, privatized and locked into the hands of faceless bureaucracy, real estate portfolios, and police "protection." Hold on to these spaces, nurture them, and let the boundaries of your occupations grow. After all, who built these parks, these plazas, these buildings? Whose labor made them real and livable? Why should it seem so natural that they should be withheld from us, policed and disciplined? Reclaiming these spaces and managing them justly and collectively is proof enough of our legitimacy."
—Solidarity letter from Egypt, signed "Comrades from Cairo."

On November 2nd 2011, tens of thousands of people participated in demonstrations across the city of Oakland. Rallies were held throughout the day and marches began in the city center on four different occasions, each entailing high degrees of militancy, with one in particular leaving every bank in the downtown area with shattered and paint-covered windows. At 4:00pm a march left the city center headed to the Oakland Ports, shutting down circulation and resulting in millions of dollars in losses for capitalist interests. At the end of the day, occupiers attempted to take over a building, inciting a violent police crackdown and a riotous assembly in response. This was one week after a brazen police eviction of our encampment, which was then followed by numerous other actions, with tens of thousands of people participating. Only one month before all was normal in Oakland, with its many vacant buildings and quiet streets. What happened?

All of this built up very quickly. Being contextualized in the national Occupy movement was certainly a factor, but more importantly, preexisting social tensions smoldering under a paper-thin surface were ready to flare up. The city continues to face a slew of economic problems, many of which stem from the overall global crisis of capital accumulation which hurts people everywhere. People in Oakland feel this pain: it is felt when schools are closed, when wages stagnate, when under rampant police violence, when having to work multiple jobs at a time or when having to rely

on selling drugs and getting thrown in prison because there's no other means of survival.

Yet we also feel rage. The General Assembly (GA) voted in favor of banning the OPD from the premises of the occupation, a vote that needed little persuasion. The constituency of the Occupy Oakland encampment was composed of an array of different more or less radical groupings, but more importantly, it was also made up of the more oppressed and excluded of the city's populations, at least relative to other Occupies across the country. We knew very well what the police are capable of and what their function is, and we knew this well in advance of their brutal crackdowns: their grenades, batons, bullets and trumped up charges. The police, and this is without exception, provide the physical maintenance of the continuation of class society. They are the guardians of property and privilege and are structurally required to suppress any movement that challenges the order they protect. There is an almost collective wisdom of this in Oakland and it has played a central part in our contribution to the Occupy movement.

Life in the camp was paradoxical. In many ways it was a successful attempt at creating a totally self-governed micro-society. A commune. There were copious amounts of food provided, keeping people fed while they were pulled into the politics of the movement, participating in discussion, meetings and actions. There was a vibrancy and vitality that characterized the camp, constant streams of dialogue, something always happening. Yet having so many people in constant contact with one another has its consequences. There were fights, there was sexual harassment, there were instances of explicit racism. The contradictions of our society, its hierarchies and prejudices, were folded into the social totality of the camp. There were, however, attempts at directly confronting such contradictions, with different committees delegated to handling such matters as they emerged.

In many ways the camp was a shock test of our radical ideas. We had to materially back up the idea that a radical movement should develop ways of dealing with its own affairs using forms unlike the police and criminal justice system. The idea of dual power, that is, of creating organizations and forms that exist for and by the movement against the state, was put to the test. The level of spontaneous self-organization of the camp was impressive. As soon as we arrived committees emerged for food, childcare, media, a library, an information center, a center for supplies, and much more. Teams of people would pick up trash and handle the loading and unloading of supplies. All of this, every level of logistics, was organized and decided upon in a decentralized way, with hierarchy existing only in informal, social levels.

Over the course of the Occupy Oakland encampment there had been a distinction between the political life of the space as expressed in the GAs and workshops and the social life which existed in the food provided, in the constant association with one another in a free place to stay and the many wild parties and events thrown throughout the occupation's existence. For the most part, this distinction had little meaning since the entire atmosphere was permeated by the movement's politics. We were all constantly engaged in discussion and political revolt was implicit in the

sheer fact that we were there illegally, taking back property for ourselves. However, many people that made up Occupy Oakland could not afford to be there all of the time and enjoy the more social components of the camp; they had jobs and schedules that simply precluded this. They would instead show up to the GA to be part of the movement politically as well as participate on the numerous action days. There was a threat, at times, of the emergence of a scenario where those that frequented the camp would lose their political attachments to it and to one another, and on the other hand, that people who had an exclusively political interest in the Occupy movement would lose their interest in the camp. Nonetheless, despite this occasional distinction, the GA maintained a radical character, often times espousing a total anti-capitalism, enthusiasm for the conflagrations against dictators across the world and a bitter hatred for our local rulers.

Politically, Occupy Oakland is the result of different previous local struggles intersecting. Struggles against police violence and foreclosures, the student movement of 2009-2010 and others contributed to the movement having a radical position from its inception. Absolutely every attempt to have Occupy Oakland abide by principles of non-violence has been shot straight down in the GA. The refutation of such proposals comes not only from anarchists and communists, but from the many homeless people who played such a vital part in the political and social life of the camp, who know through the brutalities they experience and the radical history of Oakland itself that physical resistance is a necessary component to not only self defense, but also the expansion of a radical movement.

The internal logic of the Occupy movement as a whole has enormous potential. It holds a politics of both a negation of capitalism and the physical manifestation of an alternative. The ensemble of different proletarians, both working class and jobless, coming together for the bettering of their collective conditions, is precisely how real solidarity and strength will develop in the now segmented, disparate proletariat. "Working men of the world, unite!" is a slogan of the past. We live in a world of over a billion people left to rot in slums on the peripheries of mega-cities. Capitalism permeates everything and there is nothing left to develop for a new society, all of it is already here. Here to take. Yet we all remain proletarians, with nothing to sell but our skin, collectively changing this only by means of a revolution that collapses the existence of class in itself.

There are, however, many problems with this movement, both in Oakland and nationwide. Support for local politicians, a lack of a critique of union bureaucracy and a reticence to fully embrace the direct action measures necessary to really help ourselves (more assertive expropriation of goods, physical defense of spaces, etc) are all serious political problems that continue to appear. In some places they dominate the polity entirely and there are unfortunately more than a few examples of snitching and cooperation with police to isolate the more "radical elements." The idea that 99% versus 1% is an accurate way of understanding contradictions in this current political moment is entirely fallacious and yet another problem that we must work through. We have far more enemies than a few financiers and rotten apples. It is an entire exploitative system, experienced in an endless multitude of ways, that we face daily and are finally beginning to glare at.

Despite these problems, the possibilities remain. What if the severing of capital circulation as exemplified during the coordinated West Coast Port Shutdown was not only extended, but also complimented by stopping entire cities and using such opportunities to seize more and more space? What if the anti-capitalist spirit of this movement extends into our workplaces, leading to strikes defended by occupiers and a systematic strategy of providing ourselves with free goods? As the movement continues it will face a series of impasses where it must decide whether to continue relying on local political leadership and the protection of a corrupt union system or to accentuate the negation of capital that we have already started to develop. Let us hope that circumstance and ingenuity push us in the direction of the latter.

These recent events have insinuated that, unless repression succeeds, mutual violence between occupiers and capital's State combined with an inevitable dispossession of more and more people will produce a stronger movement. However, this will depend on the successful defense of the spaces we take. On the 28th of January over 1000 people came together to take over a building to be used as a social center. The city authorities could not allow this. We were beaten back to the plaza despite our efforts at charging the police, and after a second attempt the state punished us by arresting over 400 participants, many staying as long as 48 hours just to be processed. Out of all those arrested, only twelve have formal charges. They want to dissuade us, to steal our time, to scare us. The state knows very well what kind of dangers would await them in the event of a successful expropriation of a social center. They know that it is in these places where we experience collective living and decision-making, where we find our commonalities, arm our politics and develop our plans of attack. Their violent and swift response only serves to demonstrate the validity of taking space. It clearly shows what they cannot afford to lose—it shows their points of weakness.

Comrades in Greece have made it very clear that violence in the streets is a tactical imperative in liberating those streets, in providing people with the possibility of self-organization. We need to self-organize, and we need to do it entirely outside of any parliamentary political structure. Greek proletarians would not have been able to take over the University campuses and entire neighborhoods if it weren't for the physical removal of the police. The same applied to Cairo, to the first days of the revolution in Benghazi, and the same will apply to us. A precedent in response to this crisis must be set in place now in order to pose a radical alternative to the right-wing populism that is slowly awakening from its long-term sleep.

Our collective actions now will shape the form of a much more immense struggle to come. In every city and every town: everything for everyone, let's take what must be ours.

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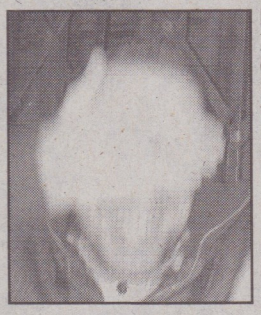
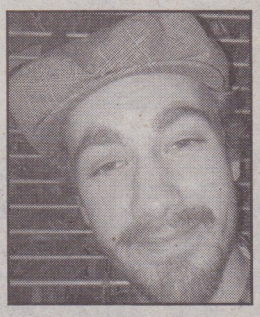
MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

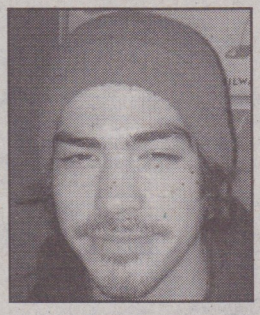
This month: what's the most vile alcohol concoction you've ever consumed?
(Asked over St. Patrick's Day weekend)



Lao, 22, San Francisco
In high school, I'd mix cherry brandy and Canadian Club that I found in my parents' liquor cabinet, and take it to school. Gross, but it did its work.

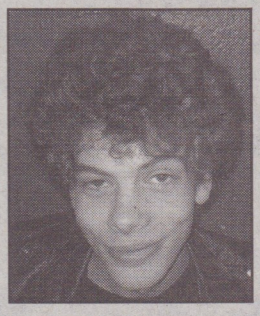


Simon, 20, New York
Zima.



Alex, 22, San Francisco
A Happy Gilmore, which is everclear mixed with Arnold Palmer.

Mary, 19, San Leandro
Grey Goose vodka and whipped cream.



Justin, 22, San Leandro
Diet Coke and Coors. I don't know why.

Leah, 31, San Francisco
At the bar where I worked five years ago, I was three deep, and some nimrod kept on asking what I would serve him if I were drunk, and I kept saying "I'm sorry dude, you need to make up your own mind. I'm way too busy to give you any suggestions." The third time he asked me, I made him half Jameson and half strawberry vodka, and it was gruesome.

Skato, 30, San Francisco
An Irish Car Bomb that was poured, and then the bartender talked to another bartender before serving it to me, so it started to curdle.

Jaimee, 31, San Francisco
My friends made this really gnarly absinthe with Bacardi 151 and wormwood they'd ordered. I couldn't fuckin' drink the stuff.

Sarah, 31, San Francisco
A "Cockshake," which is half milkshake and half cocktail. I think bourbon and some salted carmel stuff. Not a good idea in retrospect.

Matthew, 30, San Francisco
It consisted of everything you'd scrape out of your armpit: vodka, tequila, whiskey, probably blue whiskey if there's such a thing, and probably nasty-ass leaves and bark mixed in the brew. You take it, you twist it, you burn it, you burn it some more. Cue the Kool Aid guy: "OH YEAH!" And you get five young suckers to drink it and throw up all over themselves.

nasa space universe

Interview by Rob Tyers

MRR: How do you think NSU's environment has affected your music? Do you think too much emphasis is placed on the climates of bands or artists (i.e. Sabbath's Birmingham, EHG's New Orleans, and so on), or is there a substantial connection or causal relationship there?

Paul: Orange County is very boring and stale. Most of what we do is a reaction to fill the void we are surrounded by. It really sucks here. It would be nice to live somewhere else.

John: It affects the music without a doubt. In Santa Ana or Orange County, to avoid conflict with skinheads or Mexican crusties, or jumped by gangsters at Tapatia, you have to keep your eyes peeled constantly. We all share a combination of anxiety and paranoia, so when you put four kids like us from gnarly backgrounds in an Orange-County-bucket with cholos, punks, faux-ravers, crackheads or tweakers, and south-county skinheads in lifted trucks, it yields highly negative results. Playing in NASA helps distract me from fantasizing about killing all the people I hate. I'm sick of the people living here; I feel crowded and it makes my blood boil. Music is the only reason I'm not in prison like my brothers.

Kevin R: The OC is becoming more factory line every minute. As PKD says, it's an advertisement for itself. Things take a uniform shape. You aren't supposed to be on the street unless it's to buy something. The paranoia of the lyrics is tangible on this soundstage.

MRR: As Californians, what's your take on the age old LA/SF divide? How would you best characterize the differences to an outsider? Is LA full of eye make-up wearing TSOL fans who like hanging out with Lemmy in bars, and is SF full of people who haven't bought a record since 1978 unless it was by Phish?

Kevin R: The scene is worse than you imagine. I would like your scenario. It has possibilities.

Paul: The only difference between people in LA vs. SF is people in SF say "hella" a lot. That is all.

John: Actually, LA and SF are hand-in-hand. All these pretentious and spoiled LA kids move to SF because it's away from home; then people from SF move to Chicago to get the fuck away from all the incoming LA kids. Everyone here dresses like they're vegan bicycle couriers or American Apparel models.

MRR: How difficult has it been to shift your records so far? Are the pressing numbers reflective of your relative popularity? How popular are NSU in your home city? Do you bully other bands for being less popular, with water-boarding and all that?

Kevin H: Our last two records came out in France (Shogun), so they received a lot more international distribution than local distribution. That can be good and bad I guess. When we see a band smaller than us we *smash them.*

Kevin R: Popular would be the wrong word to describe us. Cult would be the right word. We get 500 records at a time pressed, slow and steady. I don't know how they move. NSU is a rare thing to catch on to, but once you've caught it you can infect others (virally).

Paul: I don't know or care too much about how our records are "shifting." I don't think we're very popular. Some people know about us, most don't

John: It has been a pain in the ass to move records. If it wasn't for Mez from Leeds and Phil Burnout seeking us out and wanting to help, we'd literally only have 1/3 the cult we have now. In Santa Ana and surrounding cities, the West Coast (Vancouver, PDX, Oakland), Texas, Wisconsin, and Europe we have a good reputation so I don't think we're exactly "nobodies" at this point — if you've heard us that's cool; if not, I don't fucking care. Also, some people/bands are put off by our album art and inserts (because they are religious pussies or quite possibly just weasels in general) and for that I think I should verbally berate them for days on end, only taking breaks to burn them with lit cigarettes and splash them with rhythmic arcs of dark urine (fresh-squeezed twice daily from my rotting penis). I could name drop some bands I'd like to water-board for different reasons but that's dumb and I'm sure they already know who they are.

MRR: Are you all happy with how your new LP came out? There's a noticeable difference between the production on it compared to the 7"s: a lot rawer, more obviously "punk." Was this intentional? Also, do you think you've succeeded in the often-troubled act of making a hardcore LP that's "all killer, no filler?"

Paul: For the most part I like it. It was rushed and delayed at the same time. I think the sound of it was based on the equipment we were using, which was less sophisticated than what we used for the first two 7"s. It wasn't so much intentional as it was convenient. There are some flaws in the record though; I don't think it reaches "all killer no filler" status.

Kevin R: The tracks on the LP come from a longer period of songwriting, so there is a dilated effect on the number of songs, the chronology of a song's origin and the sound due to the raw production. There was no attempt made at filling cuts. We only need include the killer.

John: I don't own a copy, nor have I listened to it since the test-pressings came. I prefer the sound of this one a lot more. Having polished recordings takes away from the intensity. Recording in a 24-track studio has its perks, but it takes a lot longer to get things done, so setting up in our old lockout and knocking each track out one-by-one was less stressful, less time consuming, and the end result is a more natural/fitting sound. I played out of my shitty Marshall LEAD100 Mosfet (R.I.P.) and I'm content with its dissonance.

Kevin H: I'm really fond of the 7", personally. Some grumble about it being over-produced, like we're trying to make it straight to MTV2 or some shit. The second 7" was commissioned entirely on the band showing up and doing yard work and washing the dog in exchange for studio hours. We would have had to do a lot of yard work to get a full length LP done. Nothing was intentional about the decision to sound more "raw." We knew this guy Corey who recorded the Okie Dokie 10". We thought it sounded cool so we asked him to record us.

MRR: When starting out, were there any specific bands you wanted to sound like or cover, or was it more organic?

Kevin H: Kevin and I used to get stoned on school nights and listen to the Die Kreuzen LP in his van. Hearing the first Die Kreuzen album changed everything. I'd like to think we had that in mind when we started, but we never intended to be them. We bastardize our influences.

Paul: I think there was a general consensus towards a Midwest hardcore sound. But it came out a little different, more blown out maybe.

Kevin R: First I imitated Dez Cadena, then Dan Kubinski. Now I sound like myself.

John: I'll never be in a band that starts out covering other bands' songs. It was definitely subconscious - a combination of heavy music and LSD.

MRR: Are there any bands you particularly hate being compared to?

Kevin H: Alien Ant Farm

Paul: Any band with "against" in their name.

John: Born Against. I don't understand this comparison. First off, any band with "against" in their name should knock it the fuck off. Second, I don't think we sound like any bro-core/youth-crew bands whatsoever. Also, someone compared us to Drive Like Jehu and Jawbox which is basically like saying we kind of sound like pussies with 1/4 a cup of bullshit. No offence to any DLJ or Jawbox fans out there.

MRR: How close are you guys? Have you ever lived together? Have you ever dated members of each other's extended family? Have you ever borrowed a record or DVD from another member and never given it back?

Kevin H: Paul currently lives with me. I borrowed his *Dagon* VHS tape a few weeks back. Kevin and I share a similar medical condition, which makes us very close. John and I have been in bands together since tenth grade. We all know each other's secrets.

John: Real tight. I have all of Paul's CDs and I've been friends with Kevin Hermes and Kevin Rhea since I was fourteen and I also have Hermes' *Wonder Showzen* Season two DVD's. He won't realize it until he reads this.

Kevin R: The members of NSU are ever present in my thoughts and occasionally in my garage.

As close as a laser shave by a robot slave. The all-stars of my space-jam team. Bros.

Paul: Kevin Hermes and I live in the same apartment. It's alright. Never dated family members. We borrow each other's stuff often.

MRR: What does NSU think about the conspiracy theory vogue in punk in the last few years, and what would you say to our deluded friends who think Minor Threat were really stooges of the New World Order?

Paul: I'm unaware of a conspiracy theory vogue and if there is, I don't think we're a part of it. We're "cancer vogue."
John: That's a theory? I live under a fucking rock.
Kevin H: I don't know anything about that, but I always thought that G.G. Allin faked his own death to start Limp Bizkit. Just too many things add up.
Kevin R: What society considers conspiratorial isn't concealed. We are all conspirators and the conspiracy is our collective denial. I would say that Minor Threat's straight edge ethic is a threat to the NWO, if anything.

MRR: As a hardcore band with relative musical talent, would you ever consider recording a whole instrumental record, à la *Process of Weeding Out*? Within the confines of punk, how commendable or even possible is an entirely instrumental focus? Can you guys hang with the first two Gone LPs?
Paul: I don't know about pressing an instrumental NASA record, but when we play live, our singer uses a microphone maybe a quarter of the time; the rest spent singing individually to audience members. So, we're pretty much an instrumental band live. I haven't listened to Gone.
John: We played as an instrumental band for ten months when Kevin Rhea ditched us and moved to Portland and pulled it off. We do well as an instrumental band. Haven't given Gone a chance but I'm aware that the musicianship is notable.
Kevin R: Why not one like *Family Man*? Where we each get a side? Huh?
Kevin H: Whenever Kevin decides to leave the band to become a polygamist messianic cult leader we'll be ready. We make Kevin's job of writing lyrics hard at times due to the structure of some of our songs. They seemingly all start as instrumentals or jams (or at least I see them as that) but Kevin always finds a way to enhance the song through his lyrics. He's like our spice. Bam!

MRR: Linked to the above, how important do you think lyrics are to punk? Is there a unrecognized benefit in listening to hardcore that isn't sung in English, so you have no idea what they're singing about, and so can't be embarrassed by how bad the lyrics are— the meaning of the words jarring with your enjoyment of the music. I'd be interested to hear your thoughts
Kevin R: I like to tell a sci-fi/horror/paranoiac/paranormal story with my lyrics. All of my songs are a chapter in that tale. They're more important to me than vocal quality. I enjoy something with good lyrics. If they're too stupid it can kill the mood the music's evoking.
Kevin H: The fact that the two Amdi Petersen's Arme 7"s are in another language are probably what preserves them as two of the best hardcore 7"s ever. When I finally read the lyrics, let's just say I was thankful I couldn't understand what he was saying. That doesn't make punk lyricists obsolete, though. We're not politically or socially relevant, but I still think we're conceptual and visual enough to make our lyrics substantive. I prefer that way over wheezing about animal rights.
Paul: It depends on if they have something to say or if they're an accent in the music. I don't think one's more important than the other. Sometimes the tone of voice is enough to convey something disguised in banal lyrics.
John: Hermes hit it on the head. I never want to know what Riistetyt are really saying in their songs for that same reason.

Are you influenced by certain authors in this lyrical process? You've mentioned Philip K. Dick. Who else?
Paul: I don't know if Kevin has included any P.D. Ouspensky in his lyrics, but he should. Everyone should read *The 4th Way*. It's worth it.
Kevin R: Stanislaw Lem, Bill Burroughs, and H.P. Lovecraft are the three prime fiction sources besides PKD. I read and am influenced by P.D. Ouspensky, Nietzsche, and Marshall McLuhan. I get good ideas from non-fiction about history and science and searching out strange movies.

MRR: As NSU are into films, I was wondering, what are some of your favourite film scores? Do you love Carpenter's synth classics? Can you get down with Goblin and other giallo prog-acid nonsense? And if NSU could score a film, what kind of film would it be (subject matter, director, lead star, amount of casual nudity etc)? Or is there an existing film you think NSU could be the perfect soundtrack to?
Paul: I like to relax with a convivial tobacco pipe and listen to Goblin in my dim-lit study. I don't know what NASA would be a good score to. Drug education video? COPS? Reverse birthing?
John: Goblin is A+. I like the *Candyman* theme song by Philip Glass and I also dig the psych stuff in *Fantastic Planet*. I think our music is too distracting - we'd bum everyone out.
Kevin R: Less is more with soundtracks. Carpenter all the way. I think we'd fit well in the TV format, if it were a show about people wandering through dangerous dream scenarios. When something fucked up starts to happen that's when the NSU song comes in to accentuate whatever frightening, surreal climax the characters must endure.

MRR: Carrying on the film theme, what's the band's favorite second-tier Slasher film? Do you prefer *The Prowler* to *My Bloody Valentine*? Do you enjoy watching them while fantasizing about an idealized early '80s America that never existed, as revealed in non-US (mostly Canadian)-made slashers that stereotyped the American way of life?
Kevin H: *Nekromantik* will probably be my favorite B-movie forever. Not quite a Slasher, it completely supersedes the Slasher format. The '80s Americana, which is just a revival of the 50's, translated well into the Slasher genre, and is best summed from a line in *Pieces*; "The most beautiful thing in the world is smoking pot and getting fucked on a waterbed at the same time."
Paul: B-movies? *Killing Spree*, *Combat Shock*, *Dr. Caligari* (1988). I don't fantasize about imaginary scenarios, I just like to watch.
Kevin R: I go for biopic type movies about killers like *Angst*, *Vengeance Is Mine*, *Nekromantik*, *Henry*, etc. Slashers don't reveal enough about the killer. I like the dystopian '80s that never existed in American B-horror films, the era of everyone looking like they're from *the Road Warrior* and living in new wave clubs that seem to never close, where purse snatchers with Mohawks headbang alongside ogre-like,

green haired bikers and leather clad cat women who light the decor on fire, all of them bound in magic, chaotic unity.

John: Haven't seen any of those. Non-US made Slashers stereotyping an American way of life sounds fucking great though. I like *Schramm* and anything with a lot of over the top or brutally realistic death scenes. No movie can make me cringe.

Back to music — what was the best band you've seen live in the last six months, and why?

Kevin H: I'd have to say Shonen Knife. It was the most mind-blowing thing seeing sexy little Japanese 40-somethings headbanging and shredding so hard, all while sporting smiles. They never stopped smiling! That was the best part. In the spirit of the question, more good contemporary bands I've seen lately would probably be Hoax and Nu Sensae.

Paul: Well, there's always Low Places who are the loudest and angriest band in Southern California. Rusted Shut and Cop Warmth from Houston TX were fairly transcendent in the same loud and aggressive vein.

Kevin R: Intensity – Sweet Tooth. Musicianship – the Meru. Sound – the Coltranes. Weirdness – Rusted Shut.

John: Hoax was great. I love when bands have singers that put themselves and everyone around them in danger. Sweet Tooth from O'Fallon, Illinois were sweet, sweet children that tried decapitating us with chairs. No one can drum like Martin and no one can replicate Eric's need to slam his guitar into your unsuspecting body. And also, the above mentioned are all top-notch bands. I'm probably forgetting a lot of others.

Lastly, you've done two 7"s, an LP, some tapes — how long can you see NSU lasting? Are there any things you still want to achieve before imploding?

Paul: NSU will last as long as we don't die or move far enough away from each other to make it unpractical. And it would have to be really far, like North Korea far. I want to tour North Korea before we implode.

Kevin H: I have no perspective on that whatsoever, nor should we. I'm sure one day we don't have the cock and balls to do it anymore. Maybe one day we'll run out of zippy guitar riffs, but that's not right now.

John: Haven't thought about it. People dying or moving away would kill the band. I don't want to be a middle-aged teenager playing bars in Long Beach either. The only plans off the top of my head would be tour Europe — including, but not limited to, Indonesia, Turkey, Hungary, Bulgaria, Russia, Japan, Laos, Sri Lanka, etc. Maybe play a Tamil Tigers kegger. The sky is the limit.

Kevin R: NSU is an explosion of information. It started in one mind. Then it needed a stronger sonic force to proliferate. Now anybody who hears the sounds is another carrier of the germ. It will continue to disperse worldwide, exposing consciousnesses exponentially. I hope we go on infecting people in a live setting until we first four are dead. The recordings will do the job afterward. A new one is ready to be mixed right now.

MRR: To finish up — for loyal readers, please elaborate on NSU's stance on the following controversial issues, so people can decide whether to rally against you or not: a) animal rights b) abortion rights c) alcohol consumption d) capitalism e) gender equality f) whether Rollins ruined Black Flag.

Kevin R: a. I see the depth of human pain as more profound and humankind's interests more important. Animals act as a stand in for much human suffering, at times frivolously.

b. Abortions should be encouraged and easy to get, birth control even easier to obtain.

c. I don't drink anymore.

d. I think of alternative ideas, but wouldn't know how to implement any. I marvel at all the inefficiency of commerce. We sacrifice humanity for variety and novelty. Is it too late for something genuinely new? Will Rowdy Roddy Piper save us? Have you seen *They Live*? It really boils things down.

e. Everyone is different.

f. Rollins did his best. It was Ginn's band

Paul: a. There are no rights, things just happen.

b. See a.

c. Alcohol is fun.

d. It's pretty cool, as long as I don't have to participate.

e. Gender ID makes things separate, equal, permeable.

f. Rollins was entertaining in a semi-cheesy way

John: a. All for animals; against scooping my pit bull's shit off the sidewalk.

b. Babies are parasites.

c. I'm drinking right now.

d. Works and doesn't work.

e. Whatever tickles your pickle.

f. They all contributed in some way. Lineup changes and disagreements between band members led to Flag's demise I feel.

Kevin H: Eat 'em, Eat 'em, Drink 'em, Fuck 'em, Fuck 'em, Fuck 'em.

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DEFY

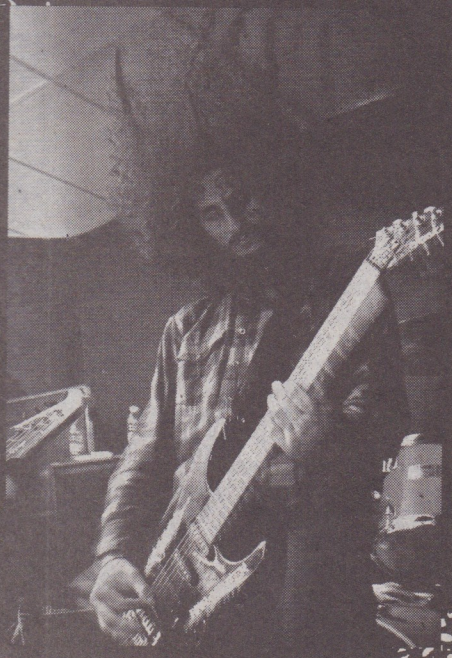
Defy from São Paulo Brazil, formed in May 2008, crust band with old death metal and thrash influences.
Interviewed by Rafael "Karasu Killer" Yaekashi, photos by Elaine Campos.

MRR: Tell us a little about the bands history, the discography, the first shows. And also, what is the meaning of the band's name?
Falão: Well, the band was started in mid 2008 by me, Denito, Lepre and Juliano. During that time, Juliano had gone back to record and rehearse with his old band Disarm, and had asked Denito and Lepre to play with him. A few rehearsals later, I got to know Juliano, and after some discussion between all of us, we ended up wanting to have a band with thrash / death metal influences—heavy guitars, and low tuning. It was at the first rehearsal that Denito came up with the name Defy, after Warcollapse's record. We all liked it, as one phrase of "*Oponhãse*" [Defy in Portuguese] lyric "refuse everything that they forced on you—DEFY." However, we played only two gigs with this formation. The line-up lasted only eight months, but we recorded the *DEsprazer* demo.

I believe our first gig was outstanding. It happened after six months of rehearsing and recording, so we, along with out friends, had a big expectations. It was, actually, outstanding. Since February 2010, the line up has been with Fernando on the guitar and we self-released a 7" split with our friends from Risposta. We are also going to release a second 7" split, with our friends Terror Revolucion·Rio.

MRR: What are the themes in the lyrics? How is the writing process?
Falão: Most of the subjects the lyrics address are generally based on our daily experiences, and our opinions. But, definitely, some of the main themes of our lyrics regard the interaction of human beings with the environment, and also of racial and sexual prejudice. These last subjects are big, often-discussed issues here in Brazil, which lead us to a daily discussion about them. Usually, we do the instrumental part first at the rehearsal, and after I have some general picture of the sound structure, I start to write the lyrics and then discuss them with the rest of the guys.
Lepre: The lyrics are about daily life that we live day after day, to further the rage against the selfish-destructive nature of human beings. As with everything in the band, all of us try to participate in the art, sounds and lyric development. But in my view, it is Falão who is able to capture the shared ideas and put them onto paper.

MRR: What are your biggest influences?
Falão: It is hard to list all our influences, even the biggest, hehe. But, in a general way, start with bands from early '90s crust scene, such as: 3-Way Cum, Warcollapse, Battle of Disarm, State of Fear, Dread 101 and tons of Czech and Polish bands, and also, thrash and death metal bands, such as Bolt Thrower, Entombed, Sepultura, Dismember, and others that sound like that.
Lepre: I believe that each member has his own influences, but with intersecting points between crust and death metal, which are the biggest influences to our sound.



MRR: Do all the band members have day jobs, or do you live off your music? What is the hardest thing about having a band in Brazil?
Falão: Yes, we all have day jobs and our music is our passion. I believe the hardest thing about being a band in Brazil is the lack of support—lack of good venues, lack of support from the crowd of local bands, no one buying stuff to help the bands on tour or the local bands that are trying to spread their sound. Most people only go to gigs to get wasted instead of helping and supporting the local bands.
Lepre: We all work and live our lives, but we keep going forward with Defy because we are crazy about we do. Aside from a few isolated cases, it is very hard to live off of an underground band, then if you are in Brazil your odds of that are null. For someone to have a band here, one must really love what he does, because everything here is expensive, and also people have the terrible habit of not appreciating what is happening around here. There are several good local bands, which perhaps, have not released any stuff, not even a CD or a record. If you do not have a strong will and put your ass on the line, things will never happen.

MRR: And with the current state of the Brazilian underground, what's good and what's bad? Is there support? What's the band's opinion on the punk/hardcore scene in São Paulo?
Falão: Despite the fact that we live in a big country, everything here is too centralized. Although it's a slow pace, we're going towards a better situation; new and good bands are appearing, more people are interested in doing something for the scene etc. In São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, in the big cities, there are a lot of bands of several styles. In BrasÌlia and Minas Gerais hardcore and thrash metal are the biggest strengths, and in the Northeast of Brazil extreme music is the most popular.

Here, in São Paulo city we lack good places to play; we're always playing at the same venues, with the same bands and crowd; as with everywhere else, there's division, a lot of problems, and discrimination between the bands. Most people would say there are very few labels interested in supporting us by releasing records by local bands. Most of the time the bands do it themselves sometimes with the help of foreign labels. However, we have a lot of points to improve upon, especially

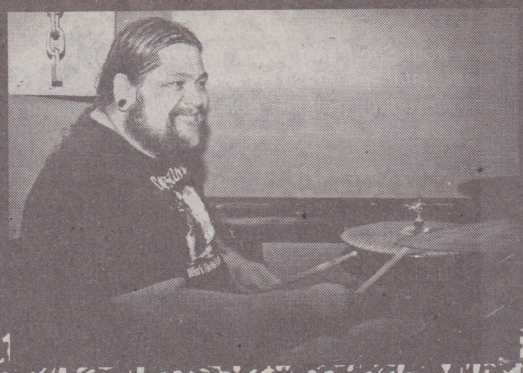
regarding relations with bands, gig structure, crowd support and everything else.
Lepre: The Brazilian underground scene is very deep and keeps surviving throughout the years because of people that give their share by keeping things going on, putting on good gigs, finding venues, distros and etc. However, it's clear that it suffers from a lack of support in order for it to be a big organism, because as in all of life, a lot of things come and go at a high speed. Besides the clear divisions among the underground, I have to highlight as a positive point, the gigs and events that do enable a mix of several types of people allowing an interaction amongst everyone. This kind of thought is becoming much stronger, however, we are so far from the ideal.

MRR: What other projects are you involved in?
Falão: Right now, no one from Defy is involved at other project besides the band. However, Denito already played in a D-beat band called Diskontroll for a long time before we started Defy.
Lepre: I used to play in AGS and Disarm.

MRR: What are you listening to nowadays?
Falão: Usually I listen to everything that sounds OK to me... I mean, everything, which is rock. I'm listen to a lot of Earth for chilling, N.D.T. and Framtid, and other heavy bands, but there are new bands like Contagium and Last Legion Alive that are my favorite bands nowadays; and also Swedish and British death metal; and the classics, like Discharge, Black Sabbath and Motorhead that never leave the playlist.
Lepre: A lot of things besides the usual noise.

MRR: Since 2003 there's been a new wave of punk/hardcore bands coming around in Brazil. How do you see this revitalization? Which bands/artists do you consider prominent?
Falão: For me the bands that added concepts from other scenes, Europe and US, and also tried, and try, to do something better than we are used to seeing and hearing around here, are the ones which stand above. I think that I can cite Social Chaos and Discarga, as bands that are constantly on international tours and releasing records. There are now more new bands like: Speed Kills, Subterror, Brain Death, Stench of Death, Kroni, Whipstriker Unfit Scum, and some others.
Lepre: As long as people feel outrage and want to manifest themselves through music, we will always have new bands.

MRR: What would you guys be doing if it weren't for punk/hardcore in your lives?
Falão: This is a trick question to be answered, hehe. I do not see me, nor the rest of the guys not to be involved in the music scene.
Lepre: Everyone has his/her own view on what is punk, but I believe that if I have not gotten involved in this today, I would not have the same attitude, consciousness and critical sense towards life.



MRR: Soon the split Defy / Terror Revolucionário will be released in Japan, how is the response to this release in Brazil?
Falão: We're having good feedback about this release, a lot of people are interested in hearing the new sounds, specially from Terror Revolucionário, who have not released a new record in a long time. I hope that you help us spread our shit a little bit more, hehe, in a new market, with tons of people and bands.

Lepre: I am very happy to release this record with our friends from Terror Revolucionário and I believe that the final result will be killer. We want to keep playing and spread this 7" to any possible place. For sure, it's great to see your record being released at other country, especially in Japan, a place we want to go someday.

MRR: More and more we talk about corruption, violence and unemployment in Brazil, what do you see for the country's future?
Falão: Unfortunately, as with most third-word countries, we live in a country of endless promises; where rates of the misery and poverty are threatening. However nowadays, what really concerns me here in Brazil is the politics regarding the environment; we have here one of the biggest, and most beautiful ecosystems and everything is turning into a big disaster. A new Forest-Code is going to be voted on here, which allows a bunch of new crimes, even amnesty for criminals that have cleared rain-forests, destroyed the soil, etc. Total fucking nonsense bullshit.
Lepre: No future at all. In a global vision we are doomed to self-destruction.

MRR: Many Brazilian bands want to play in Japan, what's the possibility of Defy coming here for a tour?
Falão: Not for now, we want first to tour in Europe and Mexico, but we would like so much to come tour in Japan, it is a classic place to tour, and also in some nearby countries, like Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia.
Lepre: We really want to come touring in Japan, but it is very complicated because of the high price of air-tickets. But it is something that we really want to do before the band ends.

MRR: What do you know about the Japanese hardcore scene? What bands do you like, and what impresses you about them?
Falão: I cannot say that I am an expert on the Japanese scene, but I really like it; fuck, listen to the bands of the early '80s, and feel the heaviness and violence of the music. Especially, the second phase (mid-end of '80s), the HC bands highly influenced by metal bands, and how they push the punk x metal boundaries away. I believe that they were even before the English bands. And, personally, I cannot find one piece of music, from any record of Death Side, that is not genius. I believe it is the originality and creativity from the most Japanese bands that I am attracted to; and there are so many that is hard to enumerate: Guillotine Terror, Lip Cream, Gauze, Kuro, Gai, Confuse, Gism, Crow, S.D.S., Abraham Cross, Framtid, Disclose, Effigy, Unholy Grave, Gloom, Disprove, Battle of Disarm...
Lepre: What I like about the Japanese bands is the unique way that they put speed and feeling all together, having a strong feeling in the sound. I like many different type of bands like: Disclose, Diskriminados, Gauze, Life, Vivisick, Effigy, Reality Crisis... Among other really good bands.

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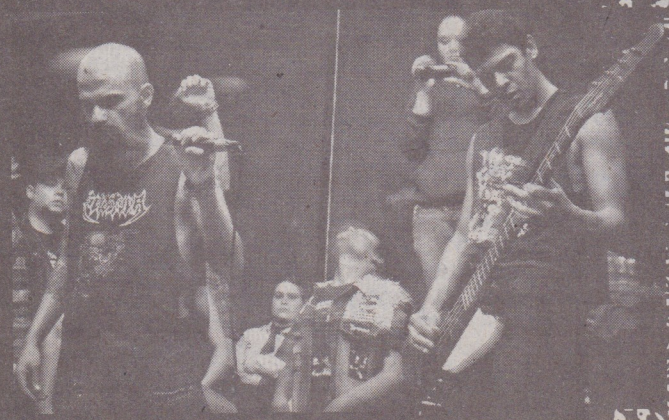
D E F Y



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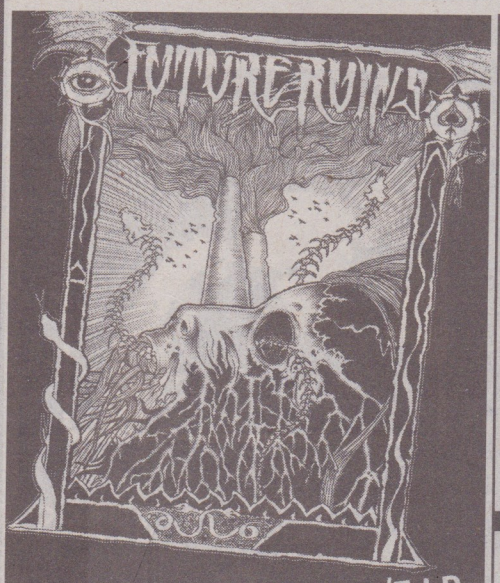

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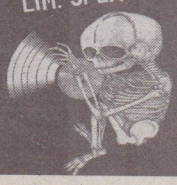

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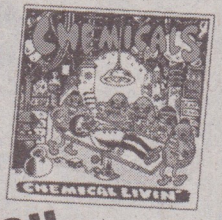

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CRIMSON SCARLET

Crimson Scarlet is a name that evokes images of the macabre—things that go bump in the night, black candles and Bela Lugosi fans. But don't jump to conclusions about this band just yet! Their music and dynamic live performances defy subgenres as they bring together driving and danceable goth beats that create a distinct Batcave feel (courtesy of their drum machine, aptly named "General Dearly Departed"), catchy and resonating female vocals spiked with high-impact guitar riffs and bass lines that boast their punk influences and inclination toward a darker, hard-hitting sound. Formed in reaction to what they saw as a lack of acts playing a amalgam of genuine deathrock and punk in their hometown of Santa Barbara, four friends got together in the 2011 to create Crimson Scarlet and have been captivating audiences of all kinds ever since. I caught up with Crimson Scarlet at their record release show in San Francisco (the current location of the band) and chatted with Chelsey (vox), Chuck (guitar), Jason (bass), and their new guitarist Samantha to find out what makes them tick. So get out your fishnets, studs, chaos pouch, or whatever the hell you want: Crimson Scarlet is here to move your feet.
Interview by Vyle Nixon.

MRR: Here we are at the Crimson Scarlet record release show for *Sanctuary*. Congratulations on the 45. It sounds great! Let's start with a history lesson of how you got to this point.
Chuck: I had a drum machine and always wanted to start a stylized deathrock punk band and sort of saw it as a challenge. Like, can we write something in two weeks that's better than what this band has done in two months?
Jason: To be that way sounds so rude saying it now! But that's really how it started—as just a joke.
Chelsey: Someone asked me where the name came from and I was saying they were trying to come up with the "gothiest" sounding name and it stuck! It was supposed to be a spoof!
Chuck: My friend and I were always creating fake band names and he came up with the best one for a goth band—Crimson Scarlet! And then months and months later when the opportunity came for us to play, I was, like, I already have a name and I already have a drum machine…
Chelsey: And two fog machines and Christmas lights!
Chuck: Initially we had a different singer but I've always been harassing Chelsey to be in a band with me.
Chelsey: Since the day we met! "You have good energy, we should be in a band."
Chuck: You do have a good vibe! So we started off as a joke band but the initial response was so good! People were dancing and having a blast so we were, like, let's keep going with it!

MRR: How would you describe Crimson Scarlet to a deaf, dumb, and blind person in three words?
Chuck: Feel. The. Sound. Feel the Noise! Feel the beat!
Sam: Feel the darkness!
Chelsey: OHHH Sam!! Welcome to our band!!

MRR: Now that three quarters of the band resides in San Francisco and you've been playing shows in Northern California, do see a difference in the places and bands you play with or audience reception?
Chuck: Definitely! It's really random down there! It's a small town; you get what you get. Here there are a variety of things to pull from. In Santa Barbara you are going to play with whoever and anybody and it's cool in a way.
Jason: Here it's more social and about who you get along with.
Chelsey: Down there it's very eclectic and all the bands that are around play together. The single was mixed by Adi Tahada, who was in Uphill Battle, which is completely different from Crimson Scarlet, as is Gardens In Villa, who are our label mates. But because Santa Barbara is so small, everyone helps out and supports each other, so the audiences tend to be a motley crew. That's at least my perspective as an outsider from the greater LA area. It's not like we have blasted open any doors with Spectres, Bellicose Minds, Arctic Flowers, Moral Hex, etc. coming before us, but we're lucky that a lot of stuff is going on and in San Francisco the scene is really opening up to DIY and more types of music and becoming more receptive.

MRR: "Sanctuary" was recorded in May and mixed in July of 2011. How did the relationship with Cool Summer records form?
Chuck: Dave, the owner of Cool Summer records, has varying tastes in music. He and I had worked together at a skateboard shop and I'd be scrolling through his iPod and it'd have everyone from Anti Cimex, Rubella Ballet to the Smiths and Joy Division, everything. And when Crimson Scarlet formed, I was telling him about us, and he came to our second or third gig with Chelsey, where we played at this shitty bar, and he was standing there with this huge grin, just smiling. Afterwards he came up and said he'd like to do a single on his record label. So we said, awesome, right on.

MRR: When the single was recorded another girl named Carly was on second guitar, but moving forward now Samantha, you're going to be playing guitar?
Sam: Oh yeah!
Chelsey: Sam's in! Whether she likes it or not! When we weren't sure if our former guitarist, Carly, would be able to get into Canada for Distort Vancouver Fest, we had Sam in mind. She's the only one that could fill those boots!
Sam: I didn't know that!
Chuck: Well, really, we knew Sam could learn the songs!
Chelsey: She's our friend and can handle anything you put in front of her. She's the professional!
Sam: Aw, no way.
Jason: She's quiet but she's the one with the chops!
Chelsey: After the first time she saw us play she said, "It's so good to see women, punk women, doing shit." Which I've definitely seen an increase of but really it seemed like it was all on Sam and a handful of others to represent strong punk women in a very testosterone-laden scene for a while, and I couldn't be happier to play in a band with her.

MRR: Where did the imagery for the record come from?
Chuck: The image on the cover of the 45 is from Najoquoi Falls in Santa Barbara, which means *meadow*, and for me, and I'm sure Jason, Santa Barbara is very special to us. It's a very beautiful, nature-filled town and that waterfall is the place where the areas Native Americans would traditionally go for purification when they are having a problem in their life; it's a place of mediation. There's tons of different mineral content in the water and it's just a really beautiful and purifying place. I personally wanted to have something that exemplified Santa Barbara, has a spiritual meaning and pay homage to the people who appreciated that place.
Jason: We considered a lot of spiritual, old spots in SB that have a lot of meaning. We weren't intentionally looking for it but it was all about connecting with the area and we wanted the image to speak to it.
Chuck: Especially with having the title *Sanctuary*, I was thinking a lot about purification and solace and where you feel safe. My cousin Stevie was telling me the Falls are where people would go to get clarity with their thoughts and I was thinking, "That's 'Sanctuary, where you can be

safe and OK."
Jason: I feel like the images he gave us are a big part of the design of the 45. And Stevie also gave us the image for the back.
Chuck: That is a voodoo diagram for communicating with the dead, and the owl design on the backside of the 45 is from an ancient book on witchcraft that we love and thought spoke to *Sanctuary* as well.
Jason: Chelsey's handwriting is used in the insert also.
Chesley: We're talking about covers for the next record and considering more imagery similar to what we have, which could be disconcerting to a lot of punks, but it's a Santa Barbara thing. I don't want to say spiritual, but essentially darker sounding music shouldn't have to be synonymous with apathy or nihilism.

MRR: Looking at the 7" and reading the included lyrics, I was wondering who or what the Black Box Men are that you refer to in "Sanctuary?"
Chelsey: When these guys came to me with the band I was in a weird transitional period and "Sanctuary" is lyrically more personal than a lot of the songs. Black Box Men are representative, and this is going to sound deeper than any of this should fucking sound, but it was like God, or the universe, or gravity, or whatever that shit is that presses back against you at times. In my mind I had this image of this line of super-animated SS men dressed in black, marching towards you and trying to take you down. So when you feel like there is shit up against you and you're fighting and fighting and fighting against it, that's the Black Box Men.

MRR: Describe a typical Crimson Scarlet practice.
Chuck: In Santa Barbara it was a little bit more consistent because we were all in the same area.
Chelsey: Actually we've never been in the same area! When we started I was two and a half hours away, and now that Chuck and I are up here with Sam but Jason is still down south there isn't really a standard practice. There's usually a bit of cider involved, dancing.
Chuck: What I think is really important is that we all hang out with each other and enjoy each other's company. And even though Sam is new to the band, she is a dear friend to all of us.
Jason: I like you, Sam.
Sam: I like you, too!
Chelsey: Chuck had a lot of the vision for the band and what he wanted it to be. Even when I show up at practice wanting to cover Twisted Nerve's "When I'm Alone" or Bobby Brown's "My Prerogative" he's, like, "OK Chelsey…," but when it comes to the songs we are actually going to cover, historically he tends to pick them.
Chuck: Jason and I are the song guys. Jason is an awesome bass player. He writes amazing bass riffs; he's on point and catches it so fast. I'll write a riff and he's already jamming on something.

MRR: Sam, are there any challenges in playing with Crimson Scarlet compared to Mundo Muerto?
Sam: It was kind of challenging going into it because Mundo Muerto has been the only long term band that I've been in and Crimson Scarlet is so different! But Chuck, Chelsey and Jason were really open to any ideas or additions that I have, even in regards to the older songs. I think the biggest thing to get used to is the drum machine! Now I've gotten used to it and understand why they have it, but at first I was thinking, "Wouldn't it be way easier if there was a human being here?" But I am really into the whole thing and the new experience and Chuck and Chelsey are friends, so that makes it easier.

MRR: "Sanctuary" is a great song and so infectious! Before playing it tonight, Chuck, you referred to it as being "Dave's Song." Could you elaborate on that?
Chuck: Yeah! Dave Johnson, Anxious Boy, programmed the drum machine. I've been friends with him for years. He's a very eclectic guy and always writing drum beats, whether it's goth or punk or occult black metal. So when I told him I was starting Crimson Scarlet and described it as danceable goth music, he said that he had a song that would be perfect for the band and that he'd like to program the drum machine. I may embellish a little bit on guitar but essentially that song is Dave Johnson's, and he wrote everything.
Chelsey: It used to be called "Anxious Boy," and even after I got the lyrics down, it took a lot to rename it because it's entirely Dave, and it's Dave's song.

MRR: The cause of much speculation has been that you guys use a drum machine. How was the decision made to use "General Dearly Departed" over a live drummer?
Chuck: For me personally and to go back to why we formed, the band that we saw play had a drum machine and it wasn't really that catchy or stylized

and I thought, well I'm really influenced by Ghost Dance and Sisters of Mercy and I want to have a drum machine that's really driving and gets people to move around.
Jason: We were definitely coming from the same influences as that band but thought we could use a drum machine better!
Chuck: Yeah, make the drum machine work! Program a constant pounding beat and make it awesome! Ghost Dance is so influential to me and the way that Ann Marie and Gary Marx used theirs showed that you could have a drum machine with the same impact and energy that you would get with a live drummer.
Chelsey: For me, few songs are a driving as "Adrenochrome" by Sisters of Mercy, where they use a drum machine, and I like the thought of having that same power behind our songs, but we get so much shit for having that thing! Even though it started as a joke, like, "What is quintessential goth?" "What is quintessential deathrock?" We still get so much shit about it! It's become a divisive issue.
Chuck: Yeah some people really love it; other people hate it, which is really funny. We often go through it ourselves, should we get a drummer?
Chelsey: And we've had so many amazing drummers offer to play and it'd be fun to jam with them, but now I'm thinking we should stick with it on principle.
Jason: And it's so much easier to really practice the songs and get good at playing them with the machine. When you don't have a drummer, you just get to press play and it's this awesome beat that we wrote together that's always there for us to use.
Chuck: And the drummer is never late!
Chelsey: And they're never too hung over!

MRR: Aside from a drummer, are there any other instruments you're considering adding to the mix?
Chuck: We tried synth for a minute
Chelsey: I think we're trying to preserve what we are doing right now.
Jason: Could we add something? Maybe. Mainly we do what feels right and the way we have it feels great. This is what I like to do, so we don't want to over-think it.
Chuck: It's just fun!

MRR: Can you describe what the first show you played together was like?
Chuck: It was a house show in Santa Barbara.
Jason: The first one we did, everyone was plugging their ears and against the wall kind of groaning. We were just too loud!
Chuck, Chelsey, Sam: We're really loud!
Chelsey: Everyone who was standing outside said it was great because they could hear it the way it was supposed to sound, but everyone inside was, like, I think it was good? I couldn't tell?

MRR: Have there been other changes that have taken place since the band officially started?
Chuck: Oh, yeah, totally. It's just really coalesced and become its own thing.
Chelsey: I think we all have fallen into it a lot more and figured out what we're doing better. Chuck had previously played in Desperate Hours and I just found out that "Two Kinds of Red" was initially a Desperate Hours song that just never got all the way there. And Jason has so much experience with indie bands in Chicago and Santa Barbara. For me, personally, this is the first band I've ever been in. I'd been petrified because I have the worst stage fright that anyone has ever seen.
Chuck: I do remember the first time we finally convinced Chelsey to practice with us! We were in our little weird space in Santa Barbara and we had sent her the rough recordings beforehand. So we were sitting there playing what is now "The Window" and Chelsey started singing and Jason and I turned around and we were smiling all crazy at each other, nodding our heads, yes, yes, YES!
Chelsey: And I thought they were laughing at me!
Chuck: Those first few practices in the little spot were so awesome. So much cider…
Chelsey: So much cider! I still need to have a few to get me through it. But you can't postulate about gender dynamics in punk and then when someone offers you an opportunity say no, so I agreed to do it! After I told Chuck I'd give it a shot, my sister came home and I was crying, shaking, terrified. Legitimate phobia status! So she took me out to some shithole, divey, country karaoke bar in San Bernadino and I had nine bourbons in 45 minutes, got up and sang Patsy Cline's "Walking After Midnight" just to get over my fear, which I'm still working on, but the scene out here is so supportive that it helps!

MRR: What a great sister! In the past bands like Siekira and the Screaming Dead segued into a darker sound after playing punk, an evolution that has been recently mirrored by members of bands such as Belgrado, Lost Tribe, Bellicose Minds. How have your previous experiences of playing in punk bands and being involved in punk lent itself to creating this type of music? Is there a connection?
Chuck: I think that initially when people started getting back on the UK82 vibe we also had to realize that the punk, deathrock and anarcho scenes weren't that far away from each other. Everyone then was going to the same gigs and hanging out and you didn't see that disconnect that happened when music became splintered off into super subgenres. Now there are so many subgenres of subgenres. I initially wrote riffs that I liked and I wanted to bring a varied group of people together from different genres to be on the same vibe and have fun, not segregate ourselves, which is really important to me. We're not a Gai/Confuse style band, but we all love those bands and are influenced by them, just the same way as we have friends into raw punk that are noise addicts, deathrockers, goths and people who are into indie and pop that are into us, and now there's space for it.
Chelsey: I think this is only possible because people are opening up. For a while it seemed like mostly D-beat, but it runs the risk of becoming mundane and uniform. I remember when Spectres and Bellicose Minds first appeared, and it blew everyone's minds! So many of us started with the Mob or Rubella Ballet in our punk arsenal; we all love it, and yet there isn't a lot happening to keep that music going. There aren't many bands that are doing it and it's kind of become a little tribe, and for me, personally, out of all my years in punk, this has been the most beneficial and inspiring for me.
Jason: I was really happy when I found out that you guys knew who Lost Tribe are and told me about Bellicose Minds, It was rad to realize I'm not the only one that's into it!

MRR: Sam and Chelsey, could you describe some of your experiences of being involved in punk culture and music as women? Do you feel that when there are more women involved that the way you are perceived is different? What are your feelings about sexism in punk culture?
Chelsey: Going into this I didn't think that I would be perceived differently, but there was a period after we started playing shows that I was really confused by how consistently people made cracks about me carrying gear, or how often surprise crosses people's faces when you say you're in the band. I think I've been lucky with the company that I've kept to not have to deal with the machismo that can easily accompany punk. It's true that there is a lot of curiosity and surprise and maybe low expectations when you step up in front of everybody, but damned if I don't like surprising people.
Sam: I always feel like being a girl in a punk band there is that attitude of "oh yah, she's token," or "she's not going to be good, she's going to suck," so I feel really pressured to not fuck up and own it, not necessarily for my own personal reasons but because I want people to think, and I want people to know that women can play instruments, and play music, or sing, or whatever they want and do a good job at it, that they are legitimate and they do know a lot about punk. It's exciting to play with women and to be in Crimson Scarlet with Chelsey because it takes that pressure off a lot, and on tour it's nice to have other women on even for simple things like walking to the bathroom; that kind of stuff matters. When I was playing in Mundo Muerto with Maddy, it was really cool to have that moral support. It's weird, when Mundo Muerto went on tour with Nerveskade for a month and after I'd been to all these places, I felt like people still looked at Maddy and I as though we were the girlfriends who were tagging along. Going on tour now with Mundo Muerto, and because we've toured the US so much, I feel like people already know there is a girl in the band so I don't get as surprised. But there are totally times when I'm sitting in the room and people will not acknowledge me until they realize I'm in the band, and then they want to make conversation. That is always kind of annoying, but at the same time probably happens to all genders. I think a lot of people view punk as this utopian subculture, but it is something that just mirrors larger societal and systemic problems. There is racism and homophobia and things like that in the scene, and I do think woman are objectified and tokenized. It's important to recognize that, and that it can be a hostile environment.
Chelsey: Punk attracts strong and strong-willed women, and I think a lot of us are just dealing with the same shit we've always had to deal with. It kind of breeds this whole other unique gender dynamic within the scene, in my opinion. A lot of girls come up in their home scenes being so outnumbered, having to prove themselves, fearful of being aligned with "girlfriends" that act foolish and come and go. So later when you put a lot of tough women together, it takes some getting used to because we have this learned instinct to distrust one another or set ourselves apart. It has

the potential to undermine what we're trying to do to strengthen the scene, and we've all had to deal with it at times. But as tough as punk women can be, they're also usually very intelligent and thoughtful and realize that we need to support one another, and that's when things take off. There are a lot of exciting things going on in punk right now, and in San Francisco women are definitely leading the charge! I have never seen so many brilliant, courageous, creative and all around badass women in one place, trying to make sure that punk not only survives but flourishes! These ladies can handle anything people dish out, and keep punk alive in the process. If putting up with some crap amongst all the support is what it takes to get here, I think we'll manage!

MRR: In September 2011 Crimson Scarlet toured the West Coast and for the first time performed outside Santa Barbara, playing in various towns and culminating with Distort Fest in Vancouver. What was that like?

Chelsey: We knew it would be tough, being our first show in each city, and people would kind of stand there. I would always get shaken about half way through the set when no one is moving and everyone is looking at you. And then afterwards, people are coming up to me and they are reveling and surprised and they have been waiting to hear something, not necessarily us, but something of the genre.

Jason: A lot of the shows that we played were to people who like grind, crust, and loud fast music and those people didn't want to hear it really. But there were random people who were stoked on it, which was cool.

Chuck: Distort, I thought, was awesome! We were the very first band to play on that Friday, and all of our friends were there, and people were dancing and coming up to us afterwards and hanging out, asking questions. It was great to play to such a diverse group of people who are also into the same subgenres of punk and to get good feedback.

Chelsey: It was really validating to get good responses from people that you thought were only into a certain kind of really hardcore D-beat.

MRR: Who would your ideal tour mates be, past or present?

Jason: I want to give a shout out to Disable!

Chuck: Disable were an awesome band to tour with! They are a total Raw, D-Beat, Disclose/ Anti-Cimex worship band and they were always in the front when we played; they supported us and we supported them. And it was on a whim that we picked them up, and it turned out the best!

Jason: It was a total surprise it worked out so well and they were the best band at Distort.

Chuck: It was really great to have those guys in the van, playing a different style of music but we both supported one another and had a great time playing together.

MRR: What is on your record player right now?

Chuck: Always Ratface! The Smiths, Skeletal Family and Ghost Dance and lately I've been jamming on Hysteria and Part 1.

Chelsey: The Lost Tribe 12" is amazing! When I got the tape I don't think it left my tape player for eight months and I just got my hands on the 12", and other than that Sam Cooke.

Chuck: Chelsey and I love the oldies.

Jason: I don't listen to anything new, just a lot of Sisters of Mercy, Swans, Siouxie and the Banshees

Sam: I like the Bloodkrow Butcher EP, the Bannlyst reissue, the Bi-Marks LP is really good and Rayos X LP has been on my record player! I want to give them a shout out!

MRR : What were you listening to on tour?

Chuck: This Ascension, Moral Hex. To put on a list of bands that should have LPs Moral Hex is up there!

MRR: What is coming down the line for Crimson Scarlet? Tours? Releases? Contact information?

Chelsey: There's been talk of doing more tours and as it stands right now there is going to be a split with Bellicose Minds, a 7" out on Anger Burning, a 12" EP with Mata La Musica and we're going to be on the flexi for TTK.

Chuck: We've recorded six songs so far and we want to have the first two singles to contrast one another in rhythm and feel but have the appearance and layout be very similar.

Jason: Whether or not it happens, I'd like to do something with Spectres, Bellicose Minds, Lost Tribe, Arctic Flowers and bands like them… and those [Jason points to a couple dressed in extreme Edwardian gothic clothing crossing the street as everyone laughs] are the best people who were at the show.

Chuck: To contact Crimson Scarlet email DesperateHours805@gmail.com

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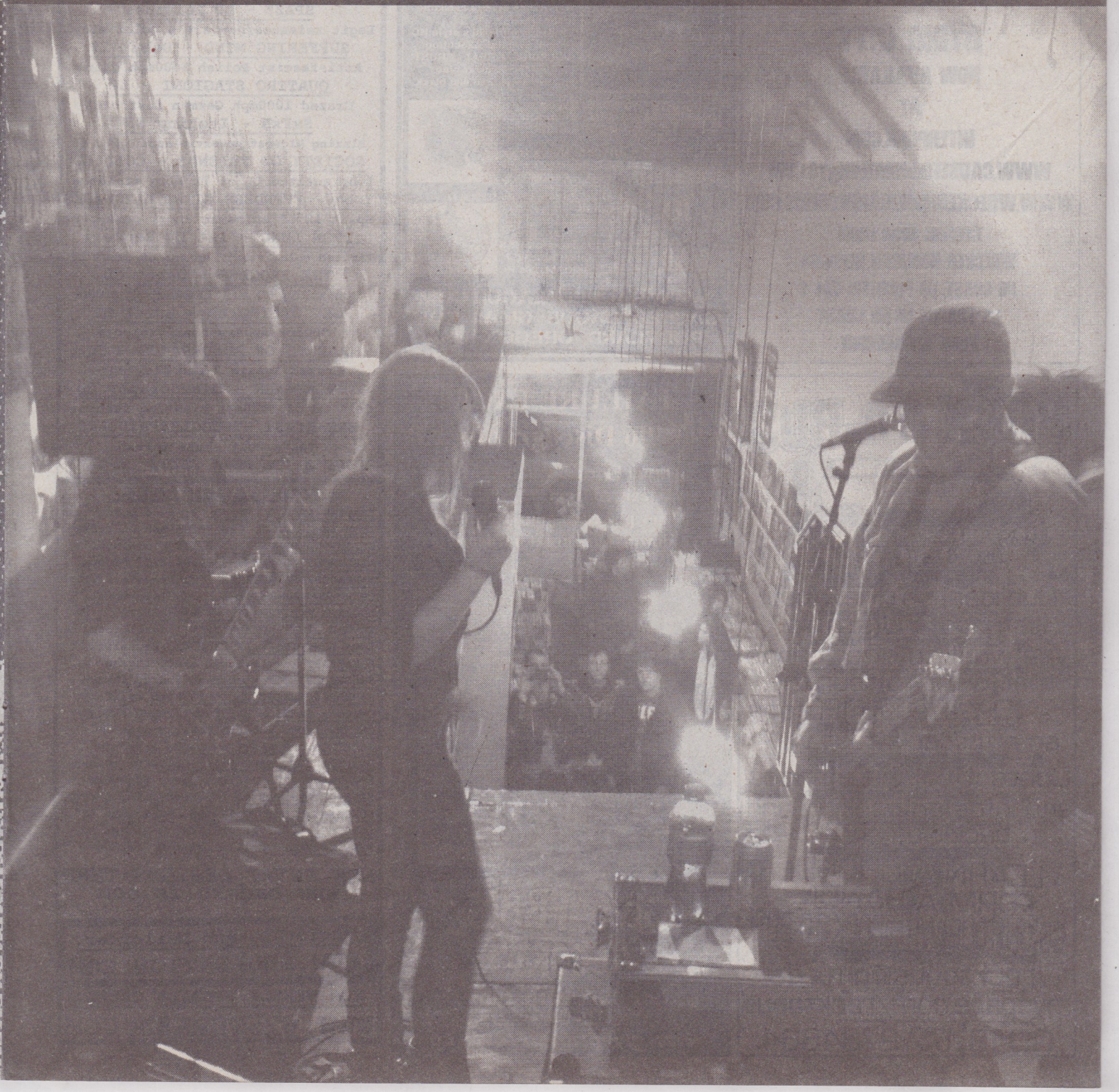

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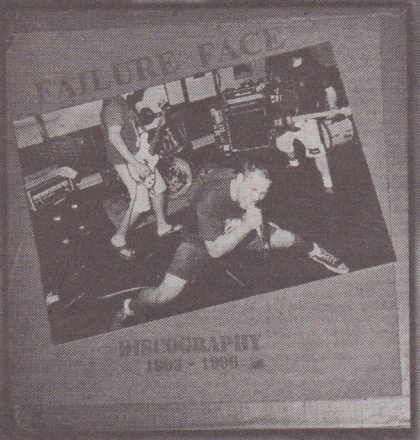

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DISORDER

Just after Christmas I finally got in touch with Chris Neill (also known as Boobs), who replaced Steve Curtis as the second singer for Disorder during the early '80s. Joining the band just in time to record the Perdition 12", he also appeared on the Mental Disorder EP and Under the Scalpel Blade. In 1985, struggling with heroin, he left Disorder and the band went to Norway without him. In the years to follow, Neill was incarcerated in Spain for over half of a decade and has been residing in Madrid since his release in 2003. He currently works with recovering drug addicts and assists at a community music school in programs for under privileged children. This is the first time he has decided to speak about his days in Disorder and discuss what life was like then and how it has been ever since. Some of these stories are untold and all of them depict Disorder to have been nothing short of what we expected they were like in the early '80s, completely out of control!
Inteview by Zach Flanary

MRR: So Chris, how did you join Disorder and what year was it that you first replaced Steve Curtis as the band's second vocalist?
Boobs: I'd been living with Disorder in a squat in Cotham Brow, Bristol for a while. I think that was around 1981 so I was about eighteen. I was from a place called Clevedon, which is a small town just outside of Bristol and Disorder were from another small town called Nailsea. Like a lot of people our age we were desperate to get out of the small town. I left home when I was seventeen and was living in various flats until I met Disorder. Then it was like the coming together, we just hit it off straight away. That was Steve Allen (guitar), Steve Curtis (vocals), and Virus (drums). I never really knew the bass player at the time, I think his name was Nick, but he wanted to go to a university and stuff.

I'd always felt completely out of place in the world. It seemed to me as if everyone had a script and knew exactly what they were supposed to be doing. I didn't have a clue what I was supposed to be doing, so I felt like a clumsy awkward fuck up. When I met Disorder and the others who were living with them, it was as if I'd come home and these were, at last, people who I could identify with. We didn't know shit, but we were angry and pissed off with everything and everyone.

MRR: Your first release with the band was the *Perdition* 12", correct?
Boobs: Yeah, I'd been mates with Disorder for about nine months or so, but was living in a squat with a couple of mates, Kev and Gil, (may they both rest in peace), who are now both dead as the result of drug overdoses. This was the '80s and Margaret Thatcher had introduced what was called *"Short Sharp Shock,"* which was a detention center for juvenile delinquents. We were always in trouble with the police so it wasn't long before Kev and I were doing six months at Erlstoke House in Salisbury, which at the time was a borstal and detention center. When we were released, Disorder was about to record *Perdition*, but Steve Curtis wanted to leave the band. So I auditioned for them, which consisted of shouting into a microphone. To my surprise, Steve Allen approved of my pathetic performance and I was hired for the much coveted job.

MRR: Was this right before the filming of UK/DK video? How did you end up on the video and where did the footage of "Life" take place?

LIVE

Disorder (and others)

Demolition Ballroom

Those enterprising Demolition squatters conceived of this event as a means by which to pay their rapidly mounting electricity bill. Unfortunately, the prospective headliners Swell Fiend, a Norwegian punk band, decided that they would rather split up than play at the Ballroom and so Disorder had to carry the show.

The Demolition Ballroom is Bristol's least 'un- formal' venue. The sanitary facilities are rudimentary ("You can piss anywhere you like over that wall") as is the bar (only your own). Dated stage lighting is provided by a couple of naked 100 watt light bulbs which illuminate the 'colourful' banners, displaying familiar slogans. These are forcibly and being unpleasant to one another, fighting wars, etc, and are taking lots of drugs and having a good time. A rather sensible philosophy, I thought.

The only trouble with having absolutely no security whatsoever is that the arrival of the local neanderthals looking for a 'quick' fund to vent the atmosphere. Usually these individuals are removed by what might be uprising among the anarchists, but this is clearly something that they prefer not to do.

A succession of bands cascaded on to what passes for a stage until finally, at a very late hour, Disorder plugged in. There's not really a lot to say about Disorder, except that they're still capable of producing fast, thrash, rare, thrash, thrash" action song construction. They do it very well.

The Demolition Ballroom needs your support! Write to them and tell them what you got dropped in the swimming pool by some eating acid casualty or your cars are smashed by piss-drenched thrash!

Robin A.

pic: Robin

Boobs: I don't know really, I was always amazed when we managed to organize stuff. The people who were working on the film got in touch with us and asked us if we would like to be in the video. We agreed on the condition that they were to buy a barrel of cider for us. The footage where I was interviewed was recorded at a flat in Clifton, Bristol that Amebix had squatted. At that time we lived at a squat in West Grove, next to the Tropic Club, where we used to sell all of our stolen items to a very dodgy character nearby. The "Life" video (I think) was taken at the Sir George Robey pub in Finsbury Park in London.

MRR: This is random, but was Disorder playing with The Varukers that evening? I'm asking because I've always noticed their banner in the background of the video.

Don't remember, could be because at that time we played a lot with The Varukers, I loved them. They managed to keep it together, living in a house and eating real food. At that time things like that just weren't possible for us. In fact, I was always surprised at the capability of other people to live a sort of normal life. I remember once we played with Dead Kennedys and MDC and I was shocked to find out that Jello Biafra put a toweling dressing gown on after the show. He even showed me a few exercises to help look after my voice; ha-ha, can you imagine? Like I gave a fuck about my voice.

MRR: Fuck Jello Biafra anyway, ha-ha. How many releases did you appear on aside from *Perdition*?

Boobs: If I remember rightly I sang on: *Perdition*, *Mental Disorder,* and *Under the Scalpel Blade*. We used to record at a studio in St Pauls, Bristol called Cave Studios. I don't know how we managed to get such a bad sound. Every recording we did sounded as if it was made inside a baked bean tin, and at the time it was a bit annoying. I used to enviously listen to the quality of the recordings of bands such as Discharge and GBH, but looking back on it, I'm really glad we sounded like that. There was never any confusion, you always knew you were listening to a Disorder record.

MRR: I love that sound! I wouldn't have those records any other way. Now, I know Disorder has toured extensively over the years. During the time you were in Disorder how many tours took place?

Boobs: I can't remember the amount of tours that we did, it seemed that we were always in the back of a transit van, and we'd be away for months at a time. Probably the best and most enjoyable tour would be the one we did in Italy, which was crazy. We played with Wretched on a mini tour and performed various festivals as well. Milan was mental and it's true the Italians drive like nutters! Without wanting to be stereotypical, they were all really tanned and handsome too, Ciao Pablo and Giovani. They looked more like models, but Italy's like that, even the police prefer posing with mirror shades on as to actually arresting people. We had a really good time and it was good for us to get out of England.

We also did a big tour in Germany that lasted for months where we played in Hamburg, Frankfurt, etc... By this time I was a complete alcoholic because we were given loads of drink for free everywhere we went. In Germany, I was beginning to feel really uncomfortable with the role of

"spiritual leader," it seemed that more and more people expected things from us, and we had to have the answers. I wasn't a fucking role model, I didn't know how to do anything, I was just a spotty adolescent and there were people well prepared to be able to give more coherent answers than me... Crass, Chumbawamba, and so on. These were really political groups and I felt that our "I don't like war / smash the fuck out of everything" theme was sounding more lame and hollow. I suppose being conscious of my own shortfalls, I turned to heroin. By the time we got to Holland I was a complete junkie and stayed in Amsterdam while the rest of the group went on to Norway.

MRR: Okay, that explains the lineup change in '85. Disorder has always maintained a murky history during the time the band moved to Norway. I've read interviews with Taf discussing the reason for Disorder records. Is it true that Simon Edwards created a separate label for the band because he felt that Disorder wasn't fit for Riot City or were there other reasons also playing into that?
Boobs: There always seems to be a lot of confusion over this, I don't know why because it's fairly straight forward. The first two singles were released on "Disorder Records" which was basically Riot City but with Disorder Records written on the sleeve instead. They were both produced and financed by Simon Edwards. The distribution was done by Revolver Records, which were really just two hippies in their record shop at the top of Whiteladies Road in Bristol. Simon Edwards was never really very fast at paying us out and when he did it was pathetically small amounts of money. For whatever the reasons, we weren't happy with the way he was running stuff. So, we went and saw the two hippies that ran Revolver Records and offered them sole distribution rights to the record, but they had to front us the money to go into the studio to record *Perdition*. That's how the *real* Disorder Records was born!

We did the same with *Mental Disorder* EP and the *Under the Scalpel Blade* LP. Tim from *Be Bad Be Glad Fanzine* did the cover of *Under the Scalpel Blade*, Chris from Amebix drew the cover for *Mental Disorder*, and the cover for *Perdition* was a photo taken by Steve Allen (then guitarist for Disorder). It was very DIY; when we played gigs we'd take a load with us and try to sell them. Once, we went to Belgium and ended up having a fight with the police because they said we couldn't sell our records as we hadn't paid the tax to import them. So they told us we had to break every one of them and when we refused, we were promptly gassed, battered, and spent the night in the cells.

MRR: In '83 *Perdition* reached #25 in the UK indie charts and *Mental Disorder* saw even more success ranking in at #16. Was the band pleased with this or was there even any care or concern about the charts at all during that time?
Boobs: Did it really?! I didn't know and didn't give a fuck.

MRR: Sorry, thought I'd ask for the hell of it. During the early eighties Disorder were considered a great deal noisier and much more aggressive than the other punk bands in England. Did you guys get hassled from the audience or other bands? Were they accepting or envious of this new sound?
Boobs: We used to get quite a lot of stick from the old school punks, whose motto seemed to be "doesn't matter what shit you record as long as you record it in 1977 and it's got a good sing along chorus line." You see, in 1977, I was twelve and although it influenced me it certainly didn't change my life. It was bands like Black Flag and The Killjoys (even though they only made one single) who influenced me. But don't get the wrong idea, I didn't

even have a record player at the time so didn't know much about music or anything. I just wanted to scream "Fuck you!" into a microphone. I hated songs that had a nice recognizable sing a long chorus; I wanted people to come out of our shows like they'd just seen a Dogma film by Lars von Triers. Like "What the fuck was that?".

Since I've lived in Madrid, Spain I've listened to some hardcore flamenco and it's the same, its pure passion and energy. They don't give a fuck about the public, so it's really hard to understand what's happening. The same thing happened with bee bop jazz from the '50s and '60s. They did what the fuck they wanted, they didn't give a fuck if it didn't sell or if the critics didn't like it. That's what it was all about (for me anyway) and that's why a lot of other bands didn't get it. They still had one eye on looking good or sounding good, or thinking they were important. Other bands were worrying about their image, their sound, or their political stance. Disorder just didn't give a fuck and nobody didn't give a fuck like Disorder.

MRR: Ha-ha, very well said! I've read interesting stories (I'm not too sure which are true) about several members of the earlier lineups departing from the band. Stories of stolen drum kits, insane asylums, jail time, break ups, and so on. What was the cause for you to leave Disorder?

Boobs: Well yes it's quite colorful. I remember one day Virus was telling us that we could all give him a hand to get his new drum kit out of his dad's car that was parked in front of our squat. So we all went down to help him empty the car and when we got back into the squat it turned out that it wasn't his dad's car or his drum kit. Some poor unfortunate had had the bad luck of parking in front of our squat with a drum kit in his car and Virus had seen it. Also, we used to live next door to a biker named Springer, who at the time was secretary for the United Bikers. One day while we were practicing, he axed his way through the front door because he thought we were playing too loud.

A few of us had on going mental health issues, but I can really only speak for myself, I was in and out of acute wards at Frenchay Hospital in Bristol and there was a history of mental health problems with other members of the band too. I myself spent a fair amount of time in prison as well, which probably was the only thing that kept me from killing myself. A lot of our mates at that time all died, which was a real pity. I suppose we were a bit naïve. I think we were arrested in four or five different countries, my memory fails me a bit but, we definitely got arrested in Belgium and in Finland, England (obviously), and then I think in Germany at the Chaos Day demonstrations. However, I left Disorder because I had a raging habit at the time and had to dedicate myself 100% to feeding the monkey on my back.

MRR: That sucks! What a terrible end to it all. What are your thoughts on Taf having continued with Disorder after all of these years?

Boobs: When Taf joined on the bass, he was from Clevedon (like me) and had played in Bristol punk groups such as the X-certs and The Review. Now Taf really was the driving force behind Disorder and if it hadn't been for him I don't think we could have even organized a rehearsal, ha-ha. He was always writing letters to people, organizing shit and basically getting on with stuff, while the rest of us were sniffing glue and getting high. I just remembered one practice we had after Virus had left and we practiced with Glen who was drumming for The Mob. He had a raging habit at the time, but thought it would be a good idea if we all took some downers before the practice... it was a fucking disaster. We all just started falling over one at a time and in the end Taf was left standing after all the rest of us crashed out, he got the right hump ha-ha. But, if it's good for him he should do it.

MRR: Have you kept up with Taf or the band since you left and do any of you still remain in contact with one another?

Boobs: No, we don't really keep in touch. I've seen Steve Allen a couple of times when I've been in London, but I haven't seen Taf or Virus since about 1989.

MRR: What has life been like for you since Disorder?
Boobs: Some highs and lows really. I did try and sort of get a life, but as I explained earlier I wasn't very good at that. I was married to a woman named J, who is the mother of our wonderful kids Tom and Harry. I also need to mention Oliver here too, but he has a different mother. Never been much of a dad to any of them… Papa was a rolling stone and all that. J, as some of you reading this will know, was and is mad as a hatter and we had a great few years together. But addictions and all that, things got completely out of hand and I ended up in a Spanish jail where I spent six years from 1997 until 2003. Since coming out, I've stayed here in Spain and like so many other ex addicts I am now working in the addiction recovery field.

MRR: Good, my father has struggled with heroin addiction for some time now and has been in and out of rehabilitation. So, I can appreciate when addicts turn their lives around and spend time helping others find that same path. Now, do you still follow or have any interest in punk today?
Boobs: Not really, for me punk was about destroying the old and it was great for that. But it gets very tiring just destroying, not to mention boring. It's about energy and anger and if you start to analyze it musically, well of course it doesn't stand up. Many a great punk band has fucked up by trying to cross the divide between music that is for creating energy and rebellion into playing mainstream music. I suppose because they got bored with playing three chords, or felt that maybe they deserved more musical recognition, or just simply things progress and moved on. In the end punk destroys itself, if not, well it's not punk… it's a pretentious attempt at being punk. That's why Taf is still punk as fuck, he's still doing the same thing with the same motives, and he never sold out. What I don't understand is how he hasn't gotten bored yet.

MRR: Have you ever been asked or considered performing with the band again for a one off gig or tour?
Boobs: Not at the moment. I'm doing other stuff. I play the trumpet and double bass in jazz bands here in Madrid. We've got a community based music school where we've squatted a local building. We organize fund raising events to pay for kids in the neighborhood to receive music classes. It's been going now for fifteen years and we're giving an alternative to private schools where only the wealthy can afford to send their kids to learn how to play an instrument. We've got three brass bands, a big band, and a rock group that helps pupils learn how to play in real bands. We've got about 80 or so students, all from the Vallecas neighborhood (look it up) who pay just 25 euros a month to receive music classes and participate in the various groups. So the "just pick up an instrument and do it" attitude is still very close to my heart. This neighborhood has always been deprived of resources since it was initially a bastion for the Left Wing and union members during Franco's reign. Schools were never built here and there still isn't a public music school in the zone.
MRR: Wow, that's pretty cool. It's always good to allow children to stay involved in musical activities. I know that my daughter loves music. Now it's been nice talking to you but before we go I have one more question to ask. Where did you land the nickname 'Boobs'?
Boobs: Ha-ha, I was wondering when you'd get around to that. I'm afraid it's not that interesting. When I was at school they used to call me Bear, and then turned into Booboo Bear from the Yogi Bear cartoons before just sort of developing into Boobs. Boring I know, I'm sorry! I'm sure your readers were hoping for something more along the lines of women's mammary glands.

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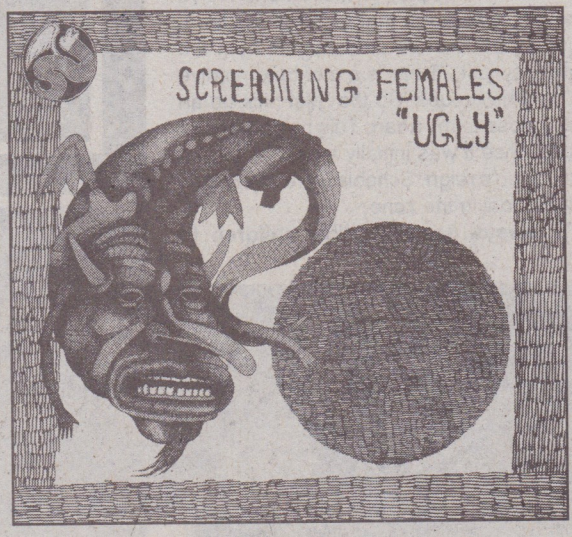

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AFTER THIRTY YEARS

On Saturday 11th February 2012, Dutch trio Seein' Red played their final gig, at The OCII in Amsterdam, to a capacity filled room of punkers from all over Euro-land, and beyond. This was no ordinary band-break up though, but a situation forced by bassist Jos suffering permanent ear damage and having to quit, or face loosing his hearing completely. There was a definite sense of sadness that, after 20 years together, this was the bands last hurrah, but with a stellar line-up assembled it was a truly charged night of power and emotion.

Distortion 'til Fuckin' Deafness... just don't forget those earplugs!

(Intro and photos by Pete Zonked! Rest by Ralf Opiate)

SEEIN' RED SAYS GOOD BYE

Ours is a world that thrives on new alliances being formed from the smouldering ashes of old. Bands come, bands go. It's what has kept punk fresh, exciting and relevant through all these years. Still, there are always those you wish would go on forever, and Seein' Red was very much that band for me.

Some might disagree with this version of history, but let them pen their own piece. In mine, Seein' Red are the most important band to emerge from the Netherlands since the Rondos. As far as I am concerned, it's impossible to communicate or overstate their importance over the past 20 years. Their bassist Jos might have been the only official teacher in their line-up, but the three of them together provided most of my generation, and no doubt the ones that followed, with more of a real education than any school ever did.

Following the departure of many of its original players in the mid/late '80s, the Dutch scene experienced the same much discussed wilderness years most others did at the start of the decade that followed. Together with a few other like-minded people, Seein' Red stuck it out and when my generation started to get involved in the early '90s, they provided the essential link to the extremely political squat-based scene that preceded us. In doing so, they were fundamental in ensuring basic punk principles & politics remained at the absolute heart of the community that was being built by a whole new generation of punkers. They were very much our Rondos, our Crass, our Slime...

Now I know punk likes its history to be simple, but it would be too easy to explain their influence as solely down to their staunchly political approach. Yes, the fact they actually had something to say, talked between their songs, challenged bullshit where they saw it, inspired us...but in true punk tradition, it was ultimately their overall approach that mattered most. Three nice guys, fucking lifers devoid of any of the attitude that too often comes with those who have been around for a while and think their age or the groups they have been in or have seen makes them more important. Jos, Paul & Olav were always happy to play first on any bill, share equipment and most importantly make the next generation of punks feel welcome and support their activities. If you're ever looking for a group that embodied the fabled "network of friends" spirit, look no further.

11/02/2012.
I'm living in the UK and flying back

to Amsterdam to catch the best band I have ever seen, and the one I have seen the most, one last time. The choice of venue, the mighty OCCII in Amsterdam -itself a core part of the Dutch DIY community and still very much run in the same spirit as it was when it was originally squatted - is fitting and the perfect place to say goodbye to one of the real greats in punk's proud history. The gig itself is packed by the familiar faces of the wider European scene, a real "who's who" of its active participants of the past 20 odd years. Never have I seen so many hands being shaken at a gig as old & new friends catch up.

Citizens Patrol, Harde Tider & Heratys nail it, but I am ultimately just here for one band. Fucking Seein' Red. They play all the classics, and the crowd goes absolutely nuts. I scream along and pump my fist so hard that I'll be suffering for another week afterwards. Songs are explained and political opinions expressed as we've come to expect, yet in breach with protocol, even Olav, usually happy to let the drums do the talking, says a few words. Then Jos takes the mike and being one of my best mates, I really feel for him at this moment. Ultimately they are not calling it quits because they were ready to do so, but because of serious issues with his hearing. Still, in true Seein' Red tradition there's no sulking or self-pity here. The key word throughout his heartfelt speech remains "inspiration" as he restates his belief in punk being something that matters and the possibility of a better world created by all us present. It's a moving but extremely fitting end.

So here I am...in my mid thirties and never having known punk without them around. It will be weird, but fuck it.
Lo spirito continua, punk is verzet!

LEBAKKO

We discovered Lebakko in MRR's review section, there were key words like "Punk" and "Finnish" that got our attention, so we just went the good old way and got in touch with the band. Fast forward a few months later and now, my friends and I end up distributing their records around here (Lyon, France), booking them a ten day Tour De France with our band and here comes the MRR interview. Old school is the good school! Interview with guitar player Ville email, by VinnieTV and FloCommando, we're sorry for the bad humor.

MRR: Let's make the boring first question a bit fun, would you introduce your band mates?

Ville: I'm Ville and I play guitar and sing some backups. Joonas is a singer. I have known him since we were less than one year old. We were born in the same hospital between the 11th and 12th of March in 1989. It's crazy that after 23 years we still hang out with each other and even play in the same band. I really like his lyrics and other writings as well. He's studying to become a helper for old people. Lale is the drummer. He is the second drummer with whom I have ever played with. And he is still the best. I have known him since we started this band. When was it, five years ago? He's really into heavy metal. Sometimes I've felt that he's going to end up being a drunk, but nowadays he is studying and working and he's also interested in studio and recording stuff, so he found his place in the world. Arttu is the new guy in the band. He replaced Iiro a little over a year ago, and he's playing bass and singing some backups. He is a very incredible and passionate musician and person, and I hope that he will find his inner peace someday.

He's also super pro in table football and he is having as much troubles with school as I am. We both haven't graduated from anywhere.

MRR: You guys are pretty young, but it seems you've been playing for a long time, right? Lebakko already released a bunch of EPs, would you tell *MRR* a bit more about your discography? Your music has changed in the last two 7"s you put out, it sounds more personal and original now, what's the songwriting process?

Ville: We formed the band when we were fifteen years old. Back then we didn't have a clue what we were doing, and that can be heard from our first demos and recorded songs. We played just local shows and didn't have any specific goals in mind, just to have some fun. Let's jump a few years to the present. Joonas writes lyrics mostly by himself. I have been trying to write some, but I don't know how to. Arttu has also written some lyrics, and I hope that he does some more. I think we do just like other bands. Someone has an idea, and then we look if we can make a song from it. Arttu and I used to hang out a lot a couple of years ago and we made songs by jamming. We just sat down and kept playing for hours and hours, without even talking. But because we live in different cities, we are not able to play as much as we would want to.

Lebakko discography:
Demo 2006 cd-r
Demo 2007 cd-r
Sunday Morning Coming Down 7" EP 2008
PML-zine compilation 7" 2010
En Tullut Toistamaan Tarinaa Samaa 7" single 2011
Standardit 7" single 2011
Popcornikauppa 12" 2012? In process...

MRR: You covered Ratsia in your first EP; do you feel connected to the old Finnish punk rock? Your music is not a rip off of the old bands, it seems that your influences have been assimilated, Lebakko sounds original and modern but truly rooted in old punk rock. Would you tell a bit more about what influences you?

Ville: Yes we did. And yes, we're all really into old Finnish punk rock! Bands like Lama, Pelle Miljoona, Eppu Normaali, Ratsia, Kollaa Kestää, Sehr Schnell, Se,... It's mostly the first wave of punk that I'm into. Of course '82 hardcore classics, like Kaaos, Terveet Kädet and Rattus are great as well, but those punk rock records are my true love. It's hard to put my influences into a line because I can even find some really nice tunes from '90s mainstream pop or '60s Finnish tango. Joonas likes a lot of British rock music and Lale is into old heavy metal. Arttu takes care of the old hardcore and power pop.

MRR: You mention in one of the songs that "Finland is out of its mind", what do you mean by that? From here, Western Europe, we have the idea that Finland is away from everything, it's cold, it alternates six months of night and six months of day and that the population is deeply in love with alcohol, we think of Finnish people as Swedish Vikings, but fat, unshaved and depressed! Please, tell us those are clichés!

Ville: I think that this quoted line means that if you look deeper, we live in a very fucked up world, and there's not any sense about how it works. The basics that you have are true. We do have fucking cold in the wintertime, there are a lot of suicides and murders inside the families and most of the people use a lot of alcohol. But I think every town everywhere has a lot of uneducated and closed-minded people and ultimately Finland is as bad as every other place. Right wing party and True Finns (Patriotic)

party are the biggest parties here, but in last presidential election the biggest competitors were a capitalist right wing politician and a politician from the green party, who is openly gay. We got the capitalist one, but there was a lot of good talking about sexuality and sexual minorities when the election was happening. I think we are going to a good direction, even if it may look bad right now. "You may laugh now but someday we'll be in charge!"

I have been actually planning a song about these suburban drunk fuck-up people who hate everybody except themselves. The fat, unshaved and depressed people. They can't go anywhere, cause they are afraid of everything, and they just end up living in the same neighborhood as their parents, who also are closed-minded stupid fuck ups. Their lives have been going downhill, since they were born. They blame everybody for their own mistakes and then end up getting stabbed to death. And then it starts again.

MRR: Suomi is a very unique Language, it sounds as good melodic as it sounds aggressive, but is it a language hard to deal with in music? Why did you switch your singing from English to Suomi? Aren't you bored of doing those same /ä/ rhymes?

Ville: We had more than a year break with the band in 2009. Joonas moved to Tampere, Iiro to Kuopio, Lale had his military service and I was stuck in the Lappeenranta shithole. Iiro was also very busy with his art school stuff back then, so we all decided that it was best for the band if he quit playing bass. Then I met Arttu, when I did an interview with his other band Armless Children. I liked his touch with the guitar in the first place. (By the way, it's a really crazy and noisy and intensive hardcore band. It's definitely worth checking out!) We started to hang out and had few guitar jams and we found the musical and spiritual connection between us. Ha ha. We planned to form a '77 punk band with Finnish vocals, but when Lebakko didn't have a bass player, I bought Arttu a bass and he joined Lebakko. And at the same time Lebakko changed our lyrics to Finnish. I think it's natural to sing with the language you know the best. I think we have much more to give this way. Joonas is a fan of old Finnish pop/rock music, and he knows how to make cool lyrics. He has written some poetry as well. I think if Juice Leskinen had made punk music, his lyrics would have been like Joonas' lyrics.

MRR: Would you tell us a bit more about your local scene? Ville, you're doing a label, right? Do you have any goal or ethics behind that? Also, you happen to have spent some time in jail recently, how did you handle the situation?

Ville: Our local scene? Hmm...Four of us live in three different cities, so we have different scenes as well. I live in Espoo, almost at the countryside, so my punk scene is my two roommates. I think that Espoo is a dead town, so I mostly hang out in Helsinki, if I hang out. I have a lot of stuff going on so I haven't been active with the local punk scene in the past year. I think I like being close to Helsinki. There are a lot of shows and a lot of people. But I think I don't have much to say about my local scene. I just play guitar and write some stuff at home right now. And try to survive the winter. Joonas and Lale are living in Tampere, which might be the punk capital city of Finland. Arttu is living in Turku, which also has a really nice and active punk scene. All these three towns have some differences, but they still co-operate a lot.

Yes, I also run "a label", PML Records & Stuff. I do a Finnish punk zine with ex-Lebakko Iiro, The PML zine and the label was mostly founded just for the zine. I thought that it would be smart to put out stuff with a label. People would find interesting stuff because of these connections. "What, there is a label, titled the same as this one zine? And these guys who make the zine also play in this band? And this zine has had interviews of other bands that have the same members as Lebakko?" I'm putting out the fifth edition of the PML zine soon, and we are planning a record, maybe mini LP, with Lebakko and those two are the next releases. Also we are doing a 7" from Trifling Days. It is a snotty rock band where I try to play piano. But my label is not a real label. I have been in bankruptcy since I started.

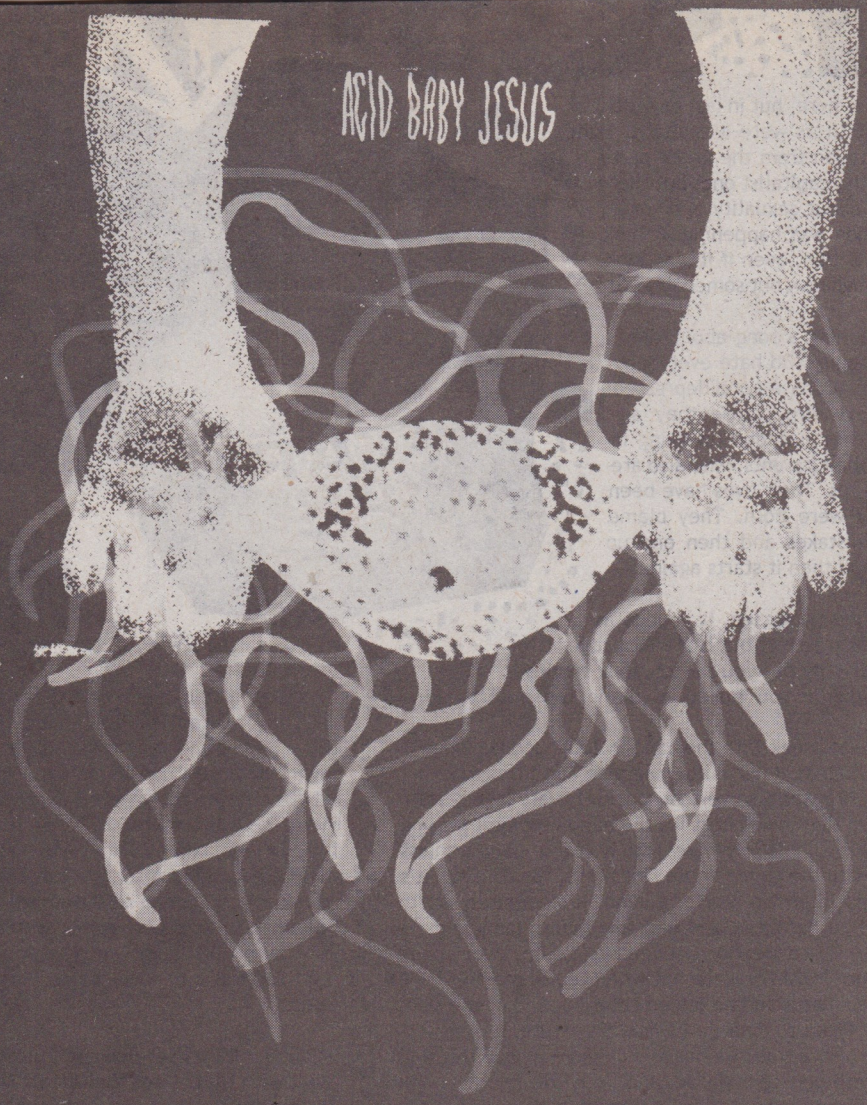
And yes, I had a six-month sentence in jail, because of resisting military service. There were some bad things, and there were some good things. One Turkish guy made really nice vegan pizza and one Iranian guy made really good falafel. Or actually his mother made it and smuggled it into the jail when there was a time for visitors. Ha ha! But the whole thing was a fucking joke, I didn't know, and no one else knew what the fuck I was doing there. After four months of sitting there, the former president of Finland reprieved my conviction and I was out. In jail I had time to play guitar, watch movies and read. That was nice. And Mika, Rami and this older guy named Vattulainen and I all formed a band in there. We played covers of Evergreen songs.

MRR: Is military service compulsory in Finland? How do punks deal with that? Does that affect the punks or the punk scene in any way?

Ville: Socially accepted alternatives are six months of army or twelve months of civil service. If you tell them you're super crazy, you'll get c-papers, and then you don't have to do anything. If you tell them there's nothing wrong with you, but you just don't give a fuck about army shit, you'll go to prison, and that's what happened to me. If you can hide from the police until you're twenty-nine, you don't have to do anything. I think that most of the punks take the c-papers, and it's not a big deal for most of the people. I explained the situation to myself that I want to be honest, and if I have to go to the prison because of that, that's not my fault. People are not made for society; society is made for the people.

MRR: Anything you want to add? What is next for you?

Ville: We have a French tour in April with a French band called Telecommande, and before that we need to make some t-shirts and rehearse some new songs. And like I said before, I'm making a new issue of PML zine. There's a lot of work, besides my day job. I should do an interview with Belgrado, which is a really nice, melancholic Spanish post punk band. That's what I have going on. Oh yeah, thanks for the interview! Keep the newspaper rolling!



*Mixing the dirty side of glam with the dark side of punk, Acid Baby Jesus hail from Athens, Greece. Markos, Othonas (Otto), Tilemahos (Tili) and Epaminondas (Noda) are the boys responsible for taking our smelly basement by tropical storm some two years ago, and they're also the ones bringing you the freshest, grooviest garage straight from the streets of Athens. With an appetite for fuzz, glitz and grit, their music is a kaleidoscope of '60s pop,'70s punk, '90s garage and '00s madness. This foursome is more than just a band, it's a band of brothers. Every local show found them gathering momentum, confidence and critical acclaim and, thanks to the internet and Slovenly Records, they're also mustering a rapidly growing international fan-base. One self-released tape, two 7" EPs (*I'm A Baby/Salt Chunk Mary *and* Hospitals*) and one s/t LP later and it looks like Acid Baby Jesus are only just getting started. They've already toured Europe four (!) times and been to North America and back, yet the hunger still lingers. They've got a US tour booked for late March/April/early May and new material marinating in their brains, so make sure to catch one of their shows if you're feeling lonesome, blue or bummed, they're sure to bring the sugar!*

The following interview was done on a drizzly Wednesday afternoon, with strong espresso shots and lots of silly laughter. Markos unfortunately could not join, as he was home sick with an infected finger!
Interview by Lydia Athanasopoulou

MRR: Hi, guys. Thanks for doing this, I know you're all busy being unemployed like me. Okay, tell me a bit about how it all started. Did you expect to become such a local hit?

Otto: To start, we definitely never expected to become a "local hit." I think most bands don't expect that sort of thing. It started with myself and Noda about three years ago, just playing guitar and listening to LPs together. We had a few tracks and so set out to find drums and bass, and like Frankenstein, we created some. (laughs)

MRR: I know the Athenian free press/ indie/hipster scene just loves discovering the next big thing. What did you make of this obsession?

Noda: We don't really pay attention to the Greek press, or any press for that matter.

Tili: Most of the times it depends who's writing.

Otto: Yeah, they're right. It's not always in your hand how people are going to use the information you give them, how they're going to present you, what they see. You read a review or an interview and even though it may be something you said, it's gone through someone else's head. Then their impression of you has been recreated and then written in the context they want. And it may not always correspond to what you intended on giving off. You can't always control it.

Tili: That's why I said it depends, with some people you know, with some you don't.

Otto: Some people want to promote their own thing through you, so it gets complicated.

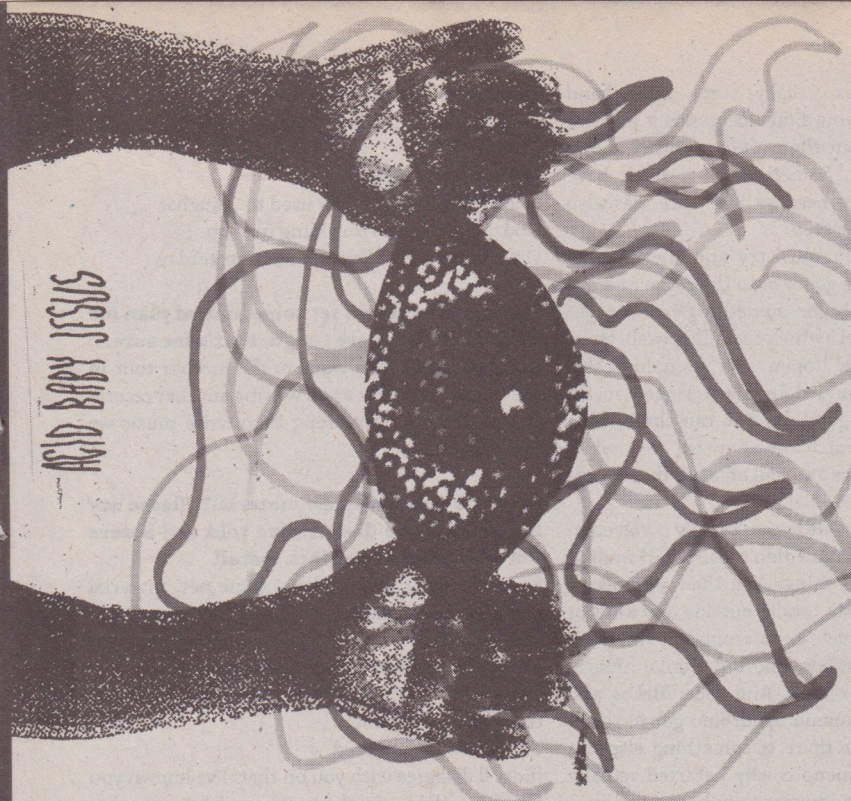
Noda: But for sure we don't care to be the next big thing!

Otto: See, I've noticed something about every scene. It doesn't matter where you are. Something usually starts off as underground and awesome. Then it becomes popular or maybe even a bit mainstream and so people start dissing it, and then it just becomes sort of unimportant and people forget about it.

Tili: Plus people feel the need to categorize music.

Otto: After the '70s I don't think you can do that, categorize music. Because there are so many styles and types, you can no longer just say garage, punk, metal. You could do a general thing, like electronic, but there's just too many influences, there's no point really.

Tili: Music is a much larger notion. I mean, music is music.



MRR: Do you enjoy your local shows? Given you have a pretty motley audience, from fashion bloggers and journalists, to crust punks, pop dweebs and funky weirdos.
Otto: I like it because all our friends get to gather together and you see all your gang. We don't always get to see them all together, it's nice.
Noda: We don't care about having the elite at our shows, really. We want people who may not necessarily be in our scene to come and have fun, to move them.
Tili: If we can reach out to them in some way, that's good for us.

MRR: I know you enjoy touring. You've been all over Europe and the US, plus you want to play Israel. What's the deal?
Noda: We've done Europe now four times, the US once and we're going again in April, and they also invited us to Israel. We'll be staying for five days and we're planning on visiting Palestine too. I think it's the only chance in our lives to see firsthand what it's really like there. It's also an opportunity for us to say that we don't like war!
Tili: Traveling and seeing new places is one of the things we enjoy, but we are also obviously against war.
Otto: Plus, it's kind of rare to be able to see both some of the best and some of the most troubled places in the world, you know?

MRR: So what were some of the best and worst moments of being on tour?
Noda: Playing with Hell Shovel every night in America for sure, that was definitely great. It did us a lot of good as a band. Markos played drums for them and I played bass. The worst is getting panic attacks in the van!
Tili: Many hours on the road...
Otto: Way in the back on the right...
Tili: The GPS says five more hours... (laughs)
Noda: Yep, claustrophobia in the van is the worst. Everything else you get used to and after the third day you can't really smell anything either.
Otto: After the tour is the worst. It's depressing, you know, going back. You can't stay at home after so long on the road. I would wake up at any weird hour of the day. I'd go back and forth to Syndagma square, just wandered for weeks. OK, I was also suffering from epic jet lag! (laughs)

MRR: And how did the deal with Slovenly work out for you?
Noda: Well, Peter wanted to bring Davila 666 to Greece so he got in touch with us. He'd already heard our tracks online and knew we were gonna play at the Dunajam festival in Sardinia, so he came to see us and said he wanted to do an album with us. And that was it.

MRR: So far you have a tape, two 7"s and one LP record. Tell us a bit about them.
Noda: Yes, that's right. Well, we sort of recorded all over. The tape was recorded at Jack's (Despite Everything) studio and the LP was recorded by Yiannis from Bazooka at the Katarameno studio, with some added help from Nikos Lavdas at Kiwi Studio.
Otto: People buy the LP more than the CD.
Tili: And tapes are all sold out!

MRR: How come you don't sing anything in Greek? I know more local hardcore bands are doing it.
Otto: Well, we probably will at some point... But now we're trying to see if we can get the Greek element in there musically somehow. We have some ideas, I think it'll be interesting to work on that.

MRR: It looks like bands are starting to get motivated here a bit. How hard do you think is it for Greek bands to do things like put out records and tour?
Noda: I can't say how it would have been for us if we hadn't signed, because that's just how it worked for us.
Tili: See, we were lucky that Slovenly gave us a stepping stone, to help us tour and release. But I think just being out there and seeing how it's done makes it easier. You learn things along the way. I think if you believe in yourself you can do it.
Otto: The internet really helps too. It's not like it used to be, where it was hard to contact people. Now you can talk to anyone anytime.
Noda: Yeah, but it'll never be easy for Greek bands, geographically, because of where Greece is situated. It's the easiest thing for a French band to hop a van and travel, drive from country to country. Same in America. Here it's harder. You either have to go by plane which is expensive, or, if you rent a van, you still have a lot of driving to do before you even get outside Greece, and gas and toll fares are phenomenal just to get to Salonica.

MRR: tell us a bit about your home town. Anything good about Athens? Suggest some things worth checking out.
Noda: We're all unemployed.
Tili: I think we all appreciate and like the fact that you can just sit outside on the sidewalk and have a beer and a smoke.
Otto: I think we're quite free compared to other places. More than America and some European countries. Take smoking for example. The law passed over a year ago, maybe more, and people still smoke inside cafes and bars.
Noda: People have fun at shows! And you should definitely check out the bands Bazooka and Gay Anniversary, *Mountza* zine, and the Vinyl Microstore record store. They hold the Yuria Festival every year, which is cool. We've played a couple times too.
Tili: There's a sort of simplicity to it. You can go out and just be. You don't have to go some place and give like 100 euros to do something. The best thing is to just buy some beer and walk around the old streets, go up to the Acropolis and see the city from above.

Otto: It's a concrete jungle, really! (laughs)
Tili: Yeah but you can still just chill in the local square or park if you want. I kinda missed that on tour.

MRR: What else did you miss?
Otto: The weather, the sea...
Noda: Mediterranean food!
Otto: Oh, for sure! We have the most balanced diet, plus it tastes good.
Tili: And you can drive an hour and you're at the beach. Or at the top of a mountain. [Ed: Athens is surrounded by three mountains: Parnitha, Pendeli, and Immitos.]
Noda: Well, the USA is also a very diverse place, you can see all sorts.

MRR: Greece has had a lot of publicity lately. I know I have a bone to pick with the Greek people. In your mind, what virtues and vices do the Greeks have?
Noda: For some reason they think they're the best. They have an air of arrogance, they're hypocrites. There's a history in Greece that modern Greeks just have no connection with. And they just hide behind the past. And yes, they are lazy, but...I like being lazy. I mean, I like to work for things I love, just not for what they tell me I should work for.
Otto: But in hard times we do manage to somehow get by. That's why they say that when the world ends, only cockroaches and Greeks will survive! (I bet a Greek came up with that.)
Tili: See, what worries me is that everyone thinks they know best, so when the time comes for us to really do something important, or make decisions, everyone is going to be arguing about who's right and who's wrong, and so nothing's actually going to get done! Arguing about who is more shitty doesn't solve anything!
Otto: Yet, every time, somehow, we always make it through. The good thing, I find, is that we are more...free spirited, more chilled.

MRR: So how did you get involved in the local scene and Kataramenο Syndromo? (which means Damned Syndrome, and it's an Athens gig collective.]
Noda: Well, I used to go shows. I couldn't necessarily relate to all of them 100%.
Otto: A lot of the time it was because friends were going too. But to tell you the truth, there wasn't really all that much going on up until a couple years ago. A few years back shows were usually more metal or mainstream hardcore oriented. It was usually some huge band that you didn't necessarily want to see, but there were no other shows either. Sometimes you didn't have money because the price was also pretty steep.
Tili: So you'd try and sneak in, or maybe go up onto the rocks or jump a fence or something, maybe get chased by the cops. [Ed: Lykabettous is an open air amphitheatre surrounded by steep jagged rocks. On a good day you can climb them and watch the show for free, while trying not to fall off after that fourth beer.]
Noda: But I wasn't really involved in any of it. It was OK, but I didn't really feel I wanted to do that kind of thing. And then we created the band, which was totally outside any kind of scene that might have been around at the time. We didn't have friends who did similar things. We weren't doing shows. And then Alekos and Panos from Kataramenο Syndromo got in touch and I realized that there is something else out there. And Kataramenο is why I started actually digging the scene and what they had going on. I couldn't relate to anything else at the time, both music wise and also as a band. In the beginning KS was ideal—the shows, the place. But lately it's had some hardships.
Otto: Kataramenο has sort of uplifted the punk scene in Greece.
Noda: The fact that many bands are going on tour I think is because KS brings smaller bands that aren't Bon Jovi or cheesy stadium bands. They're bands that are active now and so you can meet them in person and see how it's done and that really helps you.

MRR: What would you say is the thing our local scene lacks the most? I know a few years ago most of us didn't even think there was a scene.
Noda: Bands that believe in themselves! And are willing to take it seriously.
Tili: And new ideas!
Otto: There're too many clichés. People should try new things and get over the clichés of what is punk, what is garage, what is hardcore. It's 2012, not the '80s or '90s. They say 2012 was the year we entered the future, so get on with it already.
Tili: If you see, the big names here in Greece are crap. Like Greek pop, dance, bouzouki stuff. There're people who play cover songs! They're just entertainers.

MRR: What audience differences do you see between Europe and the US?
Otto: Generally the smaller the city and the fewer the shows that happen there, the more excited the audience usually is, even if it's just a few people. In huge cities, where everyone has played and there are shows all the time, people are harder to impress. I mean, we're a two year-old band from Greece. And that where the challenge is!

MRR: And what was your first encounter with punk?
Noda: I learned a lot of punk bands from skate tapes. And *Thrasher* magazine.
Otto: Yeah, a lot of skate tapes!

MRR: So you skate?
Noda and Otto: Yup. We used to. (laughs)
Noda: I'm also starting kung fu soon.
Otto: I also surf. I actually went yesterday.

MRR: And have you set some kind of plan for the band? Times are tough, that's for sure.
Noda: We definitely want to do another tour in the US. And then focus on writing another record. The most important thing is to write music we can be proud of.

MRR: Do you have new material? Please say it's going to be darker. I've told you before I'm expecting some black metal!
Noda: (laughs) Yes. We have some new material and it is a bit darker!

MRR: Oh, please do tell us more!
Noda: Well, I think the first album was more of a track by track album.
Tili: Sort of segmented
[Ed: I'll disagree with you on that. I've known you for some time, we share an environment, etc., but I think the titles, lyrics and music all give the listeners who don't know you an image. They can tell what you're about.]
Noda: Yeah, we do want it to have a narrative, and tell a story, but the next one I think will have more noise and racket to it. We're trying to make it more like our live shows, try to recreate that feeling, connect it all together, and through the noise offer some good songs.

MRR: What was your favorite band when you were 15?
Tili: (laughs) I listened to a lot of Nirvana. And I've always loved the Beatles.
Noda: Marko was listening to Black Flag! For me it was the Velvet Underground. Even now, every time I listen to them it's like when I first heard them.
Otto: Sonic Youth too. When I was younger and now, definitely.
Tili: Yeah, I have that with the Beatles too. Either

Both photos on this page Isimi Adami

I like different periods, or I just like them in a different way each time, but I always like them somehow.

MRR: So what inspires you?
Otto: The sun, nature, planets, our friends, animals, what goes on around here.
Noda: Other music I listen to. I may listen to something, then recreate it in my mind, change it around, work on it. It's usually just a vibe we have and want to translate musically. That's what we're thinking for the new album, we want it to be...I dunno...
Otto: It's something you have in your head. I imagine it like the snow screen you see when your TV is broken. Black and blue, like an energy. And all these things I haven't decoded, you turn into music...somehow.

MRR: You also recently made your second video clip. Want to tell share some details?
Noda: It's a Katarameno video, filmed at Katarameno. It's a concept video, based on the fact that two of my guitars were stolen, and it's a re-enactment of it happening, we just changed the ending a bit. It was done by the same video team that did "It's On Me," just this time it was done in ewer hours, with a smaller budget and we were much more drunk!
Otto: It's an atheist pagan video with a neo-Shaman twist!
Noda: Hail Satan! (laughs) It's fun when you do it with friends. I like videos, I think we live in a video age. And I think, like most people, when I want to find out about a band, I go to YouTube. The Screamers have wanted to do that since the '70s actually. They didn't make albums, they just wanted to make videos because they believed that in the future everything would be on video tape.
Otto: You can find some of their videos on YouTube but they also have a record with a collection of them.
Noda: The times weren't ready for them, I think. Now they'd be considered sensational! To make some good videos would be cool, because you don't need much to make a video nowadays, just a good idea and a camera really. But we want to make more albums too!

MRR: Tell us a bit about the *Bakuretsu* compilation out on Body Blows records.
Otto: It's nice that there actually was a Katarameno compilation. [Ed: Officially it's not really a Katarameno Syndromo compilation, even though all of the bands on the record have played at KS.]
Noda: Yeah, we think it's great because people get to hear new local bands, get the sound of what's going on. We had two tracks on it. Oh and the Bakuretsu show was cool too! And Alexandros Megas did a good job of mastering it, made it kinda '80s and dry.

MRR: How happy are you with what the band has accomplished so far? Do you have side projects?
Noda: Because we don't have any one set style, I feel I can do whatever I can think of and still be relevant to the band. We could want to do a country album, or a black metal album and I think we could still do it as Acid Baby Jesus.
Tili: I think that whatever I do, I'm still going to want to play music and that's what the band is for.
Otto: I do dabble in a bit of noise every now and then, might prepare some tracks, but like they said, we don't feel restricted by labels or genres or anything.

MRR: If you were an animal, what would you be?
Tili: A crocodile or shrimp.
Otto: A cockroach or raccoon.
Noda: A crow or baboon.
Otto: Markos would be a frog .
Noda: Or a chicken.
Tili: A chicken nugget!

MRR: Final question. If you could bring one musician back from the dead, who would it be?
Otto: Brian Jones (The Rolling Stones)
Noda: Darby Crash (The Germs)
Tili: Glenn Gould (Canadian pianist)
Otto: Markos would say Michael Jackson for sure!

MRR: Last words are all yours!
Noda: People should think of their bands like basketball teams.

I'm a Baby/Salt Chunk Mary EP is out on Sound Effect Records. *Hospitals* EP and their LP are out on Slovenly Records. Go to www.slovenly.com for tour dates.

April Novak

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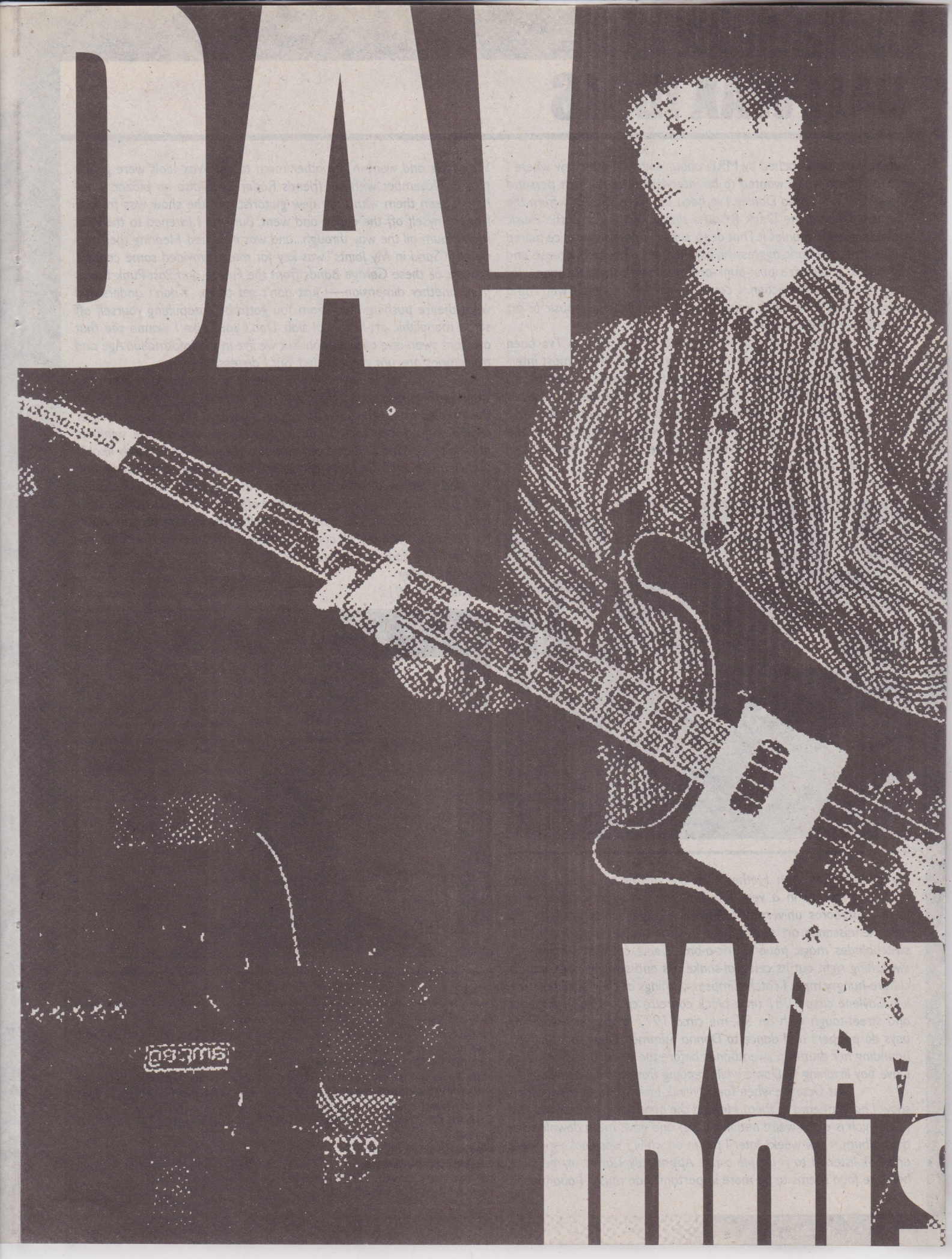
DA!
WA
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DA! | WAX IDOLS

When I was approached by MRR about doing an interview where I got to choose who I wanted to be interviewed by, the first person I thought of was Lorna Donley. I've been obsessed with DA! from the moment I heard the Dark Rooms single and watched the music video that accompanies it. That deep, sultry androgynous voice paired with some truly dark, aggressive, psyched out, extremely intense and difficult to categorize post-punk-or-something instrumentation... for me, it's musical perfection. I could go on and on, but I won't and besides, I personally don't enjoy trying to verbalize how music or art makes me feel. It's personal.

I'm so honored to be featured in this zine, as I've been reading it since I was thirteen, and alongside one of the most interesting and talented people I've ever had the pleasure of meeting. I'd tell you more about how Lorna and I met but she already covered that in her summary so there is no need to be redundant! We have a lot of interesting parallels that were explored at length during the process of this two-part interview & I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed doing it!

- Hether Fortune//WAX IDOLS

My conversation with Hether was like talking to several people (including myself) in a very familiar time warp. It was like being in an Ouroboros universe discharging garage bands from the future, Renaissance art punks, science fiction bibles, rare mono LPs, switchblades, magic potions, bric-a-brac, boots, cocktail dresses—all swooshing right out its celestial-snake ass and straight back into its culture-hungry maw. I catch glimpses of things as they blow past me, like Gaylene circa 1981 (in a black cabretta circa 1964), gorgeous and street-tough with an SG; me circa 1977 at the bar watching boys do poppers and dance to Donna Summer; Dawn pouting lips, pounding her drums in sweatbands before the Mission of Burma set; Dave boy listening to Dome while reading from the Golden Bough.

Last October when Todd Novak invited me to a Wax Idols show, I hadn't heard of them. He said the main songwriter was a Da! fan (which is a still weird notion to me) and gave me a download of their album. A few weeks later I put in on while I was cooking dinner and half-listened to a couple songs. Apparently, I am truly geriatric because food seems to be more important than music. I abandoned Wax Idols and went in the other room to eat. Wax Idols were gonna play in November with my friends Radar Eyes, also on Hozac. I still hadn't seen them with their new guitarist and the show was free, so I pried myself off the couch and went. But first I listened to the Wax Idols album all the way through...and was intrigued. Hearing their version of "Sand in My Joints" was key for me, it provided some context. I mean, all these Garage Bands from the Future and Post-Punk bands from another dimension—I just don't get them. I don't understand what they're pushing away from. You gotta be catapulting yourself off some monolithic art-historical slab. Don't you? Like I wanna see that arc, that swan-dive of distortion. But we live in the Information Age and trajectories are, um, complicated. But I digress.

So I get to Cole's just in time to see Radar Eyes leave the stage and figured, I can go get a burrito and call it a night. But something pulled me back to see Wax Idols. Maybe it was meeting Hether on the way to Taco Loco. I noticed a vortex of sub-cultural signifiers moving toward me and at it center was a girl who was instantly likable and clearly had IT. So I returned to see/hear their set post-burrito and I'm glad I did because Wax Idols live made perfect sense. The songs were fresh-sounding, strong, catchy and off-kilter. And that stuff whirling around Hether, the musical reference points, the vintage accoutrement, the Artist touchstones, all coalesced into a solid presence with an appealing voice and sure delivery. And IT.

- Lorna Donley
February 24, 2012

PART 1

Lorna: Hey I'm home! How you feeling?
Hether: Hey! I'm alright, just resting up. Glad you made it home safely. God, I do not miss snow.
Lorna: No?! I love it and hate it.
Hether: So before we get started, I wanna show you a live video of one of the new Wax Idols songs. It's a little shaky at first because it's the first time we've played it live, but y'know, you get the gist.
Lorna: Oh, Hether, I like it a lot! Are you singing "Dead End Lover?"
Hether: Yes!
Lorna: It reminds me of an old old song of mine called "Phantom Lover" that I never recorded...ahhhh!
Hether: Really?! So cool! Same wavelength!

"I understand the impulse to pound pigs completely."

Lorna: Yes, really! When Dave and Gaylene quit Da! I got another Dave (Richards) to play guitar and a drummer named Djed (Jed Fox) and did a bunch of new songs. Kinda psychedelic dark pop stuff. When did you write that song?

Hether: Oh, just like, three weeks ago.

Lorna: Do you have a dead end lover, or two?

Hether: Tons. It's actually "Dead End Lovers." The chorus lyrics are "They taught me when I was young that it was wrong to love for fun, so I'm left here with my dead end lovers. Some they wanna take me away but in my head is where I'll stay til the last drop with my dead end lovers."

Lorna: So dead end means it's not gonna be a "long term" or "serious" relationship?

Hether: It's a song that's basically about how my daddy issues have turned me into a romantic disaster.

Lorna: Ooooh, let's talk about that. In one interview you said, "The dominant side of your family felt women were just for cooking and breeding." Is that the Fedewa side?

Hether: No, that's my ex-stepfamily. My first stepfather was a Lebanese man twenty years older than my mother. His entire family came to the US together in the '80s. They were Malachite Catholic...very traditional, big Lebanese family.

Lorna: So, which daddy gave you issues?

Hether: It's a combination of my biological father and that first stepfather I just mentioned. My mom and biological father split when I was a baby, and he was never around much in general. He's a nice guy, more or less, but has always been incredibly selfish and immature. He told me once when I was a teenager that he can't worry about me because he has to look out for "number one," meaning himself. Ha! And then my first stepfather was just a monster, really abusive and controlling with both my mother and I...with everyone in our family, really, but my mom and I definitely got the shit end of the stick.

Lorna: Oh man, this is all so familiar to me. My mom and dad split when I was about a year old. She didn't get married again until I was ten. But she married a man from hell. My real dad had a new family. I adored him but they all betrayed me.

Hether: Yeah, we do have some interesting parallels...

Lorna: Asteroids?

Hether: Asteroids hahaha!

Lorna: Killing Joke did a kickass song called "Asteroid" a few years ago.

Hether: Sick! I'm listening now. Oh my god, hahaha, this is insane!

Lorna: One second of asteroid, coming in from the void! Anyway, we can stop talking about it if you want, but I'm curious how the issues manifest? You have to stay in your head? Can't let anyone in? Can't let people see your vulnerability? What? Oh, now I gotta listen too!!

Hether: Hahaha. It's so good. Five seconds till *asteroooooid.* No it's ok, we can talk about it. I don't mind. And yes more or less, you've got it right. On the one hand, I'm incredibly open and honest, brutally so, outgoing, social, etc., but there is definitely a wall that goes up at a certain point in any relationship that I start to develop, whether it be friendly / professional / romantic. Like...I put all my cards on the table right away for everyone to see, but then I pull out of the game before anyone can make a move. Does that make sense? I've done this repeatedly throughout my entire life. It's also manifested in a really violent, aggressive way at various points in my life. I've been to jail three times for assault and battery! And this was all before I was even eighteen. I've got "anger issues" hahaha. Sidenote: All three assault and battery arrests were because I beat up a *guy.* Never another girl. Also never someone I was dating. Just shitty, asshole guys that I wanted to punch for one reason or another.

Lorna: Yes, it sounds familiar and I can relate. Kind of a pre-emptive strike. So, do you have any old friends like from childhood that keep up with you? Or do you just kinda move on?

Hether: Only a few. This one girl that I was *best* friends with in elementary/middle school still keeps in touch with me. We have nothing in common anymore, but she was my partner in crime back then. We went through a lot of hilarious phases together. We used to dance around in her basement to cheesy '80s hair metal and then we were really obsessed with Marilyn Manson and black light posters and shit like that.... Also, my friend Trent who was like *my main dude* in high school. We used to drive to Detroit to go hardcore shows a lot. We lost touch for a few years. We had kind of a crazy falling out, but we reconnected recently when I was on tour. He's like my brother or something. He's always had a lot of crazy anger issues, too. We both used to get in fights with people constantly. We were a tag time of brutality hahaha. He held my purse once while I bashed some dudes head into a windshield!!! *Ohhhh* the good old days... That guy was a pig. He had dated one of my girlfriends and we found out he was hitting her. I remember yelling, "How does it feel to get your ass beat by a girl, you motherfucker," while I was slamming his head into his own windshield. This was when I was sixteen. Obviously that tied into my "daddy issues"... hahaha. I had *a lot* of rage toward men, especially men that were abusive toward women. I still do actually. Have you ever done anything like that? Sometimes I feel like the only woman in the world that actually *attacks* men back... I mean, I know that's not true, but it feels that way sometimes. It can be very isolating to be this intense and aggressive as a woman in this fucked society.

Lorna: I understand the impulse to pound pigs completely. I've never really acted out on them though. I've had tremendous anger issues, and trust issues around men. I looooved the *Electra Assassin* comics when they came out. I refused to see that stupid movie. She was my hero.

Hether: Yes! Her character is so amazing!!! That's one of the only comics I've ever actually read hahaha. I can feel a lot of aggression in your music though, particularly with DA! It's melodic but also really intense and unsettling... which is why I love it so much!!! Sorry I'm kinda simultaneously interviewing you as well. It seems more natural this way.

Lorna: No, that's cool. I think we're having a conversation, which is more interesting right? I haven't had to defend myself or anyone else before, but I'm prepared to. I have a very strong attitude of, "Do not fuck with me," when I need to. Otherwise, I have a very easygoing personality. People have always commented on how different my speaking voice is from my singing voice, especially in Hip Deep Trilogy which was my super angry period. I have a very long fuse. I will give you the benefit of the doubt, but often you won't get a second chance with me. I'm fairly indifferent about needing anyone in my life at all.

Hether: I feel more or less the same way, but, unfortunately I have been pushed to the point of violence several times in my life. Not lately though. The older I get, the harder it is for someone to make me want to hit them. I think I've exorcised most of my violent demons...well, I don't know. Maybe.

Lorna: For me it comes down to this: I imagine beating the shit out of someone who has hurt a child to make them understand and see that it's wrong. I've imagined that so often and so vividly to the point that I realize they might not be able to understand. Truly now I'm trying to come to terms with the fact that they are sick, malformed individuals who were probably brutalized themselves. You don't get rid of darkness by trying to understand the darkness. You just turn on a light. And the light is love, Hether.

Hether: You're right, of course. It's hard for me to turn on the light though. I'm always tempted to just dwell in the darkness like a fucking bat or something. Hahaha. But I'm working on it. Damn, well put! That was beautiful. Shit.

Lorna: But I do carry a knife and nobody is going to hurt me ever again. I will use it. I recommend watching violent Korean martial arts revenge films. They always make me feel better.

Hether: Haha!!! I will try that next time. *What kind of knife do you have?!* I used to carry a butterfly knife all the time.

Lorna: It's called a Bearclaw and it was invented for women. It's got a hole you stick your index finger through to keep from slipping out of your hand.

Hether: I carry mace now because I used to pull out my knife too much. I was worried that I'd actually kill someone.

Side note: I just posted some kinda crappy but good photos from my drag performance! waxidols.tumblr.com/

Lorna: That looks like it was fun! I

"I hate getting compared to most female musicians in general, based on the fact that if I were a guy I wouldn't get compared to them."

love the look! Shifting gears, I wanted to ask you about thrifting and vintage clothes. In one interview you mentioned having bags of stuff you thrifted in the van while you were on tour. What do you especially look for?

Hether: Well I work at this sort of co-op resale shop in SF called NO SHOP. I go out and find clothing / accessories / records to resell at a consignment percentage. That's how I pay my rent. So I'm usually just looking for anything cool, weird, old, or not that old, in good condition that I can make a good turnover on. For my own closet, it varies. I'm always on the hunt for vintage leather, good trench coats, velvet, shoes, sunglasses...velvet, leather, mesh, lace, latex/vinyl...that's my jam. I collect cassette tapes for my van, weird knick-knacks, y'know. I just like finding weird old shit at absurdly low prices. I've always been really poor, so I buy pretty much everything second hand. Plus I'm not down with modern consumerism and owning things that a million other people own. I hate IKEA. I hate malls. I hate Urban Outfitters. All that shit, hate it.

Lorna: I supported myself for years as a vintage picker! A store I used to sell to hired me eventually and we used to travel and look for dead stock stuff. The brothers that owned the place were from the Detroit area and we went up there to some old places. Same deal with me. I've never had money. I used to be able to find velvet Laura Petri pants, what I called them, cropped with a side zipper from the early '60s. I had them in black and olive green. God, I loved those.

Hether: Wow, cool!!! We have so much in common it's *crazy*. I've worked for several different vintage / resale companies over the years. I used to work in this huge crazy warehouse sorting literally *tons* of vintage clothing to be sent out to five different vintage stores in the Bay Area. It was insane. Actually, when I got fired from that place I qualified for unemployment and was on that shit for two years, which is how I had the time to finally buckle down and focus on music and started Wax Idols.

Lorna: Yeah, I told you! It's eerie how much we have in common, but Hether, I'm old enough to be your Mom!

Hether: How old are you? (The dreaded question.)

Lorna: I turned 51 in October.

Hether: Man, I really hate the way that question is phrased by the way. How *old* are you? It's just offensive by nature. Can't it be like, "How many years have you been alive in this life form?"

Lorna: You're, like, 24 right? What year were you born?

Hether: Ya, 24. I was born in '87. You don't look a day past 30, and I am *dead fucking* serious. When I met you I was blown away!

Lorna: Are you sure you're not my daughter? I was pretty high n' loose from 1986 to about 1990! I might not have noticed giving birth!

Hether: HAHAHAHAHA! That would've made me so happy when I was a teenager because I was *convinced* that I was adopted or an alien or something, but, I love my mother. Now.

Lorna: That's wonderful. I mean it because I stopped talking to my mother a long time ago and it hurts...What do you think you'll be doing when you're 51?

Hether: I'm sorry to hear that. *Man* that is a loaded question...I like to joke that if I live past 50 I'll be a crazy cat lady witch living in a hut in the south of France somewhere and I'll shave my head and only wear wigs. Just be somebody completely different. But honestly, I have no idea. I'll probably be doing exactly what I'm doing right now *aka* being a loner most of the time and writing songs, making stupid collage art...will probably be poor still. Will probably be single.

Lorna: Oh yes south of France...Mid-Pyrenees where the mountains tumble into the Mediterranean and the air smells like honey and lavender. With lots of cats and goats.

Hether: Lydia Lunch lives there somewhere. I wanna go find her. *I love Lydia Lunch.* I feel like she'd hate me at first, but I'd grow on her eventually, haha.

Lorna: Oh that's funny! One of the stupid questions I had written down to ask you, which I didn't need, was Chrissy Hynde or Lydia Lunch—which one would you want to be?

Hether: *Neither.* I'm content being myself. But I definitely identify a little more with Lydia Lunch, though my pop sensibilities are obviously more akin to Chrissie. I'd like to be Lydia for, like, a week... during that period when she was performing with Nick Cave and Marc Almond as The Immaculate Consumptive. Or when she was fucking/making music with Rowland S. Howard. Ok yeah, I'd much rather be Lydia Lunch if I had to choose. Who am I kidding?

Lorna: But wouldn't you like to fuck Ray Davies? I know I would!

Hether: *Ohhhhhh good point.* It's a tough call.

Lorna: All day and alla the night!

Hether: Man I love him. Love The Kinks. I was actually just talking about Chrissie Hynde the other day. I really love her early stylings, but I just can't get behind the more popular Pretenders records. They don't do anything for me.

Lorna: Yeah, I know. They don't have enough grit or something. They were great live back in the day and she was a great presence. And yes, you do indeed have excellent pop sensibilities. And a bit of angsty twistedness to your songs that's a great counterpoint.

Hether: I would've loved to see them in the early days. There's this video of them playing "Tattooed Love Boys" in 1980 that's just fucking mind blowing. I definitely respect her talent and presence. She's legendary. However, I *hate* getting compared to her. I hate getting compared to most female musicians in general, based on the fact that if I were a guy I wouldn't get compared to them. It's infuriating. I mean, I'm not trying to whine. I'll take a Chrissie Hynde or Siouxsie comparison over The Bangles or Sleater Kinney...because it actually makes *some* sense. The fact is, I should be getting compared to male artists as well as some female artists because that bulk of what I'm into is male dominated, for whatever reason, and I am as good as if not better than most of my male peers. It's so fucking annoying.

Part 2

Lorna: Hi! How ya doin?

Hether: I'm ok. I've had a pretty intense week/weekend but it's alright now. I did another drag number last night, hence my just now waking up. I was dressed to *kill* as the spitting image of Marc Almond! You woulda loved it. Hopefully some photos turn up soon.

Lorna: Hey, I used my questioning power last time. Do you have questions for me this time?

Hether: I do. Firstly, I wanted to ask you about how DA! got started. I read that you were sixteen when you formed the band, which is crazy to me!!! Can you tell me more about how you got started with music and what kinda shit you were into back then?

Lorna: I was probably more like seventeen when I started playing in a band with the per-

"You gotta be catapulting yourself off some monolithic art-historical slab. Don't you? Like I wanna see that arc, that swan-dive of distortion."

son I started Da! with. I was living on my own at sixteen, working as a waitress. Another waitress named Bianca was a singer, and when she found out I played guitar she introduced me to this older woman named Evelyn. She had a space, instruments, amplifiers, a PA. I didn't have shit except an acoustic guitar. Bianca was into hard rock like UFO, I was a huge Bowie fan (and The Beatles), and was just hearing the Ramones and Eddie and the Hot Rods n stuff when I went to La Mere Vipere. We both adored Patti Smith. I'd been writing songs since I first learned guitar at the Old Town School of Folk Music when I was twelve. Evelyn had varied taste in music. She was a skilled player that worked in wedding bands. Her boyfriend was good friends with Terry Nelson and they were music fanatics. Anyway, she played guitar and keys, so I switched to playing bass. I loved bass right away. The first song I learned to play on bass was "Mongoloid" by Devo. Evelyn and I had a falling out with Bianca and we kept working and found Dawn who played drums and moved into the attic. That was the first incarnation of Da! She introduced me to Terry Nelson who was a DJ on college radio on station WZRD. One of our first shows was their picnic.

Hether: *Whoa!* I used to work at Old Town School!!!

Lorna: When was that??

Hether: About four to five years ago. I worked at the music store within the school, in the main building.

Lorna: Crazy! The school was on Armitage in the '70s. I took the bus and the train there on Saturday mornings. We learned traditional folk songs and "contemporary" stuff like Cat Stevens and Neil Diamond. LOL. We had cookies and juice at break, I was twelve!

Hether: That's adorable. I love that place, I learned a lot from the people that worked there. I took a bunch of random classes just for the hell of it (they were free for me). Fiddle, banjo, guitar theory, all kinds of weird hippie shit. Hahaha. So anyways, when I listen to DA!, it sounds to me like you were really into Gang of Four and like, The Au Pairs and things like that.

Lorna: I was really into Gang of Four. I liked the Au Pairs okay, but I *adored* the Gang of Four. I first saw them at Mother's on tour with the Buzzcocks. Terry and Timothy Powell recorded that show, like so many great shows back then, to be aired on WZRD. I did interviews for the station occasionally and I got to interview them. I gave them a lot of shit for being on EMI who had been linked to some company that produced arms. Anyway, I liked a real variety of music, but my favorite bands right before the Da! 45 came out were them, the Cure, Bauhaus, Siouxsie. At the same time Terry who is a living encyclopedia of rock was turning me on to '60s psychedelic and garage like Beefheart, The Dirty Words, and great Brit bands like the Move, the Pretty Things and the Zombies.

Hether: Ahhh, yes, that all makes sense. You have such a powerful voice. I have to know, has it been a nightmare recording vocals for you in the past? Because it is for me. I *hate* it.

Lorna: Thanks, Hether! I really like your voice,

too! Recording vocals is not fun. Probably because we are so critical of our own voices, I think. We're just too familiar with them to get a reasonable perspective. I'd like to hear your vocals more isolated, up front and with less effects.

Hether: I know, but it's so scary! In the new recordings my vocals are a little more on top than they were on *No Future*. More present, more confident. I'm getting less terrified of the way my voice sounds, but on the other hand, I really like distorted/effected vocals. I just like the way it sounds. Did you get compared to other female vocalists/musicians constantly rather than male artists? How did you interact with the media back then?

Lorna: Of course. I got compared to Siouxsie from the start. Well, I have an old press kit here, reviews of 45 from 1981 *NME*, "...echoes Slits and Au Pairs..." SubPop, "Highly recommended to people who worship Siouxsie and the Banshees," but then, *CMJ*, "Highly recommended to lovers of the Velvet Underground or Joy Division."

Hether: I mean, all of those make at least some sense to me, and they're all great bands. I have a really hard time with it, personally, because nowadays (and maybe it's always been this way, I really don't know) there is such a huge emphasis on being a "girl band" or a "girl in a band" and the media just lumps all of us together, compares us to each other, with absolutely no regard to what our music actually sounds like. It's absurd.

Lorna: Yep! I understand, and as I've said before, it's ignorance and plain laziness on the part of some music "journalists." First of all, the need to categorize and compare is an understandably human impulse, but some bands really resist easy categories. Da! was definitely challenging to describe. But to say yeah we were dark and not poppy, yeah we had a lower-voiced female singer, yes we were (at least in retrospect) post-punk so we must be like Siouxsie, or the Au Pairs or even Joy Division doesn't give you any close approximation of what we *really* sounded like. I'm willing to bet that's what happens with Wax Idols. As I listened to the album repeatedly it found its own little neural branch in my brain. The only other branch it lights up for me is the Wire one because you cover "Sand in My Joints," which is a very appropriate song for you to cover because it's like a little flag you're planting that gives people a hint at where you're coming from. I think it was a good choice because there's some sort of affinity between what Wax Idols do and early Wire. I cannot tell you what it is exactly, but I sense it.

Hether: I'm so glad that you do! I love Wire and I feel a connection to them, not necessarily in the sense that my music sounds like theirs. It's more about the intent behind the music, the attitude. They were very anti-everything, anti-punk, anti-gimmick. Tongue in cheek, aggressive and yet thoughtful. I feel like I identify with them in those ways. By the way, I just sent you the new songs, unmastered, but fully mixed.

Lorna: Did you record in a different studio?

Hether: Nope. Same one. Same studio, same guitar/amp set up, same producer, new band! I didn't have to play everything for once. The songs that my old band did play on with *No Future* were a bit, well, they were great, but I feel like this is much more cohesive and solid.

Lorna: Are any of the people you toured with playing on it?

Hether: Yes, all of them. We wrote these songs together.

Lorna: Oh, I love collaborating. Maybe it was something I read, but I had the idea that you are very head-strong about what you want.

Hether: Ohhh yes, haha. I am. It has been notoriously difficult for me to work with others creatively, but I feel like I've finally found people that are easy for me to communicate with, both in Wax Idols and my other band Blasted Canyons. We (this current Wax Idols lineup) all get along really well, and have a lot of similar influences without being too redundant. They understand that Wax Idols is very much my baby, my vision, and they are keen to help me realize it. I love working with them. These new songs were shockingly easy to write, it was all very fluid. The 7" will be out in May, and I'm so excited. I get bored easily, especially with my own work, and I'm ready to move forward. *Dying to move forward* hahaha.

Lorna: Oh that's wonderful! I can't wait to hear it. So do you bring in a verse and a chorus and

DA! | WAX IDOLS

the band fleshes it out?

Hether: Well, with one of the songs, I had a pretty strong concept going in. I had the bass lines written already, and so I ended up streamlining the direction of that song quite a bit. But my band mates added their own twists and turns, the chorus actually came together vocally after Jen (the second guitarist) came up with a very simple and perfect lead guitar line that totally inspired me. The other song was written from scratch in the practice space with Amy (bassist) and Keven (drummer) in less than an hour. It was really fucking easy and really fun. The vocals came to me later when I was drunk on Mansinthe (Marilyn Manson's absinthe so good) and then the song *really* came together. But instrumentally, it was completely collaborative with Amy and Keven.

Lorna: Sounds like fun. Do you record rehearsals and go over the tapes later? That's how I usually worked.

Hether: That's how Wax Idols has been doing it lately, ya! Blasted Canyons has been doing that all along. It's never been my idea because I have the most insanely accurate memory once I really lock in on something I never ever forget it. But the other people I play with like recording rehearsals and it has been really helpful.

Lorna: Listening to the new songs...haha. "Damaged Goods" intro. Oh it's the song I heard the live version of!

Hether: *Totally!* Hahahaha. Didn't really mean to do that but, oh well.

Lorna: And a little Cure "Jumping Someone Else's" train snare break.

Hether: *Oh shit.* I guess I better get ready for this now.

Lorna: Whaddya mean?

Hether: Just people pointing out specific references. You mean it as a compliment, of course, but other people won't. That's the name of the game.

Lorna: I can't remember where I heard this, but it's GETS (good enough to steal)! I love songs that have little musical homages in them!

Hether: Me too! I never do it intentionally, but I wear my influences on my sleeve and I'm proud of it. I'm just adding to the musical conversation. What's unique about my input is that it's *me*—not that I'm doing some groundbreaking futuristic shit. The Cure was accused of being a Buzzcocks rip off band during the early years of their recording career, and look how ridiculous that seems now in retrospect! Can we take a brief recess? I'm gonna get dressed and then I want to chat some more while I'm rehearsing my DJ set tonight if that's cool with you.

Lorna: Okay, my boy just got home and we're gonna figure out what's for dinner. Did you see the *Portlandia* skit about deejays? The show is 90% not funny, but that one was pretty good.

Hether: I *hate* that show, but yes I did see that skit haha. I got asked to DJ this Soft Moon/Weekend show.

Lorna: Are you playing vinyl?

Hether: Yes ma'am. I don't have much music on my computer and I don't own an ipod or any of that shit. I'm a total vinyl freak.

Lorna: You crazy kids! I have some Lou Reed albums on cassette that I've never been able to find on vinyl or CD. *The Blue Mask.* Wish I could find that. What are you planning for tonight?

Hether: I don't even know. I'm still trying to plan it out. Starting out with this Red Lorry Yellow Lorry into OMD combo that is really awesome...I'm such a control freak so I have to plan out the first fifteen minutes really well and then once I get in the, uh, "zone" I can just wing it. So far I have Red Lorry Yellow Lorry "Open Up," OMD "The New Stone Age," Cabaret Voltaire "No Escape," Cocteau Twins "Wax and Wane." I'm telling you I am a total freak for vinyl. I literally scour the country for shit on tour. I think I might do Tuxedomoon next uhhh... Desire maybe? Eh? Any requests? Oh shit I'm totally throwing this crazy live Birthday Party track in the mix! I'll have it start off the "comedy block" which includes Nina Hagen "African Reggae" and Lords of the New Church covering "Like A Virgin."

Lorna: My turntable hasn't been connected since I moved in here a year and a half ago almost. I've got all my music in the cloud and I have Spotify so I do all my listening through computer or phone. Way too modern.

Hether: You listen to music through your *phone*?! That is the worst way to listen to music!!! You need to hook your shit up.

Lorna: Yeah, I know. Telephone! I have problems! Actually, though, I'm sorta in a phase where music isn't a top priority. I'll get back to it eventually.

Hether: I know the feeling. Sometimes I don't listen to anything for weeks at a time.

Lorna: So, what are you doing in times like that?

Hether: Writing usually. Or reading. Or just like...drinking. Hahaha.

Lorna: I want to ask you what you like to read but I also want to ask you about drinking. However, I'm a recovering person so maybe I shouldn't. Drinking for me is no longer funny.

Hether: Well, I like to read a lot of different things. I'm really into sci-fi and assorted occult/religious shit (fiction or non-fiction). I just started reading *Ada* by Nabokov. I love J.G. Ballard. I've read almost all of his work. I wrote a song about *The Drowned World*. Drinking—we don't need to talk about it. I actually don't drink that much. I meant "partying/hanging out" more than actually *drinking*.

Lorna: Oh, yeah, *The Drowned World* is wonderful. I've also read *Crash*. Love Ballard. He signed a friend's copy, handed it back to her and said, "Drive safely."

Hether: HAHA! I love him.

Lorna: Lovecraft?

Hether: *Favorite*!!! H.P. Lovecraft is my all time favorite author. I've even read the faux *Necronomicon* haha.

Lorna: The one for young mothers is called the *Necromommycon:* Naming your child after an old one? Perhaps Yog Sototh?

Hether: If I ever have a child it'll have the worst name ever. Cthulu.

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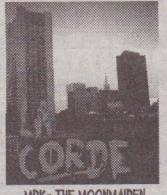

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MRR: FIRST OFF, CAN YOU GIVE ME A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO ANTIMOB? WHO ARE THE MEMBERS, WHEN AND WHY DID YOU START PLAYING? WHAT OTHER PROJECTS ARE MEMBERS OF ANTIMOB INVOLVED IN, OR HAVE BEEN IN THE PAST?

Panos: Hello Wes. The band came out from the ashes of two previous bands of ours, which were rehearsing at the same studio at Villa Amalias Squat in Athens. None of these bands had a future back then so me and Stathis (our singer) together with Bill and Christos from the other band decided to start rehearsing together. We started it a bit as a project but it became our full-time band. All of us were and still are involved with the local scene. Back in 2005, when we more or less started the band, we were at the same time members of the concert team at V.A. and were setting up shows for foreign and local bands. Nowadays most of us have no activities related to V.A. except Stathis, who lives and breathes for the rotten squat. Personally I do a fanzine called *Mountza* with two other folks and am involved with a DIY punk concert group and venue, Katarameno Syndromo, which was started after I stopped being involved at the Squat. For many years my main priority was to book shows for foreign bands I liked, because nobody else would do that back then. That's how we all came closer and ended up being good friends for years. The band consists of Bill on Drums, Stavro on Bass, me on Guitars, Stathi on Vocals and Chris on guitar (when he remembers to join us).

MRR: WHAT IS THE MEANING BEHIND THE NAME OF THE BAND?

Panos: We played our first show under the name Grey City. We didn't really like it, and at the time Stathis came up with the new name. I don't think the meaning of the name is what we really had in our brains. It sounds a bit like slang I guess. The actual meaning is that we have always been feeling like the sheep out of the step. So I guess we just wanted to catch a name that would express our differentiation and opposition from the average middle-class minded person and his/her way of thinking.

ANTIMOB

INTERVIEW BY WES FANZINE
PHOTOS BY BILLY ZABIKOS

MRR: CAN YOU TELL ME SOME ABOUT THE SCENE IN GREECE—WHAT CITY ARE YOU LOCATED IN, AND HOW STRONG THE NETWORKS OF DIY COMMUNITIES ARE THERE? HOW SYNONYMOUS ARE HARDCORE PUNK SCENES WITH RADICAL AND ANARCHIST CULTURES?

Panos: We hail from Athens, Greece. I could say that Greece in general has had a pretty alright DIY network, which at times has been really productive and inspiring (especially during the late '80s and early '90s) and at times was just a piece of shit. Nowadays there are a lot of different DIY-punk related activities, groups and venues going on all over Greece, but to my standards most of them lack of seriousness, inspiration and quality. I'm not able to say how synonymous the hardcore punk scene is to the radical or anarchist cultures. It could be said that a big part of the DIY punk scene is also involved with anarcho-lefty politics, support demos etc. On the other side I believe that the majority of the punks who like to consider their selves Anarchists are mostly poseurs with a lifestyle that is 100% supportive to the capitalistic system. Going to demos or just beating up and burning cops is not a culture. So, if you ask me for real, I don't realistically see any radical or anarchist cultured people inside or outside the scene. The only anarcho-cultured people that I have heard about are living in a small independent village somewhere in Spain. Personally I don't consider myself anarchist neither radical, but I am trying to keep my lifestyle and way of thinking as free as possible from any type of dogma. I hate putting myself under a political label.

I don't trust humanity or its so-called political correct movements, since they consist of human beings. In my opinion, nobody should trust the human nature since even those who are original and have faith to their beliefs and activities most of the times are being used or deceived by the movement they chose to support. I of course will support only lefty and anti-authoritarian movements, and I don't have to be labeled anarcho or lefty to be against capitalism, neo-Nazism, fascism etc.

Bill: Can't really say there is a "strong" network between the DIY communities in Greece, apart from some strong friendships that connect the people involved in the diy punk scene here. Different views and approaches on subjects

keep the glue from sticking, so that we can have a strong DIY network. On the other hand you have diversity, and different people running spaces their own way.

I tend to agree with Panos on how synonymous the anarchist/radical movement is to the hardcore punk scene. You might occasionally run across benefit hardcore gigs for political prisoners, but generally there is a lifestyle aura blowing through the so-called "anarchopunk" scene in Greece, as with everything these days. Political overthrow, and the struggle for a non-alienating society needs more than a cultural "shock," such as punk—even though it has lost its bite nowadays, and punks seem to forget that here. The practice of politics needs commitment, conscience and a perfect balance between a constantly evolving radical theory and the swiftness of insurrectionary action. Having said that, you should take account that the anarchist movement in Greece has developed strong structures, and lots of punks have helped form and supported the movement with all their fucking heart.

Also, beating and burning cops is culture served with class.

MRR: GREECE IN PARTICULAR IN RECENT YEARS HAS BEEN AT THE FOREFRONT OF A LOT OF SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC TURMOIL IN REGARDS TO THE EUROPEAN BANKING SYSTEM—WHICH I GUESS YOU COULD SAY IS THE RESULT OF A FLAWED GLOBAL ECONOMIC SYSTEM AND THE UNSUSTAINABILITY OF CAPITALISM. I AM SURE THERE IS VERY MUCH OPPRESSION BY IMF. OF COURSE ORGANIZED ACTION AGAINST SUCH ORGANIZATIONS IS A GOOD THING, WHAT ARE YOUR PERSONAL POLITICAL THOUGHTS? WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE FUTURE FOR GREECE?

Panos: This is a long discussion without any real end. Most of the Greeks nowadays feel depressed and weak in front of the Capitalistic Joke that we have been serving and living all these years. Greece drove the Capitalistic road without seatbelts on high speed. This doesn't mean that the others who have been driving the same road on seatbelts and slower, won't crash on the dead-end of this road too. Capitalism is a road with a brutal dead-end and I strongly believe that sooner or later, what Greece lives will become reality for the most of the western countries. If you now ask me how we could change that, I am afraid that this won't be able to change without a third world war. There is no period in History that didn't end up to a global war after such economic situations. I hope this won't happen in the end, but if I trust something it is History and life has proved that it is repeated.

Bill: I think it is crucial to understand that economic crisis is an interdependent part of the capitalist system. Not mismanagement of funds, or a small mistake at the numbers of a profit plan the banks and the capital had made. Capitalism is a system that lives and breeds through economic and class inequality. It has happened (the 1929 Great Depression, the 1973 Oil Crisis, and the more recent 2008 Global Recession are fine examples), it is happening and it will be happening. The quicker people start to realize this, the sooner we, as a whole, will decide to end this fucker. My personal political thoughts are that we should get rid of this economy of alienation based on profit and antagonism, and turn to a cooperative "economy," if it could be called this way. Of course, this presupposes a violent class tension and social revolution, which is quite a fuss, but fuck it... it will be a hell of a ride. Don't see much future for Greece, it seems pretty bleak. I predict the empowerment of para-economy (drugs, gambling and trafficking), more state oppression, and the rise of social-cannibalism... The later is what I am afraid of most. General amorality in order to survive, not giving a fuck if you fuck people in the same state as you. World War III? A fat guy with a beard once said "History repeats itself as a joke or a farce"... I think it was Marx, but I could be wrong. Those guys were all fat with beards.

MRR: ARE MEMBERS OF ANTIMOB ALSO INVOLVED IN BOOKING SHOWS? WHAT SORT OF BANDS TYPICALLY COME THROUGH YOUR AREA, HOW ACTIVE IS HARDCORE PUNK SCENE?

Panos: I have more or less answered this on a previous question. From 1996 to 2000 the scene was totally dead. That's when some fresh people, including us, showed up and started booking shows for many touring bands non-stop. Since then we managed to bring some of our favorite bands, to start our own DIY punk venues and keep this going till nowadays. All these years we managed to see quite many of our favorite bands. Personally, I haven't stopped booking shows since 2002 but nowadays I feel I don't have the energy and the time to do it as I used to. But there are younger people who are ready to continue it I guess.

In terms of other bands inside Greece, things are better than before, but we still lack bands that will go on stage and that will leave you breathless. My favorite Greek bands nowadays are not punk or hardcore, but there are still bands that are worth to check out. The last exciting

punk band was Rajahtaa from the city of Kavala but they never came out with an official release. This band had a perfect sound that was mixing '80s UK and Finish hardcore with '80s Greek punk. What else do you need?
Bill: I am involved in the aforementioned benefit gigs for political prisoners.

MRR: HOW OFTEN DOES ANTIMOB DO TOURS? I KNOW OF THE TOUR WITH BURIAL IN SUPPORT OF THE RELEASE OF SPLIT 7" RECORD. IT MUST BE IMPORTANT TO SPREAD YOUR MESSAGE—BUT IT MUST ALSO BE DIFFICULT TO FIND THE TIME SOMETIMES FOR TOURS AND ORGANIZATION.
Panos: We have done a short nine day Euro-Tour in 2008 (which was more than a great experience) and some shorter two-three day show tours inside Greece with Burial from Germany and Destino Final from Spain. Actually, we haven't played any shows with Burial for the support of our Split. Both bands are friends of ours and we met through shows we booked for them inside Greece. With Burial we became very good friends after their first show in Athens in 2005. Since then we have a very close relationship and that's how our split came out. Fabian, their drummer, helped us also with our tour back in 2008 since he was our master-driver and boss. We actually don't often play shows. We believe it's annoying for the audience to see us on the same stage all the time. It's not our main priority to play shows. We try to focus on the writing of good songs that we will first like and then be happy to perform them for others. The truth is that touring or playing shows for us nowadays is extremely difficult because of the weird working schedules we are having, our bad economic situation and other problems that are limiting our free time. We are mostly a studio band, which recently came also close to splitting up. Anyhow, we are doing better today.

MRR: MUSICALLY - HOW DO YOU FEEL THAT ANTIMOB HAS PROGRESSED OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS? IT SEEMS LIKE THE UNCONSCIOUS DEMO AND SELF-TITLED 7" RECORD ARE MORE STRAIGHTFORWARD MELODIC CRUST INFLUENCED, BUT THE SPLIT WITH BURIAL IS A BIT DIFFERENT. IT SEEMS FASTER WITH MORE ENERGY, MAYBE MORE REMINISCENT OF MELODIC JAPANESE HARDCORE. WAS THIS A CONSCIOUS DECISION AT ALL OR IS IT POSSIBLE IT IS JUST A RESULT OF INVOLVEMENT WITH OTHER SIMILAR STYLE BANDS LIKE CRUDE, BURIAL, AND I KNOW YOU HAVE DONE SOME GIGS WITH SEE YOU IN HELL? I GUESS SHOCK TROOP AND LOVE POTION ARE OTHER RECENT EUROPEAN BANDS WHO HAVE BEEN INFLUENCED BY THIS STYLE OF HARDCORE PUNK.
Panos: Musically our band has progressed a lot through the years, since we all seriously learned our instruments during the writing of our early tracks for the demo tape and the 7", and that's why we don't even perform these songs anymore. The tracks from our split with Burial are way more mature and closer to the sound we like and our latest material is the most representative stuff we have produced until now. This is a natural progress I guess and for sure all our different influences have come out in our music. We were never crust fans but for sure we had strong influences from local dark hardcore bands like Hibernation, Chaotic End, Naftia, Negative Stance, Panikos etc who have greatly influenced the later crust sound of the early 2000s. For sure Japanese bands have been a great influence for us too but we always loved a mix of Hardcore music with a more rocking approach, and Japanese bands have produced the best out of it. Our new songs have a lot of different influences I guess but we have managed to catch a more personal sound this time.

We played once with See You In Hell in Kavala, Greece, since at the same time we were playing around with Burial, See You In Hell was also visiting Greece.
Bill: I think over the years Antimob started getting more and more personal, and the music style evolved naturally to what we feel closer to us now... negative and violent hardcore punk.

MRR: THE LYRICS SEEM LIKE THEY ARE MAYBE A MIX OF PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.... WHAT IS THE APPROACH OF ANTIMOB AS FAR AS WRITING LYRICS IS CONCERNED? IS ONE PERSON INVOLVED WITH WRITING MOST LYRICS, OR IS IT MORE OF A GROUP EFFORT?
Panos: Bill and Stathis have written the majority of the lyrics so it should be them answering this question. We all try to contribute to the lyric writing but we are not all as talented. I prefer personal lyrics, since our own lives make up society and its politics. Politics were formed to help our lives but you many times see people acting and thinking in order to be part of a political movement. Our lives should influence politics and not politics our lives. It is the same with jobs. We work in order to support our lives but in the end it turns out to be that we live in order to work. Fuck that shit. People have to respect their own self first in order to be able to respect and support others.
Bill: Again, I think it is a matter of the band becoming more personal. I have a strong feeling towards politics, and my ideology plays an integral part in my life, but I don't want the lyrics to be like a political agenda. I am disgusted and fascinated at the same time with the things in life that eat you from the inside bit by bit like a fucking germ. It is a love-hate relationship towards everything that leaves you cold. The lyrics are not a group effort... that would be too hectic, we would fight about them, end up with no lyrics, and then our singer would have nothing to say. That's neither nice nor smart.

MRR: CAN YOU TELL ME SOME ABOUT SONGWRITING PROCESS OF THE BAND? ARE LYRICS USUALLY WRITTEN FIRST, OR INSTRUMENTS?
Panos: Our singer is an old horny man. He shows up to the studio to sing only completed tracks. When the songs are not completed he prefers to stay out-doors to attack punk rock ladies instead of coming to see his ugly friends sweating in the studio. In a way, he has made healthy choices....
Bill: We take really slow steps, that's for sure. First completed songs (which is a looong process) and then vocals/back vocals are added. The songs take too much time to take their final form since Panos busts our balls months on end till he standards his solos, and the ugly and weird facial expressions that accompanies them. Amongst others they including the perverted twitching of the mouth, the narc-ed hillbilly staredown and an oddly provocative movement of the right hip that in some way leaves you insulted.

MRR: YOU RELEASE *MOUNTZA* ZINE, WHICH HAS REVIEWS AND INTERVIEWS WITH BANDS ACROSS INTERNATIONAL HARDCORE COMMUNITY. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN COLLECTING FANZINES? WHAT DO YOU THINK IS MOST IMPORTANT ABOUT THE FANZINE, AND WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE RECENTLY BEEN MOVING FROM STANDARD PRINT ZINES TOWARDS ONLINE PUBLICATIONS? THERE ARE SOME BENEFITS TO BOTH FORMATS I THINK, THOUGH I PREFER PRINT ZINES.
Panos: Doing a fanzine has been my first involvement with the scene. I always had a dream to do a fanzine since I was crazy about collecting them from the middle '90s. I bought my first death/black metal fanzine back in 1994 I think, from a local black metal store and before that I went through the pages of many local fanzines since my older cousins were into punk and had some of them at their place. Paper fanzines will keep going on for ever but I have nothing against web-zines. I am just not able to read 'em since I am not used to reading long texts on the screen. The main negative aspect of web-zines and blogs is that they can't last forever while a fanzine can survive for as long as you care to keep it safe and sound. I managed to get on my hands some really old Greek and international hardcore punk fanzines and it's so exciting to read them and get the feeling of the '80s or '70s. How somebody will be able to read about what is written on the web after 30 years? This is impossible of course. So paper wins with a big difference. The most important is to write a fanzine with a personal style and well done writing. The fanzine somebody makes will be the mirror his/her thoughts, thus some extra effort on the production of a fanzine should be worth it.

Bill: The only good thing about *Mountza* fanzine is that Antimob gets free coverage, and excellent biased reviews.

MRR: YOU HAVE SUBMITTED SOME TRACKS TOWARDS A COMPILATION IN BENEFIT OF FUKUSHIMA DISASTER WITH SOME PRETTY LEGENDARY HARDCORE BANDS LIKE NIGHTMARE, FRAMTID, SEEIN' RED, CRUDE, ETC. HOW DID YOU BECOME INVOLVED WITH THIS COMPILATION AND WHO IS IT BEING RELEASED BY?

Panos: The guy behind this Compilation is Yoshi, who is a Japanese dude living and working in Germany. He is friend of Burial and Stachel who runs La Familia Records. Through them he came in contact with us and he also helped me a lot to book Crude in Athens. After that we stayed in contact, he came with the idea of the compilation and we were more than glad to provide him a track for the compilation. I am not still sure when this CD will come out, but it should be out any time soon.

MRR: WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON NUCLEAR POWER AS OPPOSED TO OTHER ENERGY SOURCES? WHERE I AM FROM IN THE UNITED STATES, COAL MINING SAFETY AND ENVIRONMENTAL CONCERNS ARE A HUGE CONCERN. BETWEEN THESE POWER SOURCES AND CRUDE OIL, IT SEEMS VERY LITTLE POWER IS ACTUALLY "CLEAN", BUT OBVIOUSLY RADIATION POISONING AND RESULTS FROM NUCLEAR REACTOR FAILURES IS MORE DRAMATIC AND OVER REACHING.

Panos: Greece doesn't produce Nuclear Power but the rest of the countries around us do so. I don't have a lot to say about it since I am not familiar with its use and benefits. What I know is that it's the cheapest and easiest way to produce energy. But this reminds me of Heroin, since it's the best drug but it will lead you to hell before death finds you. In Greece we could have 100% eco-energy production through the sun and wind. Our government is world-wide known for its stupidness, corruption and unproductivity so I don't think I have more to add about it. The future of energy it's still there though, at least for the countries that can make use of such energy-resources.

Bill: I assume you ask because of our participation in the compilation. Truth be told, it was the beneficial nature of the comp that made us give a track, and not so much the fact that we are totally aware of what goes on with nuclear power. If this compilation is able to help one bit, then it is worth it.

What I know about energy sources though is that where there is profit, all safety factors are put aside. That's why you have nuclear plants built over islands and land keen to earthquakes, or coal mining with minimal security level. The Fukushima disaster, as well as that great mining collapse in Chile not long ago (amongst others that happen almost on a daily basis) prove it.

Don't know if nuclear energy is cleaner but at a greater risk, but I also don't think it is ecological to cover vast extent of land with windmill generators and solar energy collectors, thus raping the natural environment, in the name of "green ecological progress" and cleaner energy. I think our solution lays in not wasting so much energy, rather than more nuclear plants popping up out of nowhere.

MRR: CAN YOU TELL ME SOME ABOUT THE PLANS OF ANTIMOB IN THE FUTURE? I KNOW YOU PLAN TO RELEASE A NEW DEMO TAPE IN FEBRUARY, FOLLOWED BY A FULL-LENGTH RECORD. ANY PLANS OF TOURS IN SUPPORT OF THESE RELEASES? ARE THESE PLANNED TO BE SEPARATE RECORDINGS, OR IS THE DEMO PLANNED TO BE THE SAME RECORDING AS THE LP AS SOME BANDS DO?

Panos: Our main priority now is to complete our new tracks for the LP. We decided to do a demo tape with the tracks we have completed until now, because we haven't managed to release anything since two years now. We will do our demo exclusively in our studio with no budget at all. We will print 110 tapes and through this release we will try to check and evaluate our new tracks. After this we will probably decide some changes and around March or April we will enter the studio for the official recording of our first full length. We plan to record around twelve tracks but not all of them will appear in the LP. These deadlines are not the final ones but those we wish to achieve. Going on tour won't be easy for us but if we get the time and the money to do it we will definitely make it. Playing US or Japan would be a more exciting idea for us, since we have more or less seen how it is playing in Europe.

Bill: I'd really like to manage to play in the Balkan area. I know more about Central and Northern Europe than the countries around mine, which is ridiculous. The people of the Balkan lands have suffered wars, poverty and still manage to survive and even have a strong DIY punk scene through personal struggle. I find that inspirational, and fascinating to know more about. US and Japan would be of course top notch experiences. Also, a full six month Antarctica tour during night time is in the works, with hardcore hell gigs inside igloos.

THANKS FOR INTERVIEW! ANY LAST WORDS?

Panos: Thanks for having us in your fanzine and all the best for the year 2012.

Bill: I used the google translator for some words so to seem more fluent... sorry for cheating. All the best Wes!

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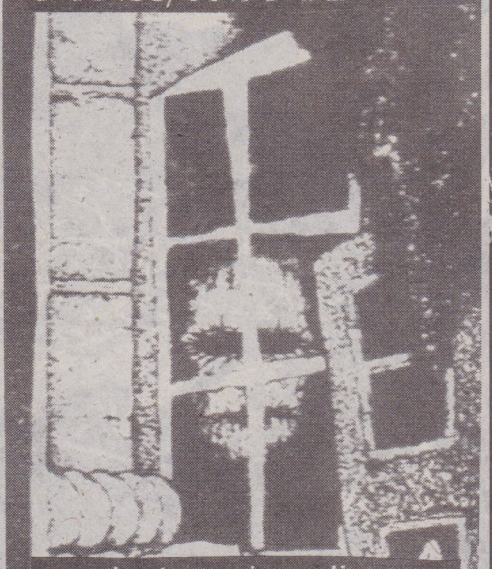

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LEPROSY

Leprosy has been kicking around the DIY punk circuit of Melbourne Australia science 2009. Inspired by the great sounds of UK82 punk they have become a solid heavy hitter and driving force for Australian punk. This interview was done via email. Lets bug these fuckers and get them over to the states!
Interview by Jeremy Radical Punks Never Die!, Photos by Carissa Spencer.

MRR: Okay give us a quick rundown of who is in the band, past and present.
Ryan (Guitar), Jake (Drums), Burn (Bass), and Luke (Vocals). Our initial line up had another drummer who was also called Jake but he left the band in mid 2010.
Burn: 'cause he was shit.
Luke: Living with band mates no matter how good friends you are is never a good idea...

MRR: So you guys have had a few line-up changes, How has that effected the progression of the band?
Luke: I would say it has improved the musical ability and potential of the band, that's just me...
Burn: The core of the band has remained the same. I reckon it gives us a strong continuity.
Luke: Realistically we could of toured overseas by now but a number of factors prevent us from doing so.

MRR: How did punk become a part of your lives?
Luke: I grew up in a pretty isolated area and had to travel to find people that shared my same interest in punk, I first started listening to the Exploited and Discharge around thirteen and my first punk show was when I was fourteen years old. Used to sneak into eighteen and over shows because there was never any for all ages. Teenage rebellion had a lot to do with my initial affiliation with punk music and subculture; the lifestyle politics came a lot later.

Ryan: I'd have to say the same as far as being isolated goes. As far as can remember, it kind of started when I was about twelve and my older brother brought home a copy of the Sex Pistols *Kiss This*. I started going to punk shows at about fifteen.
Burn: I was lucky to get into punk back in '77. I was thirteen at the time and living in the UK. The music, the clothing and the attitude hooked me at the start. When bands like Crass, Six Minute War, Flux, etc starting appearing, their political stance strongly influenced me.

MRR: What got you into playing the UK82 style and how has the response to your music been?
Luke: Mainly out of disdain for our local DIY element at the time, which had only boring crust bands or floor punching HC bullshit. Locally I feel there is a small group that appreciates the style we are playing but for the most part, Australia's punk scene is very detached from the rest of the worl—most of the bands here are imitating street punk bands from the '90s...
Burn: I grew up with these bands. Living in the Birmingham area allowed me to easily go and see Discharge, Drongos, Varukers, the Insane etc. and their style of music has just stayed with me.
Luke: The response both locally and abroad has been quite encouraging. It pleases me when people who get our stylistic origins tell us they enjoyed the show or loved the cassettes. Makes it worthwhile.

MRR: How would you best describe your lyrical content and message, if any, you are trying to get across?
Burn: For me, I see us as a political band keeping the tradition of punk protest going. It's as important now as it ever was, with our government handing over Darwin to American troops and flogging Uranium to the highest bidders.
Ryan: The songs that we've written have mostly been concerned with war, oppression and other social issues. As much as I do stand with most of the lyrics we've written, I don't think that the band could make much of a change in the world.
Luke: I'd like to think we espouse common sense. On that note I don't think the band needs a political manifesto branded on to it. As individuals we each have our own opinions on things but I think we all agree in freedom of the individual and of course that old chestnut: make homebrew not war. Are we anarchists? Possibly. Do we have any idea how a post revolutionary society will look? Nope. Are we intellectuals with university degrees? Fuck no...

MRR: What are some of the local Melbourne punk acts that the people should know about?
Luke: Krömosom (Scandi/Japanese punk), Bloody Hammer (Oi punk with a Blitz vibe), Panel Van Halen (Motorhead meets Rose Tattoo),

Reckless Aggression (Real Skinheads), Bastard Squad (Late '80s band still going), other than that try searching up north in Brisbane for Last Chaos (Finnish inspired HC), Pastel Blaze (glitter punk babes) and Teargas (Deathside/Poison Idea hybrid)
Ryan: Heroin SS (Bris) and HÄVITTÄJÄT.
Luke: And don't forget Vaginors (Swankys/Gai worship from Adelaide) and Warthreat (D-beat from Perth).

MRR: Your thoughts on the Australian punk community as you have seen it?
Luke: There's much room for improvement... I'd really like to see some Deathrock/Post punk bands here that aren't trying to cater to hipsters and aren't afraid to throw on some make-up and fishnets.
Burn: There are some really good bands but generally it needs a kick up the arse—too many bands singing about farting or getting pissed while playing tennis or stuff like that...
Ryan: I think some of the attitudes in Melbourne kind of suck. It's like you need to know someone to be involved, like it's some kind of clique. Same with Sydney, at least from what I saw, I could be wrong. Brisbane was nice though, very friendly.

MRR: Have you guys done any touring? Plan on touring over seas?
Luke: We've played Sydney and Brisbane. We'd like to go to the states and elsewhere. Touring is definitely in the cards for the future but for the moment we have commitments that demand our full attention here in Australia first. I will probably be touring sometime with Krömosom as bass player in the not too distant future.

MRR: What releases do you have out? Future releases?
Luke: A 7" out December tenth, from there I guess we'll make another one. I'm not really interested in making full lengths. Some people are looking forward to a Hardcore Victim compilation LP that will most likely feature us, Teargas, Last Chaos, Krömosom, etc. but its still in embryo. If it came about I'd like to call it Japan Bombs Australia, in reference to the bombing of Darwin and also because we love Japanese punk! It would shock a lot of non-punks mainly because a number of Australian's believe Japan were going to invade and take us over during World War two which was a load of bollocks. Nevertheless many people here believe Hiroshima/Nagasaki bombings are justified for this very reason. Pathetic really.

MRR: Any last words?
Burn: No more warfare!
Luke: *Cider, system, destroy*! The sound of hammers must never stop!
Ryan: *Arrrrggghhhh!*

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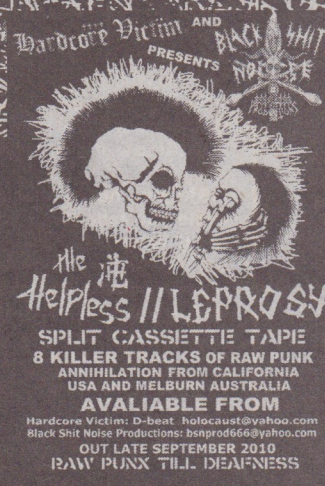

APACHE DROPOUT

The Apache Dropout LP was one of my top ten favorite records of 2011. I played it every day for a few months, sometimes multiple times in a row, and I still play it often...it's just that goddamned good. I got to see them play in Berkeley, CA at perhaps one of the most poorly attended shows I've ever been to, but still it was really good. I didn't interview them then. Two members visited the state for several months to learn about agriculture in California. I didn't interview them then either. Not officially anyway – though I tend to ask questions when I talk to people as though every conversation is an interview. Eventually they left and we realized that we should have interviewed them while they were here... oh, well, thanks internet!

Interview by Sarah Crews and Mark Murrman, photos by Mark Murrman and Sharnayla Page

MRR: Does your name come from the Edgar Broughton Band single? Do you care for the other band called Apache Dropout? Did their name come from the same place? Have people ever come to your shows expecting the other Apache Dropout?

Seth: Yes. The name comes from the Edgar Broughton Band song. I've never met the UK band by the same name. I'm sure they're fine people. Personally can't really get into their sound, though. Nobody has ever come to see us and told us they were expecting the other band. I did hear that the Pandora website doesn't' know the difference.

MRR: The lady on the front of the Apache Dropout t-shirts is from Wisconsin Death Trip. Please explain what that is and why you chose that image.

Seth: The Wisconsin Death Trip is a fascinating book: A chilling collection of photographs and news stories from the Midwest in the late 19th century. I found the image to be particularly arresting and felt it well-represented the amplified state of Midwestern madness.

MRR: I've heard that you are hardcore about recording... could you talk about your recording process? It's all analog, right? Why?

Seth: Together we run the Magnetic South Studio with John Dawson. He helps us out immensely on recording. From time to time we help him with his sprawling psych-drone band, Thee Open Sex. We record entirely analog because we feel they're the best tools for making rock and roll records that have a true sense of urgency. We have many theories behind this aesthetic decision. One being that when I've been around sessions recorded on a computer, it seems the artist and engineer are doing more looking at the recording on the screen than actually listening to it.

MRR: You are currently recording another album? How will it be different from the last one? Who is putting it out?
Seth: We're in the process of recording new stuff right now. Not sure how we'll put it together or who will put it out just yet. One thing that's different is we record on a different tape machine. The last album was done on an eight track with six working tracks. Since then we've upgraded to an eight track with seven working tracks.

MRR: There are a lot of people credited on the LP, but Apache Dropout is only a three piece. Is recording more of a larger, collaborative effort?
Seth: One of the best aspects of recording at Magnetic South Studio is that we get to record with and around our friends. There's a lot of talented weirdos in town, so it makes sense to have them play and sing on our songs. We have played shows with slightly larger line ups; however it's mostly just the three of us playing live. We've been touring in a pickup truck, so we can't add any more members. We are hoping a tuba player will find us though. We really want to visit the world of The Seeds Future era.

MRR: You have a lot of samples on the LP. What are they from and why did you choose to use them?
Seth: Come on. You know we can't tell you where they're from. We used them because they are part of our mission. That is to make wildest records anyone can get. Lysergic Midwest Monsters, right?

MRR: Was it planned ahead of time or were they added as an afterthought?
Seth: Like I said, our mission in recording is to make the wildest records. Of course, I can't give away all of our secrets. I will say that no song is really finished until it's sitting there recorded on the mix down deck. And until then, anything is game.

MRR: Do you think somebody's controlling the vibes?
Nathan: Absolutely. We believe that the world is being controlled by a powerful magico-economic conspiracy. Part of the reason we play rock and roll music is for the ritualistic aspect of live performance: mass ecstatic experiences like dancing and communal singing allow people to cast off whatever systems are controlling them and live freely in the moment as equals.

MRR: In "Teenager" you say, "You can't live forever," but in "Sam Phillips Rising" you say, "each creature never dies." Are we going to die or not? I need to know.
Sonny: The song "Teenager" was written from the perspective of a young man who is angry enough to know that we are all going to die. I am not that teenager, but I share his anger. "Sam Phillips Rising" is a song of psychedelic gospel, and "never die" is the mantra. Sometimes you gotta talk shit with the holy ghost, so you keep sayin' "LSD never die" till you get the spirit. We try to keep a fresh balance of gospel and blasphemy for all the heady souls rocking along.

MRR: Seth, what are the negative and positive aspects of recording a record you also play on?
Seth: It certainly isn't ideal. For our LP John Dawson recorded the bed tracks of the band playing live. Then John and I traded off running the tape machine for the overdubs. However there weren't many of those. We recorded it on an eight track reel to reel with just six working tracks. Playing and engineering a session creates all types of logistical problems. But James Brown said, "You gotta use what you got to get what you want". Since then we've entered our mid-fi period. We've got a fully functional eight track and John Dawson is engineering the recordings full time.

MRR: Do you think you are more or less critical than you would be when recording a band you aren't in?
Seth: I feel like that's impossible for me to say. I've only had to yell at a band once while recording: the Nimoids from Knoxville, TN. I was working with this rock and roll madman, Will Fist. We had a Laurel and Hardy meets Kim Fowley production style. The Nimoids couldn't get their shit together, so we got loud. Worked like Magic. Still sitting on those master tapes waiting on the right offer. It's the most primal teenage
Appalachian swagger you'll probably never hear.

MRR: You all seem to know a lot about music. Do you all collect records?
Nathan: Yeah, that's one of major activities on tour.

MRR: Do each of you specialize in a certain genre or do you fight over records when you find them?
Sonny: I have no problem snaking those other guys on records on tour. Nathan mostly collects '60s world music LPs and Seth is busy digging through scratched up 45s for records that say things like "Potato Boogaloo."
Nathan: I would clarify that it's drone records and world folk field recordings. I snaked Seth on a VU bootleg at Permanent Records in LA most recently because John Cale played a sarangi on it. Something came over me and I just grabbed it out of his hands.

MRR: Who is the biggest music nerd in the band?
Seth: I'm from a different generation than these other guys. I was filling my record library with all the essentials while the other two were in junior high downloading Rolling Stones records in rural Indiana. So now I find all of the real killers while we're on tour. Found the only known copy of the notorious Gorilla Milk 45 this year.

MRR: How did you end up on Bloomington Cable access? Is that a regular occurrence or just a onetime thing? (search youtube for these fine videos)
Nathan: We just have some creative friends who asked us to do it. They work for the cable access channel and record bands whenever they get some free time. It would have been really cool except we are all real paranoid about cameras and bright lights. It seems like there's a lot of video documentation of the band but we mostly turn out all the lights when we play so we've been able to at least take away some of that ever-peering eye's de-mystifying power.

MRR: Seth, you look very casual playing drums. Do you feel relaxed when you do it? Do you get nervous when you play in front of people?
Seth: It is often an experience that is both relaxing and nerve wrecking.

Discography
Cha Cha Cassette (Magnetic South 2008)
Lysergic Choogle: Not for Pigs Cassette (Magnetic South 2009)
(Do the) Splendid Crown b/w All I'm Gonna Do Is Laugh 7" (Magnetic
South 2010)
Apache Dropout LP (Family Vineyard 2011)
Apache Dropout 8 Track (Auris Apothecary 2011)
Apache Dropout Cassette (Magnetic South 2011)
Sister Burnout b/w School Girl 7" (Trouble in Mind 2011)
Radiation +2 7" (Mexican Summer 2011)

Upcoming Releases
Split 7" with 3 Man Band (Glory Hole 2012)
Apache Dropout + Live Show CD (Family Vineyard 2012)
Magnetic Heads: Selections from the Magnetic South Archives LP (Family
Vineyard 2012)

Upcoming Shows
March 7 Bloomington, IN @ the Bishop (Magnetic South Revue #3 w/ Circuit
Des Yeux, Mad Monk)
March 11 Chicago, IL @ the Empty Bottle
March 12 Memphis, TN @ Lamplighter Lounge w/ Secret People, Circuit Des Yeux
March 14 Austin, TX @ Beerland (Can't Stop the Bleeding Party)
March 14 Austin, TX @ Whiskey Room (Family Vineyard Showcase)
March 15 Austin, TX @ Spider House (Austin Psyche Fest Showcase)
March 15 Austin, TX @ Dikes of Holland's Castle
March 17 Austin, TX @ Trailer Space (Trouble in Mind Showcase)
March 19 Carbondale, IL @ Ski Haus
March 22 Champaign, IL @ Cowboy Monkey w/ Death Tram, the Chemicals
March 23 Milwaukee, WI @ Quarters w/ Night Beats, Midwest Beat
March 24 Madison, WI @ Der Rathskeller w/ Balaclavas
March 25 Bloomington, IN @ the Bishop w/ Night Beats
March 31 Columbus, OH @ the Summit w/ Cheater Slicks
April 5 Boston, MA @ O'Brien's Pub w/ Night Beats, MMOSS
April 6 Brooklyn, NY @ Death by Audio w/ People's Temple
April 20 Bloomington, IN @ Russian Recording w/ TV Ghost, Punk Talk, 3 Man
Band, Vacation Club
June 4 Bloomington, IN @ Magnetic South w/ OBN III

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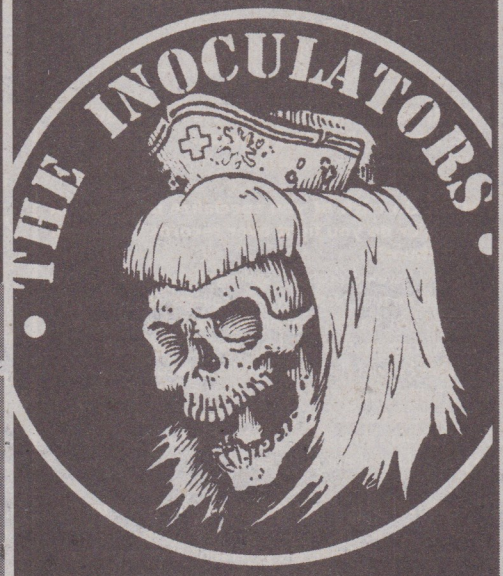

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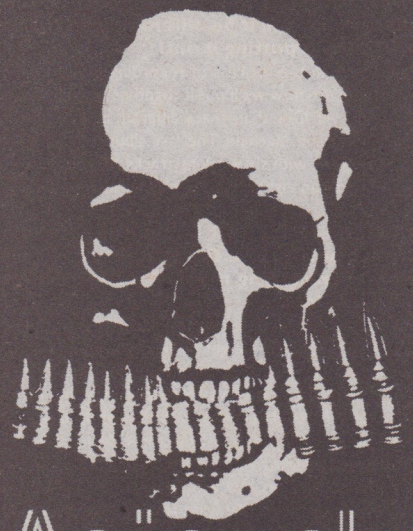

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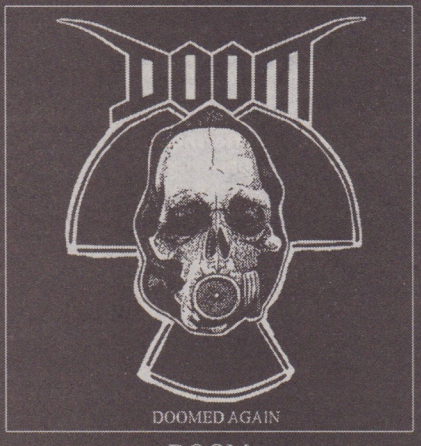

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混沌 CRASHER

Hello readers! Here is an interview with Gaki, Konton records, record boss and crasher punk extraordinaire! He has some notable releases on his label, and even more coming up. This is an interview so you folks can get inside the rotted brain cavity of someone who puts out great noisy and ugly music. Read on, enjoy, don't think too hard, laugh, and enjoy the only life you have!
Interview by field correspondent and punk scout Chuck Franco

MRR: Who are you, what do you do, and what's your favorite smell?
Hullo there! I'm Gaki. I run 混沌 (Konton) Crasher. My favorite smell? Not too sure. I guess I really like the smell of cocaine. Don't know what it is about it but every time I smell that stuff it puts me in a great mood. If you see me and you have some you should let me smell it. It'll make my night!

MRR: As far as ugly is concerned, who in the punk scene is the ugliest?
Ugly in the punk scene? No way! We're all pretty—vacant! wompwompwomp...

MRR: If you weren't Konton punk boss No. 1, what would you be doing, and what would you be wearing to the goth club if it were Germany '86?
I'd most likely be doing something way less productive. I'd definitely be outta my head. The label is hard work but it's also my escape. It keeps my mind off of other stuff.... I'd wear Vorkriegsphase shirt, some grimey ass pants, and boots...so I'd pretty much dress the same.

MRR: What releases have you put out, what's in the tube?
混沌 Crasher Discography so far:
KNTN-002E- Desperate Hours-Ironies of Life Continue EP
KNTN-003E- Kirai-s/t ep aka Tear Down The Monuments of Power.
KNTN-004E-10- Varaus SS- (RIP) 10"
KNTN-005L- Mundo Muerto-Entre El Kaos LP
Lots of stuff in the works! 4 way split LP featuring Total War, Disable, Truncheons and Aspects of War then EP's by each band afterwards. A few split EP's are planned as well as a possible surprise summer release. Maybe I'll also get to finally release the Hiroshima Pigsmash EP soon!

MRR: If you could time travel to any period in history where would you go? What would you bring for lunch?
Eh, I'm fine with right here, right now. If I HAD to choose, It'd be between UK or Scandinavia in the '80s or Japan in the early to mid '90s. Either those or I'd go back to about the age when I started collecting records and make a younger version of me buy up all the gems I passed on that have been eluding me! I'd bring a bag of chips and a 6 pack for lunch.

MRR: How many massages did Mundo Muerto's, Guss, have to give you to even make you consider helping release the new L.P?
None! I love Mundo Muerto as a band and I especially love them as people. Some of the best ever! I was totally stoked and honored when Guss asked me to help with the LP. It also gave me a chance to work with the FOAT!!!

MRR: What is occupying the turntable lately?
A bunch of stuff with pissed off guys and gals screaming in a language I can't speak while the rest of the band throws their instruments down the stairs with the volume and distortion all the way up.

MRR: Why should people come to Clevo?
They probably shouldn't. If they must they should definitely check out Now That's Class.

MRR: If you were a black metalist, what would your name be?
Gaki the Dark Konton Eardrum Impaler. I know that's lame and cheesy but i couldn't think of anything else.

MRR: What's your favorite Jimmy Rose (Annihilation Time/Ratface) story?
There are sooo many! I'd have to say one of my favorites was the one where Jimmy got hit in the dick with a bullet belt, saw it later on, thought it was a spider bite, went to the hospital then remembered what had happened earlier so he ran away. There is more to it than that but you'd have to have Jimmy tell you.

MRR: Tell me about Konton records...
混沌 Crasher is a product of my loneliness, boredom, manic depression and love for raw punk. I was in a really bad state of mind a few years back and needed to do something to snap myself out of it. I needed something to occupy my time, a label just made sense. I love nothing more than raw punk, crasher crust, d-beat etc... I knew starting a band that style is almost out of the question in Cleveland so I decided to start up Konton. It's given me a chance to work with some of my best friends. It's gotten amazing bands heard outside of their local scenes. Most important is it's given me something to look forward to. 混沌 Crasher is my life.

MRR: Ok.... WORD ASSOCIATION!!
Onion: My armpits
Wattie: Attack/Alternative EP!
Grandmas House: "ah fuck, it's a holiday?!"
Zombie: Great flick!
Neil Diamond: the *true* King Diamond.
Solidarity: Punks.
Snuggle: Miss ya Chuck!
Soap: Spikes.
Cider: Love!
Pimple: Where?

MRR: Tell me about your trip to Japan.
Japan was insane! I went with Alex Warhead at the end of 2008 and have been trying to get back ever since. I went all over Honshu Island. Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka, Saitama, Hiroshima. I got to see System Fucker's first ever gig!!! They played with CFDL, Acrostix, D-Clone, Isterismo, Darge and Attack SS... How's that for a line up?! I also got to see Tetsu Arrei, Forward, Warhead (twice), Systematic Death, Jhabara and a few others. I spent my entire life savings on records. I recorded a "demo". I drank good beer out of a vending machine on a street corner. I ate french fries out of a vending machine. I got to meet a ton of new friends. Saw some of the coolest parks and shrines. Saw the true effects of nuclear war and had my mind blown. Rode on a bullet train. So much stuff... there is really no way to tell it...you just have to see it all!

MRR: If the shit hit the fan, no electricity, pandemonium, onset of material law, what would you do?
Get on a roof, lie back in a lawn chair, crack a beer and watch it all burn.

MRR: So. I think we've gotten to know you a little better. Any acknowledgments/thanks/comments?
Cheers to: Magners Cider, any cheap beer, Cece, Alex Warhead, all the bands on Konton Crasher and every raw punk crasher out there!!! Everyone else F.O.A.D.!

NEGAZIONE

Formed in 1983, Negazione were part of the early legendary Italian hardcore scene. Even though they broke up in 1992, many still remember their devastating gigs, both in Italy and abroad, and their mark on the world hardcore scene has never been forgotten. Here the guitarist, Tax, answers our questions.

Interview by Roberto Sivilia, translation by Andrea Marra.

MRR: Aren't you tired of being interviewed about Negazione, with the same questions you got twenty years ago?
[laughter] That's one I've never been asked before. But no, I myself am not tired but I'm wondering whether or not the readers may be. Of course I'm glad about the interest in the band, even nowadays... though I think punk rock and hardcore, or whatever it is, should be focused more on the present, rather than on a remote past. We should never forget, but wouldn't it be more interesting to use our energy to create something now?

MRR: Had there been the chance to use the internet in 1983, do you think that things would have been different for Negazione?
I don't think so. We were able to organize shows and records without any money, we'd send letters with soap on the stamps, so we could reuse them, we'd make free phone calls by using an iron wire... or with "DIY" phone cards. So maybe it's your intentions that make the difference, not the means you have.

MRR: Give us a detailed list of all your drummers. Go.
You're crazy, there're far too many of them! Anyway, Orlando, our first, he had played with me in 5# Braccio, then Roby Vernetti, bass in Indigesti, electronic drums and a couple of shows. Following that was Michele in '84 and on the early records. Fabrizio Fiegl (R.I.P.) from '85 to '88, the only real fourth member of Negazione, including the lover-style arguments... Then we had Rowdy the Flying Dutchman on the '88 tour, Elvin Betty in '89 and on the Behind the Door record, Mr. Bone of Upset Noise for a few months and shows in Germany only. We then had Jeff a.k.a. "Neffa" Pellino on the 100% LP and on the US tour. Finally, Massimino, ex Indigesti etc. at Monsters of Rock and, ten years later, on a single recorded track called "Giochi nel vento", released on the 2002 compilation. I hope I'm not forgetting anyone...

MRR: Tutti Pazzi, your first EP, auctioned off on Ebay for roughly one hundred euros. What does that feel like? Are you sorry you didn't stash away a few boxes of the record?
I think it's stupid to pay so much for a piece of plastic, all the more so if it's by a band like ours. Record collecting is like blackmail, and I'm sorry our records are exploited to make money. Then again, people are free to waste their money however they want to...

MRR: At the peak of your popularity you were no longer able to manage yourselves and, bravely, you broke up. Looking back, do you think that now you'd be able to handle the same situation, even with another band and/or other people?
There are too many variables, who knows? I still think we did the right thing to quit when we did, rather than deciding to go into uncharted territory. It wouldn't have lasted very long anyway. Nowadays I have no idea, because the "same situation" no longer exists, which is normal.

MRR: Ever since your break-up you've always said and written that Negazione will never reunite, not even for a single show. So what do you think of the recent, more or less impromptu, reunions of bands like Impact, Declino, Crash Box, etc?
I went to see Impact and it was great to meet them after so long. I'm happy for them and for anyone who can do these things and have fun. I can't. Not for the time being, at least. It's not a question of principle, even though I still think that it's better to leave a good memory rather than a faded one... But it's not just that. The instinct is missing, or maybe it's just me, I don't know.

MRR: What do you miss about all the time you spent in Negazione?
The sense of having a mission and a family, being on tour. I used to think that life couldn't get any better than being in a band, in a van, playing all over for as long as possible. Now there are other things that make me feel good, obviously, and I'm lucky enough to be able to make a living playing music, although it is in a different context. But I certainly miss the sense of being in a band.

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10 Anni Di Mucchi Selvaggi E Ossa Rotte In Italia - 10 Years Of Wild Bunches and Broken Bones in Italy is a chaos zine released by **LoveHate80.it**, a website about Italian hardcore punkrock from the 80s. **Lovehate80.it** is now finishing up two new projects: a book and a DVD movie both dealing with the 80s Italian punk! The book will feature 420 pages including opinions and contributions by 139 people involved in the old Italian scene (Negazione, Raw Power, Wretched, Indigesti, Peggio Punx, etc) with exclusive never-before-seen photographs and illustrations. These two projects, the book and the movie are planned to be out in mid-2012. If someone is interested in translating the book for USA or for Europe, get in touch with **Lovehate80.it:** giorgio@lovehate80.it. The movie will be subtitled in English.

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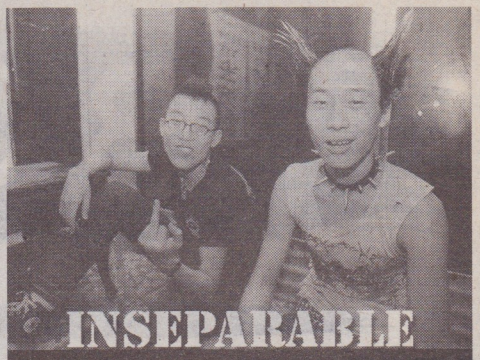

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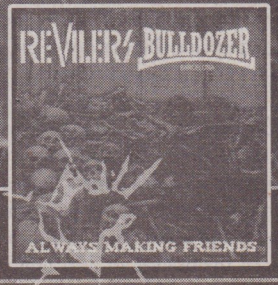

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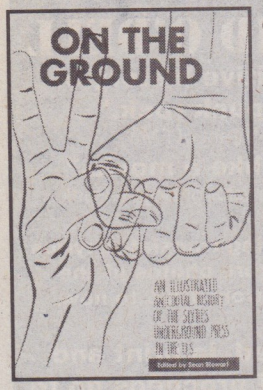

***On the Ground: An Illustrated History of the Sixties Underground* Press**
Edited by Sean Stewart
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There are over a dozen books on the '60s underground press so one has to always first ask what does this one do that's different? Well first, it looks better. The eye-candy appeal of its pages will insure this book's future as an impulse buy I'm sure. There appears to be a catchy full color design for every page of text, which makes it easy to pick up between moments of meaningful conversation. Striking visuals seemed to be a necessity for the Hippy newspapers at the time, whose approach was in contrast to the boring mainstream press. The fact that the mainstream papers haven't seemed to change much since then probably speaks much to the so-called death of print.

If you read some of the first person history books like *We Got the Neutron Bomb*, *Please Kill Me*, or *Gimme Something Better*, you will be comforted with *On The Ground*'s carousel of talking heads. Even if you haven't read any of those books you will recognize the same storytelling maneuvers used as in modern day documentary films. Many of the people interviewed are fun company with lively stories to tell. The worst you will find are some passages straying off topic or coming across like some personalized scribbles in a high school yearbook. But the narrative moves pretty fast, and if you don't like a particular perspective, a different one is close behind. The scene of characters this book covers is a broad enough spectrum to include politically committed activists as well as practical jokers—thereby creating a mix of the deadly serious with clowns talking from the side of their lips. For example *The Realist* ran a story of Lyndon Johnson fucking the bullet wounds of Kennedy. The book notes this story, then quickly segues into the student take over of Columbia University, and the discovery of military ties with the school from liberated files.

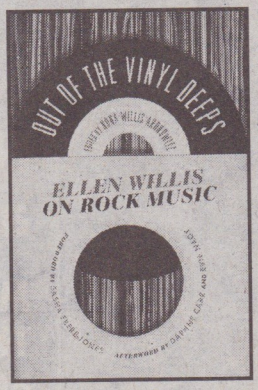
What makes this book unique is that these are recent interviews—fucking forty years later! This also means that a lot of the celebrities who were on hand when a similar book was made in, say 1980, are now gone. People like Abbie Hoffman or Eldridge Cleaver had their day in the sun. Their absence now allows for more of the people involved to get space to tell the story. Ever hear of Billy X Jennings, Judy Gumbo or Thorne Dreyer? Well you will hear from them directly. With all the platitudes that the Left makes about the grassroots and all—in the end it has to release itself from the same trappings of celebrity culture. As such, this book accomplishes a demystification of what it takes to create change. The big city/movement papers are represented with the *Black Panther*, *LA Free Press* and *The Chicago Seed*, but there is also careful attention paid to many of the smaller papers as well: *SF Express Times*, *The Austin Rag* and *Black Mask* get a fair amount of play. The book seems to pretty much stay in the US, even though there were some incredible papers made in strange languages elsewhere around the world at the time. Oddly enough the book also covers the Comix movement, mostly associated with R Crumb and Spain Rodriguez.

On The Ground is divided into nine sections following the script others have written about the movement of the time. To summarize in a more cartoon-like manner for you: the papers started off as a flower in a cheerless mausoleum sort of country. Modern, but puritanical. The brave and inventive flower standing alone found a few friends and celebrated their uniqueness. Very quickly they noticed themselves to be a bouquet. The explosion of styles and approaches was infectious—and it seemed likely that soon the country around them would blossom as well. Some within the bouquet started to question their internal oppression, and then—suddenly—a boot stomped the flowers, those that have remained wilted ever since. Any youth or counter culture movement since then is not worthy of mention.

This last part isn't the explicit statement of the book but it's definitely inferred. The biographies at the book's end trace scant activity from these activists the past twenty years. I have to wonder how this narrative reinforces hungry minds in search of liberation to be left to wander the psychedelic dungeon of 1965-1975. Baby Boomers can be quite narcissistic about their time and forget that resistant movements go through periods of boom and bust—the essential factor is making revolution. So there's not much to give us a sense of that continuity of struggle. Take for example *MRR*'s Tim Yohannon: he worked on an obscure hippy paper at the time—but he sure didn't stop revolting after 1973. But I suppose to address that story would be a larger project with a larger cover price.

The arrival of this book seems to come at a time of transition for the culture at large as well as for the tools of communication we're used to. The hippy newspapers covering their own age of rapid transition may just represent a heightened epoch in the evolution of print technology and human endeavor in that field. As the name Devo implies—it's all down hill from here. As I write this in early 2012, the news that major movie studios plan to terminate using actual film ushers in a new standard. Many ways of doing things in the 20th century are going out the door, and it doesn't seem we have much input on the matter. Many major city newspapers have stopped printing the past couple years and I imagine the newspaper itself is soon to be a rare sight. The only likely way people will encounter the remnants of these deteriorating hippy papers will be in documents like this book. But whether anything as insane and vital will come out of projects such as this remains to be seen.

— Robert Eggplant



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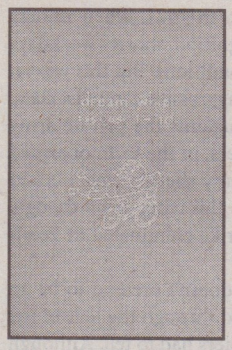
Ellen Willis was a feminist and a rock critic back when rock'n'roll and feminism were generally thought to be opposed to one another. Growing up in the '70s and '80s, I remember this dichotomy well. As a teenage punk rocker I went through a heavy rock'n'roll stage in the mid-'80s—Black Flag had long hair, Red Kross and The Melvins covered Kiss, Saint Vitus were ripping off Black Sabbath and I was learning to play drums—pretty soon I was skating to Led Zeppelin and Cream instead of JFA and The Big Boys. Maybe not coincidentally this is also when I started to question sexism within punk. I stumbled upon a used paperback published by second wave feminist Shelia Rowbotham called *Women's Consciousness, Man's World* (1973) that provided a feminist analysis of the '60s counterculture. Playing in an all girl band at the time, it didn't seem like the '80s punk scene was all that different in terms of male domination. I loved rock'n'roll and punk but there were not enough girls in bands and way too many in behind-the-scenes support roles (not to mention the groupie economy). I was totally boy crazy yet wanted a girl revolution and I didn't want to have to take sides! I started my fanzine *Jigsaw* as a possible solution to this impossible conundrum. Discovering Ellen Willis reminds me that criticism is a means of resistance, a

way to change society by asking questions and writing yourself into existence. Her voice is essential to those of us who negotiate our love of music with our feminism.

This is not to say that *Out of the Vinyl Deeps* is full of political diatribes about gender/power. That just happens to be part of what Ellen Willis writes about here. Mostly, this is a book of stellar rock criticism by a super smart, aesthetically engaged music fan that happens to be a feminist and loves to dance and hang out and listen to records. Her ideas are complex but she is clear and not fancy or academic. Her writing voice is analytical and inward. Some of the hippy vernacular is there but she generally doesn't write in a conversational way; she's an essayist, so there's a traditional literary form to most of her pieces. Contrary to the narcissistic, kinetic, explosive style of some of the male rock writers at this time, she's self-aware, reflective and careful with her choice of words but her writing loses none of its urgency. Instead of telling her readers what to think, she offers her perspective, grounded in her experience, all the time questioning what things mean and why. I imagine her spending a lot of time being social and then purposively isolating herself in order to distill her experiences into thoughtful critique. The time spent alone necessary to write seems to have given her the space to be both a feminist and a rock'n'roll fan. The result is compelling and necessary. You get the feeling that her work truly mattered and made a difference in people's lives. It definitely enhanced the cultural narrative of her time, leaving us with a document that reflects both cultural struggle and aesthetic lineage, making it excellent for anyone interested in the history of feminist thought and rock'n'roll/youth culture.

Reading this book, I'm certain that it was necessary for Ellen Willis to write in order to exist. I'm not talking about survival in terms of food and water and paying rent, but cultural survival, carving out a space to breath in a world that hates women and spreads misogyny into every aspect of our lives, including our personal relationships, fashion, politics and even our favorite songs. By publishing her thoughts instead of keeping them to herself, she helped move things forward. In that sense, this is a radical book. I hope it inspires more feminist music criticism. We need it.

—Tobi Vail



Dream Whip Issues 1-10
Bill Brown
352 pages • Sliding scale $10-14
Microcosm
636 S.E. 11th ave
Portland, OR 97214
www.microcosmpublishing.com

Dream Whip is, obviously, an anthology of the eponymous zine. Written by a fellow named Bill Brown, it spans 1994-1999 and is about his apparently seriously epic trip across country. "Trip across country" is a possibly little misleading. I don't get the sense that Bill traveled nonstop, so much as just not being very settled during this time period. He speaks of living (and working) in quite a few cities, not just ones he merely traveled through. It's hard to get a sense of exactly what Bill's life was like in a day-to-day way during this time period because this story is not a liner narrative. Bill doesn't tell us how he started in this city, went to that one, and ended over there. Nope, these are just totally unconnected vignettes. In this first few issues, this comes off as very experimental. The stories are extremely short—sometimes just a paragraph possibly accompanied by a sketch and at other times just a three panel comic. The length of the story matches the length of the zine itself—the first issue is a mere ten pages, the later issues are far longer. During the earlier issues he also really plays with the layout, format, and style, which, instead of being distracting is kind of cool. As time goes on he gets a little more straightforward in his formatting and his narrative. I think the shift is good—by having the scenes last longer than a paragraph you can get drawn in more, you begin to feel like you're actually reading a travel anthology instead of some experimental art book. This sort of thing is exactly what I love about anthologies. I love seeing the subtle changes that take place over a large span of time collected all together in one place.

Bill alternates back and forth between hand writing, typing, and drawing his stories, with an occasional news-clipping or photograph. I felt like I particularly enjoyed Bill's escapades because we seem to enjoy doing the same things while traveling: namely, hitting up kitschy road side attractions, eating at greasy spoon diners (Shout out to best of the best, the Olneyville New York System, in Providence RI.) and drinking way too much coffee. Also, we both love Ferries. Another thing I totally appreciated was how fun it is to read about someone's perceptions of some place they've been to ten years before you ever set foot there. Like when Bill starts talking about all the Subways he's been to. I have been to all of the same ones, and when he described the BART as "plush," I couldn't stop laughing. Anyone who has set foot on those urine stained carpets would have a hard time imagining BART as ever being "plush." In fact, I am fairly certain Iggy Scam was writing about how disgusting those seats were before Bill ever put pen to paper, but I could be wrong.

Despite all my praise, Bill Brown falls prey to a stylistic preference that seems all too common in Microcosms books. It's something that I refer to as "The Smarmy Dude Syndrome." Imagine for a second someone talking to you, telling you the story of their travels. Imagine if some man said this to you: "This city is a crazy girl and he's in love...he'd wandered every back street and every steep hill, and he'd even visited the scary places at night, because he wanted to know everything about her. So now he's achy and flushed and he wants to kiss her. But he knows if he kisses her, his lings will fill up with sea fog, and it'll kill him... She'd wear his name on her street like a mysterious tatoo[*sic*], and he'd promise to go everywhere with her....he doesn't want to go crazy like that. He's a flatland boy and he's scared of that girl with her breakneck hills and her hair-triggered fault-lines." If some person started talking like that to me I'd think they were either hitting on me or ridiculously pretentious or both. I mean, for real. Who talks like that? And also, is he talking about himself in the third person or is he relating the words of some other man, left unnamed for artsy reasons? I personally suspect he's trying to talk about himself. Good rule of thumb: Talking about yourself in the third person is never acceptable in polite society. While Mr. Brown doesn't descend into that psuedo-emotionally-available-overly-descriptive writing style too often, even doing it once is too much in my opinion. All in all, I quite enjoyed this pocket sized book, in spite of it's occasional forays into pretentiousness. If you like travelogues that are neither too cutesy nor too artsy nor too dry, I think you'll find *Dream Whip* to be an enjoyable afternoon read.

—Ariel Amend-all

Venezuela: Revolution as Spectacle
Rafael Uzcátegui
232 pages • $16.95
See Sharp Press
PO Box 1731
Tucson, AZ 85702
www.seesharppress.com

Judging by the sheer volume of texts treating the subject, a few of which I have reviewed in these pages, certain sectors of the left have a curious love affair with the Chavez government in Venezuela. On top of the garden-variety fetishization inspired by most Latin American leftisms (Zapatistas, Bolivia, et. al.), Hugo Chavez—and his attempt to inaugurate an era of "Bolivarian Socialism"—seems to garner the most fervent infatuation, the most insufferable hagiographies and the most celebrity friends. Rafael Uzcátegui's book, *Venezuela: Revolution as Spectacle*, aims to disrupt this circuit by providing an anarchist critique of the Chavez government.

Now, any easy consensus of the kind the Chavez government inspires should— *should*—arch the eyebrow of suspicion in any reasonable person. I mean, would you take at face value a resume with All the Right References, or a prospective romantic partner who looks great on paper? Alas, Uzcátegui seems to be the only canary in this particular coalmine, or at least the only one willing to turn this mistrust into a book, and so his text is admittedly quite relevant and important, in spite of being slightly dull and occasionally weakly argued (more on this later).

Structurally, Uzcátegui's claims are compelling. He first identifies a false opposition between Chavez supporters and right-wingers, both of whom speak in more or less apocalyptic terms about why "You" need "Us" to protect against

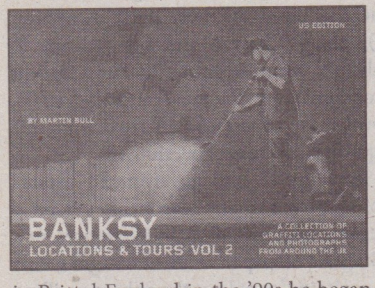
"Them." Having done away with that by affirming the existence of robust, anti-statist social movements in Venezuela – the "third way," as it were – Uzcátegui argues primarily that: (a) the Chavez government fails according to its own criteria (in that, in spite of its own proclamations, it pretty much totally sucks at improving the lives of its citizens), and (b) that it represents not a radical break with the past but a continuation of a certain variety of statist, populist, strongman-centered politics in Venezuela.

As long as the author sticks to these two tacks, he's golden, as he shows in detail the Chavez government's continuities with previous Venezuelan regimes, and its truly bewildering attempts to foster bottom-up social change through top-down initiatives. Further, he makes an exhaustive inventory of the various and sundry miseries of daily life in Venezuela, many of which have either plateaued or escalated under Chavez, in addition to giving a rigorously detailed account of the development of the country's allegedly-nationalized petroleum industry and the various concessions it has had to make to private enterprise. As informative as these accounts are, because of both the nature of their task—demystifying illusion with cold, empirical fact—and their sheer mass (they take place in two lengthy chapters which make up the bulk of the text), they tend to be roughly style-free, and the effect can be stultifying to even the most generous reader. Part of this is surely necessary, but I did after a time suffer from a rather crippling statistic-fatigue.

All of this is tightly argued so long as it stays on message. However, a few troubling tendencies do come up that are worth noting. First, Uzcátegui's attempts at immanent critique—that is, to show that the perception and reality of the Chavez regime do not match up, allowing dear Hugo to hoist himself with his own petard—occasionally lapse into merely pointing out that Chavez's state socialism isn't anarchism. Which, okay, fair point, but it's not exactly the proper criteria for the task at hand; it's the equivalent of complaining that a turkey sandwich would be so much better if only it were a roast beef sandwich (I'm hungry). Second, while the author frames his analysis in terms of Guy Debord's notion of "society of the spectacle," it isn't clear to me that this appeal does anything more for his argument than calling the way the Chavez government presents its own accomplishments simply a "sham." That is, the technical meaning of "spectacle" for Debord (that it is a social relation, much like capital for Marx) isn't really tarried with, and thus theory begins to function in the text as mere confirmation or authority, rather than interlocutor. Lastly—and this isn't a criticism, more a curiosity, having little to do with Uzcátegui's own work—it is worth remarking that the editor/translator Chaz Bufe claims, in his brief Translator's Note, that he "rearranged the structure of the book" more or less completely, without ever telling us what might have compelled him to do so. Again, this is somewhat minor, but it does cast a certain amount of doubt as to what version of Uzcátegui's argument we're getting.

None of this is should be enough to prevent you from reading this book if you're into the topic, especially because it is one of the few books on the subject that won't stoke the Chavez mythos or, alternately, claim that the solution to all of this mess is (surprise!) privatizing industry and liberalizing economic markets. However, one does still hold out hope for a slightly better book on this subject in the future.

— Maxwell Tremblay



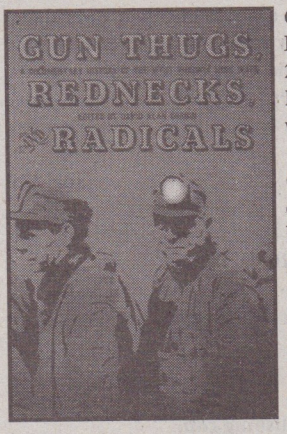
Banksy: Locations And Tours Vol 2: A Collection of Graffiti Locations and Photographs From around The UK
Martin Bull
180 pages • $20
www.pmpress.org

To understand this book you have to have followed the Banksy phenomenon a little. Starting out in Bristol England in the '90s he began using stencil graffiti to convey subtle political messages… rats going to work, monkeys with road-drills, cops kissing etc. It is obvious that Banksy is at least aware of Crass's stencil campaign in London in the late '70s, as much of his work gives more than a nod in their direction. It was when he started to hit London that people began to take notice and his stencils became larger and had more impact… soldiers with flowers in their rifles, Mickey Mouse and Ronald McDonald holding hands with a napalmed child. While living in London these images on the way to work were a little fuck you to the establishment and always made me crack a smile.

Now, the manner in which Banksy fits into the graffiti subculture is a subject that has caused much controversy. People have been subverting messages and saying fuck you to the world with spray cans waaay longer that Banksy has been around, and the emergence of "street art" after Banksy became a sensation has made most true graf writers gag. Picture this: some new band turns up at the venue you have been running forever, they're a little different and don't quite fit in but are good for sure… Suddenly they become huge, don't give any props to the venue or bands they played with and now every cunt wants to sound like them and assumes they created it all. That's sort of how the graffiti world sees him. That aside there is no denying the huge impact on the illegal art counterculture he has made and his consistent jabs at the mainstream is still worthy.

Banksy's relevance to the art and graffiti world aside, this is a tremendous little book. Each page has a piece of Banksy's work and a map reference to find it (if it still exists). Author Bull also gives some history to each piece and any bits of information he has gleaned about each one, including ones that have been buffed or defaced. Bull is clearly just a fan and doesn't bog the book down with any art or graffiti theory. Even if you have no plans to actually go out and find these pieces in London and Bristol this book is a worthwhile addition to the weightier *Banksy: Wall And Piece* which Banksy himself put together.

—Tim Brooks



Gun Thugs, Rednecks, and Radicals
Edited by David Alan Corbin
288 pages • $20
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

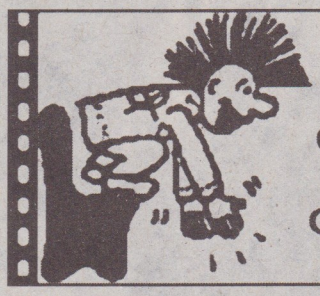
Gun Thugs, Rednecks, and Radicals is an interesting little book about a little-talked-about but quite large industrial conflict in West Virginia 1912, and again in 1921, when miners struck for union recognition, shorter workdays and better working conditions. But this was an era of a more openly aggressive capitalist class. The miners went up against the private army of the coal mine owners, in the form of armed mine guards and deputy sheriffs who were in the pay of the coal companies. The miners didn't take this lying down though: they armed themselves and went to war. The 1921 strike culminated in President Harding sending in the army.

The thing I appreciate about this book is that it doesn't pretend to be an equal representation of all the sides involved. It is told through the lens of the miners themselves, not dealing with the story the owners had to tell. Although it is usually appropriate to hear a balanced version of events, occasionally it is nice to hear the story from the mouths of people who are on the side you're on. *Gun Thugs* does that well, it paints a vivid picture of a thriving working class movement that was on its feet and fighting. It doesn't come across as utopian, or present a flawless picture of the miners or the various political tendencies that were at work within the miners' movement.

The only thing I could have done without was the focus on some of the larger labor personalities who were involved—they are folks who have plenty written about them already (maybe source material directly from the miners doesn't exist, I am not an expert). Either way, this is a worthwhile book about an incident in American labor history that is largely forgotten but perhaps in these turbulent times, should be remembered.

— Isaac Pirie

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

FREAK SCENE

Kill Your Boss (Döda din chef) is an odd band documentary. The film follows the Finnish D-beat band Tinner as they do a photo shoot and then tour around Europe. In between the drummer Grulle espouses on punk theory while washing dishes at his day job. The photo shoot gets a good amount of screen time since the band needs to go buy stockings to wear over their heads for it. That trip to the store is included.

For a documentary ostensibly about a band, there is very little of the band's music included. Most of the music is from other bands: Grudge, Motorhead, and oddly Bon Jovi. I am more than perplexed by this—the live performances consist of starts and stops without the middle parts. The one song that is shown at some length includes subtitled lyrics that go "PC - What is it? PC - What is it?" and so on. It is introduced as an anti-PC song. What is lamer than a pro-PC song? You guessed it.

Tinner strikes the punk pose, but they seem to miss the point of it. The most entertaining is their claim of supporting the DIY method of touring. Grulle boasts Finland's Tuska Open Air Metal Festival is the ultimate DIY show and he is excited to be included. I don't see any sponsorship or advertising at the scene, but when the main outdoor stage is shown there are large television screens on each side of it. In the line-up for 2011 the year Tinner played is Exodus, Morbid Angel, Killing Joke and Agnostic Front among fifty others for the three-day festival. Of course, Tinner doesn't play on the big stage they play a smaller, indoor one. If this is actually a DIY festival, then whoever put it on did a great job.

Conversely, when the band arrives in Bologna, Italy for a show at a squat, they are outraged that the show will be happening in a field where the band will play in a gazebo. They even go as far as to say they will refuse to play if there is no admission fee charged. They do end up playing, but their disgust at this unconventional show venue is really confusing. It actually looks like it would be a fun place to play and falls more into my definition of a DIY show. Unfortunately, the actual show is not shown so all the viewer has to go on was that Tinner got paid enough to buy their next round of stockings. I guess that means it was successful since we don't hear anymore about it.

Kill Your Boss is being promoted as a punk version of **Anvil**. It is hard to connect with Tinner. They spout a bunch of punk rhetoric then act like pouting children before shows. When they play a festival in the Netherlands they complain that all the bands on the bill suck so no one will probably show up. All I can think is that obviously they belong there. Anvil has an underdog quality. They weren't the greatest band, but you wanted to root for them because they seemed like nice guys who were really trying. I could care less if Tinner succeeded. I guess it is their cluelessness that bares the resemblance.

I hope the comic subtleties of **Kill Your Boss** got lost in translation. I watched it twice to make sure I didn't miss something. It doesn't appear that I have. (www.inbreedfilm.com)

I like the concept behind the **Dinosaur Jr. Bug Live at the 9:30 Club: In the Hands of the Fans** DVD. Six fans are chosen through a contest to film Dinosaur Jr. performing their 1988 "Bug" album in Washington, DC. The six videos will then be edited into what we see on this DVD. Simple enough.

Overall the filming is pretty tame. There are the basic shots of a band performing live: long shots, close ups of band members and instruments, shots of the audience, etc. There is a camera up in the balcony that gets the wide shot of the whole stage. When I film bands I usually go for these same types of shots. However, with me it is just one camera. If I had five plus other cameras to work with, I would have tried some more adventurous shots. Then again how adventurous can you really get filming a band that mostly stays in one place like Dinosaur Jr.? Maybe all the weird shots got left on the editing room floor.

The idea of a band only performing songs from a single album still seems like a weird one to me. I am sure some people like to know exactly what they are going to get before paying their money to see a show. But being this precise, knowing not only all the songs, but also the order they will be done in seems too much. Where's the spontaneity? How will you complain later that they didn't do your favorite song? I like to be surprised and if a band is good enough they should be able to get you to enjoy the songs you didn't even know you liked.

The extras are the fun part of **Dinosaur Jr. Bug Live at the 9:30 Club: In the Hands of the Fans** DVD. Henry Rollins interviews the band before the performance. He describes himself as a "triple XL Dinosaur Jr. fan." He asks interesting questions and kisses their asses a lot. The Rollins interview contrasts nicely with the interview questions the contest winners ask the band backstage. There are also interviews with J. Mascis and director of this DVD Dave Markey about the old days of the band when Nirvana used to open up for them as well as Rollins talking about the history of the 9:30 Club. Ian MacKaye gets billing on this DVD too, but only shows up in a photo taking montage at the beginning.

I would have enjoyed seeing more of the audition videos for this contest. The few shown during the beginning introduction sequence seem rather lackluster. If this were the best these guys could do, why were they chosen? It also seems strange that only men were selected. I thought perhaps mostly men like Dinosaur Jr., but then seeing the first row of people in the audience; it is a majority of women. I guess no women entered the contest.

Dinosaur Jr. Bug Live at the 9:30 Club: In the Hands of the Fans DVD is a great idea even if the execution could have been better. I am sure if you are a fan of Dinosaur Jr. and in particular of their album "Bug" you won't care about that. The audio sounds really good. (www.mvdvisual.com)

Although it is too early for me to review it this month, by the time this issue of *MRR* hits the streets I will have a seen the restored version of the 1927 silent film **Napoleon** on April 1st at the Paramount Theater. It is playing for four nights and is the first time the film will be shown in its entirety in the United States even though the complete restoration was finished in 2000. The screening will consist of three film screens and a full orchestra plus the film is five and a half-hours long. I am really looking forward to it. I'll let you know how it went next month.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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ABOLITIONIST / FOOLS RUSH – split 45

As a preface, I do not have the fixation on raw recordings that many of my colleagues and compatriots have. I'd much rather hear a recording sound appropriate for whatever particular band I'm listening to, or at least be able to hear what is going on. That said, the recording on this split is so clean and flat and dead and drab that I can't even remember what the songs sound like (and yes, both bands were recorded by the same person). It's not even how clean the recording is that's a problem, it's how equal everything sounds. It's not big or lush or warm or dynamic, just flat and dead. FOOLS RUSH plays pop-punk-inflected music with a hint of region rock, a dash of folk punk, and a definite appreciation for HOT WATER MUSIC. ABOLITIONIST plays gloomy power pop, perhaps akin to a less dynamic, way more American TERRIBLE FEELINGS (read: not as good as TERRIBLE FEELINGS). The only other major concern I have is that the songwriting seems one-dimensional. Both bands should get out from under the oppressive recording treatment that was done unto them on this record (it's that bad). (LP)
(1859)

AGATHA – LP

This record is so good! Eight songs of dark, bleak and aggressive punk rock. AGATHA put out an incredibly good EP last year, and this LP picks up right where they left off, but the quality of the recording is way better. The guitar is much thicker and the whole sound is much fuller. This recording does an amazing job at capturing the excitement and urgency of one of Seattle's best current bands. They play a weird kind of hardcore that's like a faster, brattier, street-punk, queer-positive take on the NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS style. All played with vocals that change from a gruff growl to soaring at the drop of a hat. This lady can belt it out! It's all with done with thoughtful, personal-as-political lyrics. These guys are fucking weirdos. Nothing about this feels normal. It's music that will give you the chills and keeps you on the razor's edge, start to finish. (FS)
(Rumbletowne)

AKKOLYTE – "Clues in the Chaospile" LP

Bass/drum grind duo meets SLEEPYTIME GORILLA MUSEUM's weirdness, resulting in a cacophony that can only be described as prog grind. These brothers have been at this racket for years, and while I think that many of their previous vinyl releases have fallen short of their vision, this may well be their opus. Apocalyptic and bizarre mania played by dudes who spend as much time with free jazz as with NAPALM DEATH—it's fukkn out there, and certainly not for everyone, but if you get it, then this full-length is mesmerizing. Glad that they have finally dished the record that was always struggling to come out. (WN)
(Tofu Carnage / Time Killer)

AMAZING TAILS – "Human Error" EP

A four track reunion EP from this Finnish band that formed in the late '80s by Ex-members of IRSTAS and VIVISEKTIO who disbanded in 1994. AMAZING TAILS released one LP and several EPs of US-styled post-hardcore melodic punk. Think DAG NASTY, the second JUSTICE LEAGUE LP, SECOND WIND, later GOVERNMENT ISSUE or HUSKER DU, where it's still on a framework of hardcore, but serving melody in equal time with speed. Oddly, that makes the mood created here seemingly most akin to post hardcore band JAWBOX in the guitar leads and attack, coupled with the introspective lyrics. With two new members and the benefit of modern recording, there's a bit more overdrive, impact and power to this that some of the band's earlier records. Yet the inflection of the vocals, sung in blunt, non native English occasionally put off this impact in it's cadence and emphasis—sounding like the record belt is wearing out and dragging in odd places, except when they blast boisterous, Finnish punk style. This doesn't diminish the joy of hearing a really great rendition of a currently totally forgotten style of hardcore. Solid EP! (KS)
(SP)

ANTI-ARMADA – LP

Packaged in a white inner sleeve with two stickers (song titles and a band logo) with solid black labels, it's a pretty unforgiveable, unappealing record as there's no information about this New Jersey band, their lyrics, intent or meaning. Ten-fifteen years ago this type of no frills packaging would be acceptable to get the music available on a broader scale and make the lyrics and message of the band available cheaply. There's not even a xeroxed lyrics sheet to that purpose here, which if you can afford to get a record mastered and pressed, you can pretty much afford to go scam 500 copies at Office Max and throw them in with the LP. It's a weird balance with records now, as they serve no purpose beyond a hard document of the culture—most people listen to MP3s, so the care extended into a physical document has to give you more than just the music or Mp3s, so this just comes off as thoughtless. Unless it's being sold for $2 or $3, it's as

much about respect for your ideas in what you are communicating as what you are giving and trying to share to a potential audience. Members of HUASIPUNGO, CEACHE and NO ABUSE, this is pretty relentless, inept, swirling and slathering primal hardcore screamed in Spanish in mid-to-lo-fi dredge recording. Wicked sounding vocals pin this close to 1988 Bogota, but it's largely just simple, crude and fun fits of thrash. Trying to figure more about this band, I check their blog to find them stressing how this record "cannot be listened to by homophobics," but that's completely lost (at least to someone who doesn't understand Spanish) without a lyric sheet or broader attempt to nail their points home. (KS)
(Sin Temores / Ke Ruido Tan Hp)

ARSON – "Coho? Coho!/(Livin' with the) White Folks"

Well here's a furious little single from the fine folks at Ugly Pop. It's been long enough since I've seen anything from this label that I'd thought they'd thrown in the towel, but I guess they were just on hiatus. A bit of research on the ol' interwebs reveals that ARSON was a Toronto super-group (what an awful term by the way) featuring members of VILETONES, the UGLY and others that self-released this single in 1979, never to be pressed again until now. The A-side is an absolute gem, featuring ravenous vokills, a catchy bass line, nasty guitar leads and some mean drumming. Truly a song that lives up to the "ugly pop" name. Give this fucker a whirl and the chorus will be stuck your head for days, guaranteed. The B-side "White Folks" is described by the label as a "slow-burning creepycrawl monster" which is generous at best, but with a smokin' A-side like this, who really cares? (JH)
(Ugly Pop)

L'ASSASSINS – "7pm Go!!!/Backseat Bomp"

Fairly basic, wrong-side-of-the-tracks rhythm and blues, played good and tight by four ladies with that black hair dye, red lipstick, Tura-Satana-loving vibe. I'm sure they're exciting live and I'm sure the room is full of creeps every time they play. (GG)
(Big Action)

ATROCITY EXIBITION – "Shadows Walk Ahead/Entropy"

Operating in a minor key with assertive synthesizers, neo-crooning goth vocals and lyrical imagery evoking bleak evenings with nowhere to go, this is good, dark punk that only suffers from the melodrama it deliberately creates. It's as if they're debating whether to adopt some Rozz-Williams-informed theatrically or just to write borderline moody pop songs. From what these two tracks reveal, they could convincingly go in either direction. (SL)
(Poison Apple)

BAD DADDIES / WHITE FANG – split EP

Two tracks of art-damaged punk rock from WHITE FANG. Totally Chicago-style bleak no future distorted garage. It's got the menace whilst retaining the hooks—a HUMAN EYE with groove. BAD DADDIES manage to squeeze four tracks onto their share of the vinyl. Distorted, rumbling noise rock that would not be out of place on AmRep back in those hazy heydays. All a bit noise-for-noise's-sake, managing to bypass the golden rule of songwriting: write one before you play one. Ah, well. (SD)
(Finch)

LEE BAINS III & THE GLORY FIRES – "There Is a Bomb in Gilead" CD

This is easy listening country music. It sounds modern. It is slick. It is tame. There is no life to it. It lacks everything I listen for in music. (CK)
(Alive Natural Sound)

BENT CROSS – "Solid Cloud" EP

German punk from the infamous St. Pauli area of Hamburg. These six songs are equal parts melody and rock'n'roll swagger balanced out by slightly heavy hardcore and lots of guitar leads. I respect the desire to keep things diverse, but these songs lack the personality to make them memorable. (JH)
(Barfight/Per Koro)

BEAU NAVIRE / REPUBLIC OF DREAMS – split EP

Both bands play a similar style of emo hardcore not unlike the early-2000s stuff on Level Plane—or what the kids like to call screamo. BEAU NAVIRE is in the vein of FUNERAL DINER without the elongated, slow, quiet parts. While I'm not familiar with the band's full catalog, their song "Ghostlike" is easily the best thing that I've heard by them. Without straying far from their normal sound, there is a certain catchy feel in the guitar part that adds an extra element to the chaos. REPUBLIC OF DREAMS is in a similar vein but a little more chaotic, and they just skip any slow, quiet parts altogether. (PA)
(Moment of Collapse / IFB / Parade of Spectres / Pure Heart / Inkblot / React With Protest)

THE BESMIRCHERS – " If Loving you is Wrong..." CD

Scuzzy, shit punk that wants to be G.G. ALLIN meets the DWARVES. The lyrics are meant to be crude and "anti-PC" about fucking girls and rape and drugs and shit. I like fucking as much as any dude, but, man, this leaves nothing to the imagination. The words "cock" and "pussy" lose impact in the repetition. This isn't shocking, it's just boring. The only song worth a damn is the last one that is the sound of violent puking to an epic theatrical musak score. I have to say that the musicianship on here is quite good though. Dudes, leave your neighborhood bar and start a new band that's actually punk. You should have saved the money you wasted on this CD and bought your singer some false teeth and bottle of Viagra. See you in Hell motherfuckers. (MB)
(Puke in the Sink)

BIGGY STARDUST AND HIS WRETCHED HIVE – "Bad Excuse for Bad Manners" LP

Haha, wow! I'm pretty much skeptical of any new release I get from a band I've never heard of, but this BIGGY STARDUST is a real strong starter, and *Bad Excuse* is apparently the second LP from these North Carolina scumbags. I get passed a lot of these over-the-hill, die-already aged punk rocker records, and most of them suck donkey balls. This is one of the few I've heard in a long time that has a *real* unique and timeless sound—just simple, no-frills, rough punk rock'n'roll, here with a bit of a Nor'easter flair à la early GG ALLIN or UNNATURAL AXE. Best of all, the recording doesn't make me think of my dad doing a store demo at Guitar Center. Comes on green wax with a download code. (GB)
(Scat Boy / Mystery School)

BLANK PAGES – "Unseen" EP

This band is from Berlin but if you told me they were from Milwaukee, I would believe you. They play crisp, clear, melodic, thoughtful punk along the lines of RED DONS and the OBSERVERS. There's something about it that reminds me of a more punk SMOKING POPES as well, which is not a bad thing. Bands like these can be a dime a dozen, but BLANK PAGES gives it something extra and stands out from the pack. Maybe it's their knack for a pop hook, their superior songwriting skills or the badass drum fills (I'm a drummer—I live for these things). I don't know. What I do know is that there are four songs on here and they all fuckin' rule. Get it. (GH)
(Taken by Surprise)

BOILERMAN– "Yield the Ghost" EP

I don't know why I thought this was gonna be a ska band. They are definitely a gruff vocals, fast pop punk band and I'm sure these guys are from the Midwest, I'm not even going to fact-check it on the internet. These guitar riffs are all the fact checking I need. But before this review starts to sound too dismissive, I want to mention that this record is actually good. These songs fall somewhere in the range between BANNER PILOT and CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE. Fast enough that high school kids will try to mosh, but still poppy—and only one song (the second one) sounded anything like SCREECHING WEASEL, but it reminded me of all the things I like about that band. It's one of the great pop punk ironies, that even though most of the members of SCREECHING WEASEL are turds, and most of the people that like SCREECHING WEASEL are turds, the band is actually awesome. Anyway, this shit is good. Fuck yeah! (FS)
(Cowabunga)

BRAUSEPÖTER – "Komplett 1979-1991" CD

25 tunes in total, three being live, ten of which comprise unreleased and demo material. Hailing from Rietberg, Germany, and never really achieving much success and recognition outside their homeland. With one foot in the punk camp, the other planted in the new wave school, BRAUSEPÖTER was just too raw to achieve any real impact outside of the punk scene. Coming from the art-school side of punk, with hints of WIRE, PERE UBU, the MEMBRANES, TV PERSONALITIES, etc. It's DIY without falling into the CRASS school of ethics; it's indie punk in the purest John Peel sense. I'm digging. (SD)
(Uberfall)

CAPTIVE BOLT – "Rape, Slaughter, Slavery and Vivsection" EP

Starting out with feedback building up over an audio collage of news clips related to animal rights sabotage, this band then kicks into some pissed, politically charged hardcore punk. Their sound lands somewhere later DROPDEAD (in terms of riffs and rawness) and some decent modern youth crew band that I can't quite name but that has a penchant for buildups and breakdowns when they're out of other song ideas. The slightly scummy vocals definitely help make this record, which carries a heavy vegan message (the cover bears a strong resemblance to that of the *Voice of the Voiceless* comp). The lengthy song explanations are articulate enough but don't really offer any new perspectives on worthwhile issues, and I could do without the (mercifully brief) spoken word à la CODE OF HONOR. Although I don't agree with all aspects of the message (for instance, despite my own veganism of over a decade, I think it's absurd and propagandistic to compare milk production to sexual assault, especially when it's males making the claim), I'm glad to see a band that's actually good taking on such topics. (DG)
(New Ethic)

CARCINOGENZ – "Die" EP

Jeez, what a mindfuck this is. Starting off at 33 RPM, it sounded strange; only after a few songs on 45 did I realize that's how it's meant to be played (on a side note, this is one of those records—like the first VENOM single—that is fun to spin at 33 RPM at least once for maximum brutality). This whole record sounds like it's filtered through a mega reverb/distort/shit machine, so while there's bouncy bass lines and a slightly garage delivery, it still sounds majorly fucked up, like an ape beating trash cans behind a bunch of screaming mongoloids (which, if you've ever been to a punk show in Bakersfield, California, where these guys are from, isn't really too far from the truth). Recommended for demented souls. (JH)
(Going Underground)

THE CHROME CRANKS – "Ain't No Lies in Blood" CD

Like seemingly every other band that has ever existed, the CHROME CRANKS have reformed. As usual it starts off innocently enough being asked to play a one-off show at a festival in Paris. Then whatever they feed you over there starts to gestate the idea that the band should get back together. After breaking up in 1996, the CHROME CRANKS got that invite a few years ago, and now here in 2012 is their new record. Although I will never recommend reuniting for every band, the CHROME CRANKS seem to have done it right. It may be due to them never really seeming get their due back in the '90s even though they had an interesting pedigree of ex-members of HONEYMOON KILLERS, SONIC YOUTH, PUSSY GALORE and MURDER JUNKIES. I recall seeing them play to a less-than-enthusiastic Frisco audience (though quiescent audiences have always been the fashion in this city). The band picks it up where they left off with the same lineup they had in 1996. The music remains a blend of punk attitude, garage riffs, rock'n'roll yelps and primitive drums. It is dirty and sleazy, loud and cacophonous, but very catchy. Singer Peter Aaron howls like a man possessed and the band plods along shambolically without ever missing a beat. If they had miraculously managed to record this CD in that same studio, equipped with all the same equipment set up exactly the same way, this record would probably sound exactly like the stuff they recorded in the '90s. It's close. The songs are there. Good stuff. (CK)
(Thick Syrup)

COLD SNAP – "American Cancer/Spice Island"

Weird. I didn't know young people were still into playing music like this. I guess I would call this post-hardcore or post-rock or emo, maybe even screamo since the singer likes to scream. Both songs have a kinda rocking, brooding, mid-tempo feel like latter-day JAWBREAKER or QUICKSAND—real chimey, slashing-guitar-type shit. I guess it was fun for me to play stuff like this in 1995, so why not in 2115? (GB)
(Get Young)

JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN III – "The Last Donkey Show" LP

Summery and whimsical pop-driven indie rock. This album is filled with playful organs and authoritative horns, and underpinned with tight bass lines and steady rhythm guitars. Lyric-laden to point of this feeling more like a collection of short stories rather than songs. Mature and at times soulful musicianship kept undeniably playful by JOHN W's vocal delivery that leans at times towards being theatrical. Moments of pure genius mixed with just enough rough-around-the-edges natural beauty to create the perfect balance. So yeah—basically, this is great. (GG)
(Goner)

COME TO GET HER – "Life Is Changing" CD

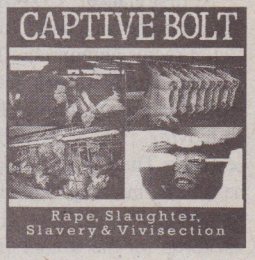
Finally a new band from Eastern Europe (Belarus) that I like. After a run of punk folk and borderline world music bands, this one cranks out some tuneful melodic punk along the ways of 1990 UK groups like LEATHERFACE and MEGA CITY 4. Three guys and a gal with some great guitar interplay and listenable (though somewhat tame) vocals. Not buzzsaw by any means, this band just has a good sound on this seven-song release. I just sensed they weren't from the US. Recommended if you can find it. I noticed their bandcamp page has a free download. (RL)
(self-released)

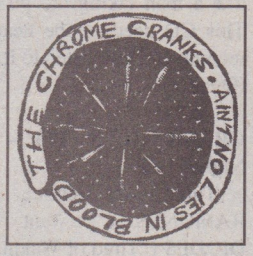
CONFRONT – "The Curtain of an Intense Attack" EP

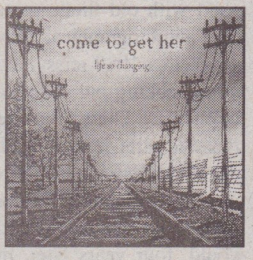
After a mellow, synth-heavy intro that reminded me of the music you'd hear in the background of a romantic scene from a Korean soap opera, CONFRONT rips into some absolutely top-fucking-notch '90s-style Japanese hardcore. If this had come out in '95 on MCR label or H:G Fact, it would be considered a minor classic on par with the GESHPENST EP. The shadow of BASTARD lies heavily over these tracks, but there's a metallic straightforwardness that recalls CRUDE or SLANG as well. I thought the opener ("Brainwashed Head") was the best track, but the incredible solo break and remarkably awesome melodic gang vocals in the closer "Just Keeping My Stance" definitely made it a toss-up. Either way, this is a must-have for anyone who loves this uniquely Japanese style of driving hardcore, and (as much as I made fun of it) the intro and outro make this record a real immersive experience. (AU)
(Not Very Nice)

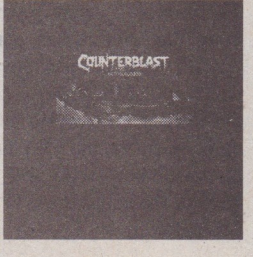
COUNTERBLAST – "Nothingness" CD

In the interest of full disclosure, I know very little about epic crust. My ignorance is mainly by choice, as the genre as a whole doesn't really move me. I prefer music of the short, fast and loud variety. However, I feel like I can appreciate a well-written record regardless of what genre it falls into. So, if you haven't already put two and two together and figured out where I'm going—this is a really good album. COUNTERBLAST is from Sweden and is obviously made up of seasoned musicians. This is not a bunch of oogles who smoked too much weed one night, put on *Dark Side of the Moon* and attempted to start a "progressive" band. The instrumentation on this CD is









prodigious and varied; they use a lot of keyboards and slip in some acoustic parts that, surprisingly, don't seem out of place. The songs are long and steadily paced, and most of them are quite ambient. The label that put this out has also released stuff by MORNE, if you need a reference point. A must-have for genre fans, and worth at least checking out regardless of what your "thing" is. (KM)
(Alerta Antifascista)

COWBONES – "To Speed Shock Spoken" CD

At first glance, "COWBONES" may seem like a dumb name for a band. But after one listen of this CD, it seems appropriate. This is some weird shit, which of course I mean in the best possible way. It is rhythmic punk noise. The songs are minimalist employing a SUICIDE-meets-QUINTRON aesthetic. There is feedback and there are repetitive beats. The music gets really loud and then drones on for minutes, all the while maintaining a catchy backdrop for the stream-of-conscious vocals. The singer B. Fool reminds me of Jon Wayne (of "Texas Funeral" fame) with less cursing. He rambles on like a man taking the piss out of Jim Morrison. This CD needs to be heard to be appreciated. I recommend you listen to it. (CK)
(Ossatur)

CRASH KILLS FIVE – "What Do You Do at Night?" EP

This is a reissue of slow-to-mid-paced RAMONES ("I Want You Around") meets DIODES ("Tired of Waking Up Tired") new wave punk from Canada circa 1980. It's a well-put-together and thoughtful reissue that contains an insert with old fliers, some news clippings and a short autobiographical write-up. For the punk/new-wave-circa-1980 reissue completist, this would be worth seeking out. The songs are catchy and fun to listen to. There aren't really any mind-blowing dynamic parts, just catchy, basic chord progressions and RAMONES-inflected vocals with music that's played competently. Perhaps the most intriguing thing about this record is that this is the band that would, four years later, morph into SHADOWY MEN ON A SHADOWY PLANET! (P$)
(Ugly Pop)

THE CRY – CD

Conventional problems with self-aware power pop bands include style without substance and often substance without style. Dressing up like Paul Weller and having great graphics doesn't entitle a band to make this kind of music if they just can't *write*. The flipside of that might seem a little more controversial. There are many bands that write great songs and declare themselves to be power poppers *moderne*, but the style is missing. Not necessarily in the clothes, although fans of the genre will actually concede that a superficial thing like clothing is part of the package, but "style" entails an elusive swagger. The BAY CITY ROLLERS wrote great power pop songs, but there is no swagger, no rock'n'roll sneer. The point of this is: the CRY have both crucial aspects of power pop: style and substance. Their songs have all the hooks the EXPLODING HEARTS and GENERATION X, with impressive instrumental flourishes as well. By some cosmic fluke, the guitarist's songwriting credit is indicated in the booklet as R. Nelsen, and the uncanny similarity of that name to CHEAP TRICK's Rick Nielsen solidifies the CRY somewhere in the grand lineage of attitude-laden, quality power pop music. (SL)
(SP)

LOS CULITOS – "Un Año Sin Verte" EP

Kinda basic punk rock sung in Spanish. Distorted power chords, basic song structures and rock'n'roll drumming. They play a couple covers (GG ALLIN and VENOM). While nothing in particular stands out, it does seem to lack pretense. Which isn't a bad thing. (P$)
(Teosto)

CÜLO / TENEMENT – split EP

CÜLO has yet to disappoint, and this is another solid piece of work on their part. I feel like these four songs backtrack a bit from the slight snotiness of the previous *Toxic Vision* EP, yet improve on the burly meat-and-potatoes sound of their earlier records. For those unfamiliar, CÜLO plays beefy, abrasive hardcore, with YDI being the most obvious musical comparison; the vocals and production sound like a wall closing in on you, the listener. After CÜLO's side, TENEMENT completely threw me for a loop with their two songs of catchy and slightly dirty mid-'90s style alterna-pop. Reminds me of something I would've heard on the radio in middle school that would've blown my mind. A great pairing of two very different but equally awesome bands. (DG)
(Cowabunga)

CULTURE KIDS – LP

This is good honest we-aren't-here-to-make-pals-we-are-here-to-party-like-motherfuckers '80s influenced West Coast as fuck USHC. It's got a beach-y sound that will surely lead you to the conclusion that these dudes probably surf, probably skate and defiantly smoke a fuck ton of weed whilst drink copious amounts of shitty beer. This Bay Area foursome delivers fast, driving circle pit material with high pitched throaty vocals with some great back ups. The first song on the B-side is a fucking jam starting with some freak out, bad trip shit before launching into some slam dancing material. The lyrics are about being a peace loving hater of bullshit covering self-loathing, mental health, the "Annexation of Puerto Rico" and more—voice of the angry, yet informed pot smoker. The lyrics are intelligent, simple and varied all delivered in danceable and upbeat punk. They come to you on a big, copied sheet with some great artwork that fold out into a drawn and cut and paste collage of a definite THC driven vision. The cover rules. The recording is a little blown out and there are some reverbed vocals giving the record an almost surfy quality but which sounds like what you would hear at a killer show. Great record, great California punk. (MB)
(Make a Mess)

CURTAINS – "Deep in the Night City" LP

This is certainly a surprise—a well-executed CHROME-ish nightmare that sounds like it crawled out of the deepest alley in all of Chicago. In less practiced hands this would be boring cocaine music for nerds to sweat to; instead, it seethes with nervous honesty and vitality. Sounds like the BAUHAUS cover of BRIAN ENOs "Third Uncle" by way of the DAILY VOID, and not just because the DV guy did the art. The playing on this record is expert, the singing is exactly what it should be; this is note-perfect death music with truly memorable songs. I haven't been this impressed by a new band in a very, very long time. Nothing about this sounds forced or fake or over the top, and from the singing to the production, this is an amazingly well-done and above all interesting record. Recommended for fans of bad dreams and dry sex. (BB)
(Dead Beat)

DARK TIMES – "Shallow Breather" EP

This hardcore trio from Oslo tears it up girl style now! Heavy GINN-style riffs, straightforward, pummeling rhythms, and Ann Kirsten's angst-filled hollers point an accusatory finger at every poser in the room. If you tend to find yourself cooking up intricate revenge fantasies, DARK TIMES might be just what you need to follow on through. (FF)
(Sheep Chase)

DEAD GERMAN – "Vicious Repent" LP

It's a shame that this band relies so heavily on the new school of blown-out vocal performance and production; if they didn't, the music would actually back up some savage vocals that didn't sound so artificial. If only the "everything in the red" production style were only applied to the guitars and drums, and not the bulk of the vocals, it could be the framework of a fierce garage band. The drums sound like a garbage can being crushed by a subway train with one microphone overhead, the guitar grumbles convincingly, but the vocals obliterate any potential most of the songs have. During the less harsh moments, some comparatively melodic vocals backed by pseudo-spooky keys enter with crypto-boring, meaningless lyrics, and fixing those particular parts is beyond me. There is enough good material on this record for one instrumental 7". (SL)
(Dead Beat)

LE DEAD PROJET – "Keep on Living" LP

Epic screamo/neo-crust by way of Paris, LE DEAD PROJET plays an atmospheric brand of hardcore that instantly reminded me of the German powerhouse ZORN, with a focus on melody and vocal leads that's decidedly post-something. Wailing guitars and a dynamic, at times chaotic approach to songwriting puts this in the realm of Euro-crust torchbearers ALPINIST, but with a slower, more deliberate feel that fits the raw, heartfelt lyrical delivery well. There are times when this record drags—an inevitability for me since the band never really makes it out of mid-tempo—but LE DEAD PROJET covers a wide range of sonic territory while maintaining an overall coherence that keeps things engaging. When the band does hit its mark, they achieve some of the more compelling moments I've heard in this style. (WB)
(Dingleberry)

DEAD TO A DYING WORLD – "Concrete and Steel" LP

When I first dropped the needle onto this 200-gram beast, my first thoughts were of KYLESA, SKELETON WITCH and AXEGRINDER. Then I found out a member of KYLESA recorded it and one of the NUX VOMICA camp did the artwork and logo. This album is super deluxe, with a sleeve for the gatefold and translucent green vinyl. Very FALL OF EFRAFA in the way that it took four sides of two LP records for these three songs to be pressed! If you like epic blackened crust metal with long intros done well, pick this up. It's worth owning on vinyl in my book...a lot of work went into this flawless record. (AE)
(Tofu Carnage)

DEATHRITE – LP

I thought this was a German black metal record until I put it on. The artwork is black with robed figures (one with a goat head) doing some arcane ritual and the lyrics are pretty gloomy. Not that I would have minded but I'm really stoked that this band plays brutal, crusty fastcore. DEATHRITE sounds part dark hardcore, part powerviolence and part D-beat. The riffs start life as heavy hardcore that gets crusted up a bit before the drummer decides to start grind blasting for about a third of the time. The guitars have a great crunchy tone and the pacing of the songs is punishing: angry parts followed by stompy parts followed by crushing parts. If you were going to listen to a record while beating an enemy to death, this would be a good choice. (BL)
(Per Koro)

DEEP HEAT – "Low Lights" CD

Another Aussie band to watch. This Melbourne four-piece churn out some desperate, punk-tinged indie rock that is one part SLEATER KINNEY guitar interplay, one part WIPERS gloom noise. Good stuff. Fans of OBSERVERS or RED DONS may also enjoy. They call it an EP, but there are eight songs on this CD, that's a full LP in my book. (AM)
(Low Lights)

DEMONSTRATIVE THOUGHT – "Champagne and Acid" 10"

Hey, I've got an idea. I'm gonna start a band with a friend of mine. I'll shred to the point of annoyance while she authoritatively screeches truly incredible lyrics like "Voyeurs gonna glide back into the spicy desert heat" and other total coffee shop mind-blowers. No drums. You heard me, asshole—no fucking drums of any kind. Just the two of us, a laptop and countless hours of meditation, contemplation and masturbation. Then I'll press a one-sided three-song 10" on clear vinyl with an etched B-side. Yeah!!! And it'll come in a die-cut *and* embossed red inner sleeve with foil windows! *Annnnd* the gatefold jacket will be metallic gold (with screened art inside and out too, just for shits and giggles) and perforated to look like a sheet of acid! That's it! That's how I'm gonna package my masterpiece! Wait, what? DEMONSTRATIVE THOUGHT already did all that? Fuck. Guess I'll just keep practicing with my SLAPSHOT cover band and eating my own bellybutton lint. (MC)
(self-released)

DESPOT – "Thoughts" CD

After searching and searching, then searching some more, I came to the conclusion that this has to be the DESPOT from Michigan, not the Scandinavian black metal band, nor the Def Jux rapper. These folks play fast, '80s style hardcore with metallic influences strewn throughout. It's all pretty ho-hum. Lucky for me the band apparently couldn't be bothered by including any contact info or label info within the pages of the booklet that comes with this CD, making my job here quick and concise. Don't bother with this one. (BD)
(no info)

THE DOMESTICS – "Keep It Lean" CD

Rough, mid-paced hardcore with a loose and rowdy hooligan vibe. BLACK SABBATH (first two records) and no particular era of BLACK FLAG and POISON IDEA seem to be the influences that bleed through a decent but generic and nondescript sound that's not particularly bad, but also doesn't really go anywhere for any of this CD's fourteen songs. (DG)
(Kibou)

DOOM TOWN – "Walking Through Walls" EP

Okay, this record doesn't sound as much like the WIPERS as the band name would lead one to believe. It sounds more like the coterie of newer bands that derive influence from the aforementioned Portland legends; the VICIOUS and GORILLA ANGREB are good comparisons. DOOM TOWN also features male and female singers laying down vocal hooks over melodic, slightly gothic punk tunes. All four tracks on this EP are really bouncy and catchy. My only (minor) complaint is that sometimes they tend to beat a hook into the ground, but it's not distracting enough to take away from the overall quality of the songs. Definitely check this out if you're into bands doing a modern take on KBD-style punk. (KM)
(New Dark Age)

DOWN TO KILL – "Born to Die" LP

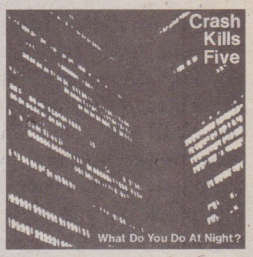
A limited edition 12", the face value of this band with a black and white cover of downturned bullets and vaguely CRASS styled band logos starts to raise your hand to mouth for the inevitable yawn worthy crust, only to find this Edinburgh band *totally* supersedes and surprises! These are thirteen tracks of spirited dual vocal political attack over murky, charging hardcore. The throaty male vocals à la AUS ROTTEN balance with searing, savage female vocals attacking cops, bankers, vivisectionist... Slightly melodic hardcore, it's largely a conduit for speed for the fast thrown vocal trade offs building momentum from track to track as a cohesive whole. This is delivered with enough variety and sung with enough verve that the long declarations against society don't come off like someone clacking a typewriter. Fans of classic anarcho-punk, Get this!!! (KS)
(Righteous Anger)

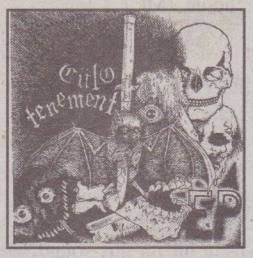
DRAINLAND / ENABLER – split EP

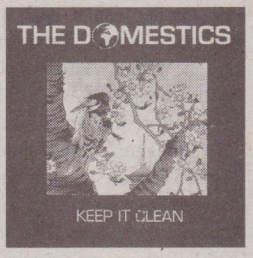
This is a totally solid split from Halo of Flies—that place has its shit together. I don't know which band I like more. ENABLER is angry, dark hardcore with a pummeling rhythm section. The bass has that blasted-out tone that I love and the chunky riffs are relentless; even the breakdowns are aggressive as hell. DRAINLAND has more of a slow and heavy sound; the first half of the song on their side is pretty much straight up doom. It picks up into faster, crusty hardcore with some weird black metal riffage, electronic noise and call-and-response vocals. It all comes together and sounds fucking killer. (BL)
(Halo of Flies / Graanrepubliek)

THE DREAM DATES – "Surfer Joe/Tallahassee Lassie"

Wow, another unreleased DREAM DATES single?! For those who haven't been paying attention, this is the third single Ugly Pop Records has managed to squeeze out of their cache of old studio reels. DREAM DATES hailed from late-'70s Canada in thee happening punk locale that is Hamilton, Ontario. Us Americans know Hamilton as the icy little rest stop between Detroit and Toronto, so it's no wonder the band's hopes and dreams of getting a single out back in the







day went unfulfilled. Thankfully legendary internet blowhard Simon Harvey came to the rescue and resuscitated their dusty old tapes. Y'all sticklers might point out that the two songs here are covers (the SURFARIS plus "Tallahassee Lassie"), but upon further listening, even these cover songs blow away most of their late-'70s Canadian punk rock peers, and you might even mistake them for originals. Killer '70s glammy poppy punk rock two-sider, and apparently sold out at the source, so you better get gripping! (GB)
(Ugly Pop)

DROSOFILE – "Mal/Your Roberts"

The brain trusts behind GUINEA WORMS and MULAN SERRICO join forces and the world literally goes wild! Not really, but GUINEA WORMS fans take enough note to pay import prices for two wandering punkers. "Mal" throbs while "Your Roberts" plods. Not exactly the recipe to set your ears ablaze, but this is actually worth hearing at least once before you die. Are you weird? So are these fucking guys. You should all cuddle. (MC)
(SDZ)

ELVIS CHRIST – "Rock & Roll Savior/Wild at Heart"

'50s-inspired garage rock'n'roll, with hints of early-'70s power pop and glam. If ELTON JOHN was a tough son of a bitch instead the Royal Family's little courtyard minstrel, he might just have hit on this sound. Decent, but not knocking my polka dot socks off—maybe a little too straightforward and formulated. I need that edge, that twist and that swift kick in the balls that this genre screams for. (SD)
(1-2-3-4 Go!)

EMPIRE – "Volume II Expansive Sound" CD

Because I cast judgment too easily, and am of the belief that only mediocre music goes straight to CD nowadays, I assumed I would not like this. However, I was wrong. The first track ("What's Everyone On About") is massively solid, and will probably be stuck in my head for at least the rest of the week. A late '70s/early '80s, slightly bleak, cold and angular sound spattered with good melody, later on in the CD it does get a little POLICE like though. Which while that is not really a good thing, I don't mean that as a total dis either. As this is a compilation of a bunch of their releases, it jumps a little and is missing the enjoyable rhythmic flow of a studio album. Though with that being said, 85% of these tracks standup really well on their own. Glad I got to review this. (GG)
(PPP)

LOS ESKELETOS / PKDORES – split EP

Two punk bands from Chicago do a split with really cool artwork. LOS ESKELETOS sing in English. They're fast hardcore punk that's a little too clean sounding for me. None of the songs really grab me and there's some jazzy breakdowns that drive me nuts. PKDORES are the better of the two. They sing in Spanish and are a sing-along-style oi band with good vocals. Give 'em a listen. (RO)
(self-released)

ESTROGEN HIGHS – "Irrelevant Future" CD

Irrelevant Future delivers a great mix of tunes from this New Haven, CT pop-ish punk quartet. Drawing an impressive range of influences or similarly executed sounds, ranging from the first record by the WHO, RANK/XEROX, BIG BOYS, to the URINALS, yet successfully gels into their own brand, which feels natural and not a grab bag of references. My only criticism would be the quality of the recording or perhaps it needs another pass at the mixing/mastering? The guitar is plucky, the snare is dampened, the bass is overwhelming, (sorry Bryony, you must be rolling with laughter!), but that's only to say the songwriting and playing is just great, and I'd love to see that fall into place. The vocals sound classic and dejected without being snotty, helping to tie it all together. Who knows, maybe they love it like that and I should butt-out and make sure I find out when they're playing my town! Worth picking up for sure. (JS)
(Trouble in Mind)

EVIL EYE / LAST CHUCKS – split EP

EVIL EYE is out of Norway and has a guy from TURBONEGRO, but they sound like guitar center dudes who get excited about the FOO FIGHTERS coming to town. Both their songs sound like a band you would have expected to open up for SEMISONIC in 1998. On the flip side LAST CHUCKS are ex-members of QUEERS and PARASITES (I only mention this because they sound exactly like what you'd expect out of a band with ex-members of QUEERS and PARASITES in 2012). It takes one step beyond bad pop punk, and goes into "bad commercial radio rock" territory. It's like they studied later-era SOUL ASYLUM and took all the cues on how to butcher an already bad song. Waste of time. (FS)
(Diner Junkie)

FLYING SNAKES – "Despondency" EP

I don't know, dudes—I can't get behind this. This band is playing pretty uninventive sludge that is too melodic in a bad way and the lyrical content is just confusing. For example, in the first song we have the lyrics: "Unfathomable crux, despondency, this loss of spirit, but cinder, in this divine light, archaic crown." I put the commas in there to try and make some sense of it but it looks like they just made a list with a bunch of grim words and read that over the music. I'm guessing that these dudes are into bands like BRAINOIL and the ROLLER because the riffs sound like scaled-back versions of those bands, and when you're listening, you can pretty much guess what these guys are going to do next if you've ever gotten high and listened to an EYEHATEGOD record. (BL)
(No Reprieve)

FRIENDS OF DOROTHY – "No Sex on Paul Fashion Street" EP

FRIENDS OF DOROTHY is a new band brought to you by Sir Henry Fiat of you guessed it—HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE. This band plays a different style than HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE's fast snotty punk—they do a more melodic/catchy poppier type of punk. One might call it queercore, as the name suggests. Fans of HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE may or may not be into this band, but there's only one way to find out. (BD)
(Ken Rock)

FROZEN TEENS – LP

I don't know how I can explicitly convey to you that this record is fucking amazing and essential. I ordered it over a month ago and it has only left my stereo twice for short periods of time. If you were to walk into my room right now, it would be on the turntable. Have you ever heard a record so good that you want to listen to multiple copies of it at the same time? Quite simply, this record is perfect, but it's so hard to explain exactly *why* it's perfect. Any band can sound like the WIPERS, but a lot of those bands don't give you that *feeling* that you got when you first heard the WIPERS: dark, moody, desperate, anxious and conveying a realness that sent chills up your spine. Any band can mix that with a garage rock influence (think *Nuggets* compilations), but would have a hard time not drowning in retro clichés and bullshit posturing. FROZEN TEENS manage to find the inspiration, avoid the clichés and deliver one fucking timeless, flawless song after another. They give their songs room to breathe in a way that gives them a life of their own. Each track keeps growing on me over time and I find myself singing the wholes album in my head day in and day out. I guess "infectious" is the word I'm dancing around. If you're a fan of Region Rock, good desperate punk and the infectiousness of the MARKED MEN'S *Fix My Brain*, you'll definitely want to track this down. This is easily my favorite record that has come out in the last three to five years. (GH)
(Do Ya Hear We / Mauled by Tigers)

FUK – "New Wave of British Punk Rock" LP

Between the (garish) cover and the (tongue-in-cheek?) title, it would be easy to pass over this LP if one wasn't familiar. So be learned! These Bristoleans deliver tight, driving, tough, raw-edged fast hardcore. One can yell along with the (brief) choruses. The vocals are gnarly, ugly and rad. I try not to believe the hype, ex-members of, etc. but the guitar player here is Gabba from CHAOS UK, and his playing contributes greatly to the success of this recording. Thirteen songs, 45 RPM, the *MRR* copy is on clear vinyl. Fuck yes it's recommended. (JM)
(Cultburger)

GIVE – "Pedal Pushing/Taste of Smile"

LION OF JUDAH was a great band because they took a variety of sounds that hadn't been replicated to death and breathed new life and relevance into them—wearing their influences (say, BURN and BAD BRAINS) on their sleeve more as a badge of honor rather than a desperate self-reference due to a lack of ideas. With some of the same minds at work, GIVE is the Revolution Summer to LION OF JUDAH's Big Takeover, and is great for the same reasons. Lyrically, this is more on the vulnerable, introspective side, and musically, these songs bring to mind RITES OF SPRING (as opposed to other Revolution Summer bands, except for maybe ONE LAST WISH) and SWIZ, as well as some BL'AST swagger

in "Pedal Pushing," and these influences are combined in a way that gives nods to the past, yet is original and exciting. "Pedal Pushing" is the more straight-ahead rock song of the two, while "Taste of Smile" is slower and structured a lot like RITES OF SPRING's "For Want Of," in terms of starting with a confused-sounding melody that later becomes uplifting. I'll admit that this is my first exposure to this band, as I'd dismissed them based on their name and flower graphic, but this record is fantastic and I have learned from my mistake. (DG)
(Painkiller)

GLOW KIT – LP

Straight out of motherfuckin' Denmark comes GLOW KIT with a big ass LP of reverby, garagey, power poppy punk. This duo blasts through number after number until they get all the way to four-fucking-teen and it's all fun-fun-fun. GLOW KIT is guaranteed to get the asses out of the seats and shaking all night long. The record sounds great—a little reverby, a little rough but not blown out, just really warm. I think for some of the punker garage set, this might be a little too poppy, but this suits me to a tee. If Danish power pop with some garage sensibilities is your dish of delight, do deign to deal yourself a dose of this dancey disc. (LP)
(P. Trash / FDH / Kanel)

GREEDY MISTRESS – "Her Long Way to Redemption" EP

Four songs of slick-production hardcore from Italy, tightly played and arranged. Too many mosh parts for my taste. I can't make out all the lyrics to the first song on side B, "The Girls Next Door," but I can tell that they're stupid. Includes a 13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS cover too, which I did not expect, and is my favorite song on this record (which does not say much). (MA)
(Average Man / Mystery School)

THE GRIEVANTS – "Sa" EP

The A-side of this record really shines. It's weird, noisy punk that's not too weird or noisy. There is definitely a '90s hardcore influence in the songs but with a jerky MINUTEMEN/WIRE/post-punk feel to it. The B-side has a little more of a straightforward punk feel but is in no way bad. The record was recorded in early 2009 and there is no contact info so I can only hope that the band is still around. (PA)
(self-released, no info)

HEXIS – "X" EP

Relentless, maddeningly bleak stuff. This mysterious outfit from Copenhagen specializes in an incredibly dense form of black metal that displays both avant-garde leanings and a decided hardcore/crust influence. Like similarly minded contemporaries ELITIST and the SECRET, HEXIS masterfully strikes a balance between memorable riffs and sheer sonic intensity, with jaw-dropping, almost industrial drum blasts that blur together into a massive, pummeling drone. The one-sided 7" is quite possibly the most annoying (yinyl) format in existence, but this band packs more mood and compositional wizardry into a few minutes than a lot of bands achieve on entire LPs, so perhaps that can be forgiven here. The perfect soundtrack for an anxiety attack, I fucking love this. (WB)
(IFB / Maximum Douglas / Orchid Scent / Parade of Spectres / Panda Banda)

HOLY – "The Wrong Side" 12"

HOLY is a new hardcore band out of Milan, Italy. Despite being a 12", this EP clocks in at eleven minutes. What you get are eight short, mid-paced modern hardcore tracks. HOLY has a no-frills, straightforward hardcore sound, almost to the point of not standing out. I can't seem to find words to describe this. It's not bad hardcore; I like the sound. I just don't hear anything to talk about. (MH)
(Hell Yes!)

HOST – "There's Nothing Up There But Heavy Clouds" EP

New Hampshire's HOST offers up a short but brilliant dose of crushing, pissed-off hardcore here, touching on the brutal, off-time fast/slow of powerviolence without ever really getting blasty with it. Throwing together fun-as-fuck mosh parts, galloping crust beats and the occasional gang vocal for good measure, HOST takes their rightful place alongside bands like DRAIZE, OILTANKER and VACCINE as part of the vibrant New England hardcore scene currently destroying all posers. Each song is wisely kept under the two-minute mark, presumably to keep the members from having a rage-induced aneurysm. (WB)
(Cricket Cemetery)

I AM DYNAMITE – "Super Mega Fantastic" CD

I can't tell if this is a guitar/drums duo or a bass/drums duo, but I *can* tell that this is awful. Well, hold on, lemme rephrase that. This sounds like a partially incomplete FRANZ FERDINAND knockoff. Actually, I would rather listen to "Take Me Out" any day of the goddamn week than this. I am not a fan of this type of rock, and these two gentlemen do a particularly disheartening job of it, mainly by making the songs too long, but otherwise by being so generic that I cannot remember a single goddamn song from the record. I hope you guys get the major label record deal and the radio play y'all are obviously looking for. (LP)
(Brando)

IDIOPHON – "Am Apparat" EP

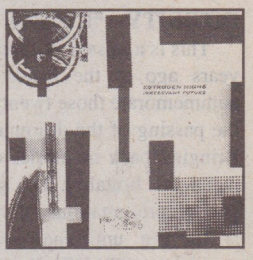
Pretty sure this is the debut of this Mannheim, Germany group. Have to say it's a great introduction to the band. Four songs of machine-like, reverb-soaked, atmospheric post punk, with direct, desperate, vacant Teutonic vocals that work perfectly for this style. For a contemporary comparison I'd suggest the ESTRANGED from Portland or FRUSTRATION from France. Yeah, this dark punk is something that's been popular for a while now, but IDIOPHON do it surprisingly well. Good stuff. (AM)
(Kink)

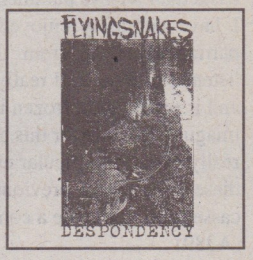
THE IMPOSTERS – "Animal Magnetism" LP

Based on the write up taped to the cover of this LP, I dove into this with some high ass hopes. SIMPLETONES, ADOLESCENTS, GEARS, and JFA as references? Wow, my kind of record well, unfortunately it wasn't like those bands due to being watered down so much that it fell way flat. The best tracks and total killers are "I Know" and "The Suns on Our Side" which definitely fall into the category of aforementioned bands, those two tracks could have made an amazing single. Now the rest is surf –y, pop, and a little too cute for me. If this sounds like something you may be after, by all means, go for it. (MS)
(Dead Beat)

INTEGRITY – "Evacuate" flexi

INTEGRITY doing a NEGATIVE APPROACH cover. This is an old recording with their old drummer who passed away. I'm sorry for your loss, but I have to be honest, this is terrible. (MB)
(A389)





INTEGITY – "Kingdom of Heaven" EP

This is a reissue of three songs recorded twenty years ago at the bands inception, released to commemorate those twenty years, and in tribute to the passing of the drummer who played on them. Bringing back memories of early '90s Cleveland metalcore brutality. The songs on the A-side are good representations of that era, but the B-side is fucking unlistenable dreck. Sounds like it could be a STAIND B-side or some shit… You already know if you need this or not. I can see the basketball jerseys pummeling each other in the pit; I have definitely enjoyed INTEGRITY records, particularly ones from this era, but I haven't listened to this band really since I was a teenager and it seems sorta frozen in time. Meaning I can't imagine reaching for this anytime soon, but it does really evoke a particular era of USHC, and I think these songs were previously only available on a cassette so if you are a completist… (LG)
(A389)

JINX AND FRIENDS – "Junk" CD

JINX AND FRIENDS play blown-out street punk and oi. Out of thirteen songs, only six of them are originals. Interspersed throughout the rest of the CD are covers of COCK SPARRER, the CLASH, ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE, the PSYCHEDELIC FURS and more. It's not bad, but it would benefit from more originality…like, just work on your original songs. They're not bad. The overload of covers contributes nothing to the overall feel of this album and detracts from the originals. Once you sift through the covers, you can dig up some decent street punk on this CD. (GH)
(World Static)

JOHN MILNER YOU'RE SO BOSS – "Stud Service" EP

Unhinged art-punk that reminds me of early KIT or MELT BANANA, with rowdy girl vocals that are both cute/vicious all at once over blurged out guitar skree. The music is fast and sort of tight, but also falling apart intentionally, like STRETCHEADS with the kid from UNIT 3 PLUS VENUS singing over it… Brat attack! PHANTOM PREGNANCIES with an injection of modern day Providence warehouse ooze. They are Canadian and refer to themselves as skate punk. (LG)
(Pleasence)

JUNIOR BRUCE – "The Headless King" LP

This is garbage. They likely think they sound like HIGH ON FIRE or some shit, but this sounds exactly like GODSMACK. I believe I was given this record to review as punishment for making fun of white trash people. (BB)
(A389)

KEEP ON DANCIN'S – "The End of Everything" LP

Brisbane, Australia foursome KEEP ON DANCIN'S produces some mild tunes of gloomy, early-'60s rhythm and blues/RONETTES fascination. This has some kind of watered-down NEKO CASE vibe while the stronger parts of the band pull from the MARY CHAIN without as many pedals. I don't really care about the former and love the latter just how they are, so this erred on the decidedly "safe" side for me. "There Goes Your Guy" seems like it's about to wrap up the range of influences into a nice little bundle, but then erodes into a vaguely Christmas-jingle vibe. Having said that, the guitars are really beautiful in tone, stellar in their slow-dance pluck, and it seems like this band has that guy's warm sound to thank for conveying the groove here. At their best, KEEP ON DANCIN'S pull off the same royal blue-retro spookiness of JULEE CRUISE; at their worst, the feeling of being stuck an all-day outdoor indie rock festival. (JS)
(Merenoise)

KING LOLLIPOP – "Woodland Whoopee Songs of Ol' Callowhee!" LP

If you approach this LP from the standpoint of a grizzled *MRR* reviewer who hears their fair share of punk and hardcore from all over the world, you might have a hard time digesting this cutesy pop and cartoony balladry. If you look at KING LOLLIPOP as some freak who stepped out of the screen during a John Waters movie, it might be a little easier. Well, it is for me anyway…I grew up on that shit. KING LOLLIPOP is one man on guitar accompanied by some minimal percussion channeling the spirit of ROGER MILLER, LUX INTERIOR and TINY TIM as he hiccups and croons his way through thirteen songs of retro, '50s-style pop. It's extremely happy-go-lucky and naïve…like children's music, but kinda warped and fucked up, like the pile of kids 45s I found in a gutter one time. If that sounds like your jam, go for it. (GH)
(1-2-3-4 Go!)

KOHOSH – "Survival Guide" 12"

Metallic but not necessarily crusty melodic anarcho punk from Seattle. Members of this band were/are in AGATHA, CONTRAVENE, CREOSOTE, SKARP and RECKLESS, to name a few. They sound like they're walking a very fine line on this record, trying to balance their desire for a prettier sense of melody with a perhaps more conventional desire to be powerful. In terms of their compositions, they do a good job, sacrificing neither the cello nor the guitars to go in one direction rather than another. However, there are some issues with the recording that undercut that delicate line. Mainly, the vocals are too out in front of the mix, and while we get a melodic sense of the two guitars, we lose the power and forcefulness of the bass and rhythm guitar. But again, the songs in there are good, and I bet their pretty leveling and epic live. Perhaps more care should be taken in the mixing of any subsequent releases. (LP)
(Trujaca Fala / Tomorrow Belongs To Us / Acclaim / Cut The Cord That… / Persons Unknown)

KRAMER – CD

This CD typifies small town punk better than most recordings I can think of. This is very simple street punk songs about riding in your car, telling tweakers to get off your lawn, and vague references to "bitches" and "sucking dick." The weird thing is they have a few good instrumental surf songs. If they just stuck to being a surf band they'd actually be way good. But their punk songs and lyrics are garbage. (FS)
(self released)

KRUDS / RAMPANT DECAY – split EP

I only know a couple of hardcore bands who open tracks with hip-hop samples or even mix hip-hop into their tracks, so I was expecting powerviolence from KRUDS. They are close to having that sound but it's more hardcore. They also throw in a few funny Mike Tyson samples. Their songs even have a progressive hardcore feel like PLUTOCRACY but are nowhere near as heavy. Now that I've listened to a few more tracks, I can confirm KRUDS are a powerviolence band and a good one at that. I've been into RAMPANT DECAY for a while and I really like these new tracks. Dare I say they are catchy? On "Political Lemmings" they mix mid-paced hardcore and grindcore and have a gang vocal chorus. "King of the Trash" is a burly hardcore track. Love this split. (MH)
(Buried in Hell / Patac / Riotous Outburst)

THE LARCHMONT TRASH – "I Spent the Summer with the Larchmont Trash" 10"

This is basic, no-frills garage punk. Reminds me of the later Rip-Off Records releases when the label's style began to overshadow the bands'. Three-chord songs with flatly spoken vocals and metronomic drums. It is enjoyable enough. However, writing a song about a "cougar" in 2011 is really lame. That it is the longest song on this 10" makes it doubly so. (CK)
(Shdwply)

LATTERMAN – "Our Better Halves" 45

LATTERMAN was a band from Long Island, NY from 2000-2007ish. They played catchy melodic punk with two vocalists sharing the shouting duties. Members have since gone on to play in bands such as RVIVR, IRON CHIC and SHOREBIRDS, among others. While the music here is just as good as is on any of their other records, I'm not much a fan of the format of this one—the one-sided 7-inch. I understand wanting to get all the songs out and available for fans, but a one-song, one-sided single seems like a waste of vinyl to me. It appears this was made to be sold at the handful of reunion shows this past December, but no info is given on the sleeve, so I'd imagine they sent the remainders out to various distros to be sold off. (BD)
(self-released)

LEBAKKO – "Standardit/Laulu Viimeisistä Rahoistani"

Wow. Chaotic, multi-dimensional melodic hardcore from Finland. There's a ramshackle quality to the drumming that recalls CRIMPSHRINE or some other Bay Area type of thing, but the catchy backup vocals and melodic guitar parts on the A-side could be from early HÜSKER DÜ. The flip is less of a revelation, but on the strength of this 45 LEBAKKO could be onto something. (AM)
(PML)

LIGHT BRIGADE – "Breaking Glass" EP

Not saying this record isn't dreamy, but these three songs feel more like the mental reality you experience right after you wake up. While consciousness slowly awakens and shadows of your dreams disappear forever. They play a stark, down-tempo and minimalist style of punk. Both JOY DIVISION and KLEENEX come to mind, but neither entirely encompasses what's happening here. The music feels more like what you'd expect out of a lady experimental-punk group in the UK around 1979. It definitely conjures the spirits of first wave punk, when the musicians specifically viewed their songs as art first, and music second. This is good stuff. (FS)
(Raw Sugar)

THE LONESOME SAVAGES – "All Outta Love" EP

I like the CRAMPS, '50s rock'n'roll, Memphis blues and classic country music as much as the next garage rocker so I fully understand why a band would have the desire to emulate that sound. However the disadvantage of being twentysomethings from Wisconsin is that the attempt has the possibility of coming across as inauthentic. The LONESOME SAVAGES sound like a band that thought they'd try this out as a laugh or possibly for a Halloween show. It was fun so they kept doing it, but somehow the true spirit of the music gets lost in the straightforward translation. (CK)
(Kind Turkey)

LONG TALL SHORTY – "Kick Out the Shams... Motherfuckers" LP

Upon the cover of this record, a foxy blonde femme peeks from behind a big red heart, showing enough leg to make even a spider envious. Without even really reading who it was, I figured this would be a record of BLONDIE worship, or female-fronted and pop-driven at the very least. However, upon playing and hearing what could be a SHADOWS cover played by three middle-aged mod blokes, my quick judgment was proven wrong. The rest of the record smoothes into an ARMITAGE SHANKS groove filled with punchy bass lines. Decent pop hooks, with hints to oi and ska. Yet it generally has that feeling of something that was probably a lot more exciting 30 years ago. (GG)
(Time for Action)

MALADROIT – "Jerk Alert!" CD

This is a French pop punk band that harkens back to '90s songwriting with modern rock production. It sounds very polished; everything rumbles along at a predictable pace, with some predictable changes, back-up vocals and guitar leads. The vocals alternate between French and English, so it either sounds like TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET or any other band from France that sounds like TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET. With some self-deprecation, disingenuous unrequited love and standard immaturity, the lyrical content doesn't offer anything more than what this genre is already over-saturated with. (SL)
(Monster Zero)

MARVIN BERRY AND THE NEW SOUND – "No More Hell" EP

Back to the Future-influenced pop punk. It's loose, melodic punk that even appropriates an OP IVY riff ("Yellin' in My Ear"). I hear some elements of Bay Area pop punk (think NEVER ENDING PARTY) with some elements of Midwest pop punk noodlings (MODERN MACHINES). Remember how the MODERN MACHINES were a band with a lot of potential but really only really fully realized that potential on that Snuffy Smile split with BLOTTO? I feel like this band has the skills to pay the bills, but on this outing they're not really hitting their stride. The songs are too loose to be cohesive enough to really gel into anything mix-tape-worthy, even though they've got those skills. (P$)
(Freedom School, no info)

MARVIN BERRY & THE NEW SOUND / NUDE BEACH – split EP

Two bands, each doing one original and one cover. The NEW SOUND doesn't in any way live up to their name (or sound like Marty McFly). They do, on the other hand, play a pretty catchy, upbeat, oldies-influenced, poppy punk song. Their second song is a pretty straight cover of the NERVES' "Many Roads to Follow" that really makes you wonder what the point of it is. NUDE BEACH sounds a lot more like a band that would cover a NERVES song. Their original is a catchy power pop/pop punk tune with vocals that sound strangely influenced by The Boss. Their cover of CAROL KING's "Chains" (made famous by the BEATLES) is forgettable. (PA)
(Freedom School, no info)

THE MAXINES – "Drugstore" EP

Fuck, this is awesome. It's stilted and mechanical. It's drum-machine-ish. It's sort of industrial pop. But, my god, it is so goddamn catchy and compelling it's not even funny. This makes me move my head in ways that I am not comfortable with. Unreal. Highest recommendation. (KK)
(K)

MDK – "The Moonmaiden" flexi

Mysterious California miscreants continue their mystical journey into my heart. After a couple of dumbfounding demo tapes, MDK has entered the round format realm with a flexi crammed with noisy mid-tempo hardcore—metal guitars drenched in psychedelic effects drive knuckle-dragging punk delivered through a meteor shower of amphetamines. My hope is that they are going for metal and falling gloriously short (and right into the hands of distortion junkies around the world), but maybe this is just blatant GISM worship and they have got me fooled. Either way, I am a convert. (WN)
(Resurrection)

THE MENTALLY ILL – "Gacy's Place" EP

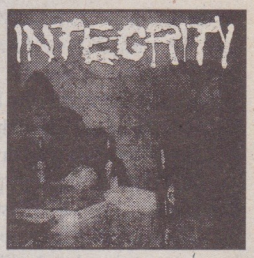
How can I review this? You know what the hell this sounds like—this is godhead, this is ugly meat. This is nasty, creepy, evil punk, exactly what this music should sound like. If you're aiming beyond this you may as well sound like YES. This record is a legit reissue of the famous 45, canonized on the second Killed By Death, and on 45 it sounds a lot less thin and a thousand times more horrific. The two songs on the B-side, "Padded Cell" and "Tumor Boy" are excellent examples of terrifying punk music. Music to die to. (BB)
(Last Laugh)

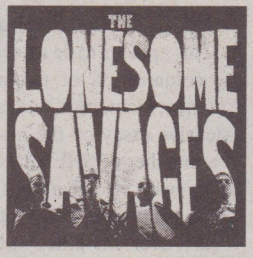
THE MENZINGERS – "The Obituaries/Burn After Writing"

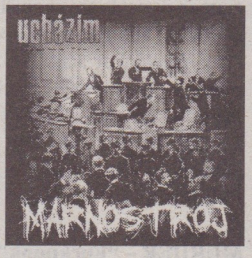
The MENZINGERS are a poppy punk band that is immensely popular with the Epitaph/Fat Wreck crowd. I think they may have a record or two on one of those labels as well. I know I have reviewed them once or possibly twice, I can't really remember. It's too produced and polished for me to really get into. The lyrics are too poetic and boring for me to even give more than an initial listen. So, my personal dislike for this particular brand of rock aside, I'd imagine that if you liked anything this band has done in the past, you'd probably dig this record. (BD)
(Red Scare)

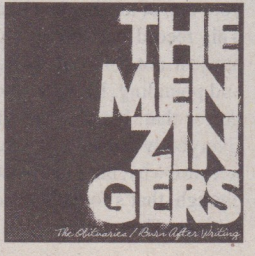
MERCILESS GAME – "Genjitsu Wo Kutabare" 8" EP

This has been in the can for a long time, and I've been dying to hear it, as I loved the MERCILESS GAME material









on the split tape with KAMIKAZE NOISE and the split EP with ROTOZAZA. Since those releases, the lineup has expanded from a one-man band to include members of LOTUS FUCKER and CHAOS DESTROY, and the change is immediately evident as this brims with the kind of energy that can only come from multiple players bouncing off one another. The style is still very much rooted in the GAI/CONFUSE camp by way of sloppy '90s basement noize bands like DUST NOISE and, um... SCREAMING NOISE (but not NOISE DISTRACTION, who don't really figure into this conversation at all). That CHAOS DESTROY bass sound is immediately evident, and Dan pounds the drums like a man possessed, wailing away at fills that sound like they're lifted straight from the *Nuclear Addicts* flexi, while Zach achieves a guitar tone that puts the WANKYS to shame for sheer noisiness and gibbers like a madman. This record won't appeal to a ton of people, but those who love the style will completely flip shit. I hope everyone who went to their East Coast gigs had a blast! (AU)
(SPHC)

MONGST – "De-colonisation" LP

This appears to be a one-sided concept LP about the colonization of the native people of North America, including Canada, which is covered in an extensive essay on the insert. It's the solo project of a member of SHEARING PINX, who I believe is reviewed elsewhere this issue. Musically we're looking at your distorted noise drone, subterranean vocals over off-kilter tribal drums and hissing guitar. Graphically it's a nice package: the sleeve and the art on the other side of the vinyl are nicely silkscreened. Have to say I found it pretty unlistenable, except for most of track three, but maybe it sounds up your alley? (AM)
(Isolated Now Waves)

MORE BAD NEWS / NAGAIKA – split CD

Dischordant emotional hardcore from NAGAIKA. Mostly mid-tempo and emphasizing the "emo" in emotional, but there are a few forays into driving '90s crust that bring to mind bands like ABC DIABOLO and ACME. MORE BAD NEWS is a more forceful and metallic version of the same animal—vocals are anguished and tense, the tempo is erratic, and the overall vibe is akin to late '90s emo metal/crust acts like JANE, AKEPHAL and releases on the Per Koro label. All the tracks were recorded in the mid-'00s and both bands take a while to sink into, but it's time well spent... compelling sounds. (WN)
(self released)

MURDER – "Fuckpunk" 12"

Do you know how you can tell that a record is really good? When the style of music isn't really your cup of tea, but you like it anyway—that's how. This record has throaty vocals, which I typically am just not a fan of. It has a full, sort of driving and pounding, heavy sound. Again, I don't usually go for that. It's also got this underlying darkness. Everybody knows I like my shit sugar-coated. I'm not sure why, but I really like the record. It's catchy enough, that's for sure. Excellent. (KK)
(Cricket Cemetery)

NÃO CONFORMISMO – "Basta" CD

Fast, gallop-y, double bass laden crusty sounding Japanese tinged D-beat from the late '90s, mixed with some straight up Brazilian hardcore—light on the crossover. There are no crazy solos or insane changes, just straight up core with simple driving songs with breakdowns. The recording is clean and good for this sound. Sung in Portuguese, from what I can decipher the lyrics are about war, injustice and the fight for humanity. The singers style is rad—deep throaty traditional hardcore singing with a scratchy edge similar to the singer of PAINTBOX, no cookie monster shit, not metallic and not crusty. Not every song is great, but there are some gems. The song "Fantoche" is a fucking jam. (MB)
(self-released)

NATO – "...Kojaa Kaiken" CD

You might know this band from their four songs that appeared on the *Propaganda – Russia Bombs Finland* LP released in 1982 and their single track from KBD's *Killed By Finnish Hardcore* LP. I want to say they were also on that *Pullti* 7" comp from '82, but I could be wrong. Here we are given sixteen tracks from this Helsinki, Finland punk band during the years 1981-1982. I am a fan of these types of releases because of the ability to trace the evolution of a band that was around when punk first started. Anyone who is into KBD stuff, hearing more rock'n'roll influenced nascent stages of international punk turn into the more chaotic and aggressive sound that came later might be interested in this, especially since there is little to no information about this band. The later and last tracks on here are some amazing mean sounding street punk with a charming cover of "Suspect Device" including totally improvised lyrics. Cool. The packaging is pretty unremarkable to this, but there are a few good pictures included. I really wish there was more info in here! (MB)
(Propaganda)

OMEGAS – "Nazi Rules" EP

This is how you do it. Sometimes I think one of the hardest things to do in the context of the current punk scene is to be in a *good* hardcore band that stands the test of time. Not a generic replication of something that happened thirty years ago; that's easy. I have so many records I *had* to buy that now when I flip through my 7"s I can't even remember what the fucking band sounded like. Records that blend into one by bands that were probably fun to be in, whose friends remember the good times, but... five minutes pass and they are gone. When a band like this comes along, who are playing a particular genre/style of HC sure, but who can actually write *songs*; who certainly bring to mind a certain era of NYHC yes, but they have their own take, their own personality. The vocals are unhinged, the riffs are classic but fucked up, The LP ruled my turntable last year and I can't stop listening to this 7" either, savage, mutant yet straight-ahead, relentless destruction, no pose just fucking HC for the HC. Get this and the recently reissued *New Breed* comp and join the cult. (LG)
(Painkiller)

PANZER BASTARD – "Gods, Thugs and Madmen" 10"

I've heard this band before and hated them, so I was wondering if they'd do anything different this time around, and they have. Now, instead of being bad MOTOR-crust, they're fucking awful metal. Like, "wow, this isn't even ironically enjoyable" bad. If you un-ironically enjoy bad double-kicks, incompetent solos and metal vocalists that can't even growl properly, this is your fucking jam. Figures that this is the band the disgraced corpse of HELLBASTARD would take on tour with them. On the plus side, this came in one of those really nice re-sealable poly bags, so my DISCLOSE Great Swedish Feast 10" just got a nice new home. (AU)
(Patac)

PANZRAM / SHOPPERS – split EP

A product of (un)holy matrimony! Hailing from South Florida, PANZRAM showcases their trademark of fierce disjointed brutality—New York hardcore goes to art school! Beloved newcomers from Syracuse, SHOPPERS are a fever dream of reverberating white noise and nervous, stream-of-conscious lady vocals. A killer collaboration. R.I.P. SHOPPERS! (FF)
(IFB / Feeble Minds)

PARENTAL SHOCK / URBAN UNREST – split LP

I'm against one-sided records in theory, but in practice there are many good ones, and it would've been a superior choice here. As it is, a pair of Finnish bands share this LP. PARENTAL SHOCK pairs their flat recording with poorly delivered, simple, standard, skate 'n' thrash hardcore. Even the layout on their side of the insert is half-assed, and judging by the photograph of the band, they're old enough to know better. URBAN UNREST sounds decent even without the wasted space on the flip. The lyrics are pretty standard, but the music is better than average fast hardcore without any metal. They'd fit in fine on Grave Mistake or No Way. For my tastes, it's not a keeper, but URBAN UNREST is worth a listen for sure. (JM)
(United Shoe Brothers / Rabbit's Foot)

PEACEBASTARD – "Global Crisis" EP

Oh fukk yes!! A blistering six-song assault from Germany, relentless barebones European crust flying out of the grooves like a whirlwind. Elements of Motörpunk sneak through the title track, but that's as close as PEACEBASTARD get to anything other than a breakneck tempo. Ultra heavy, but the weight is not where the intensity lies—the power is all in the delivery. The tempo changes in "Why We Are Not Able" are so subtle, but they drive home the feeling that these folks are true masters of their craft (the band features MVD and TO WHAT END? members). A damn near flawless hardcore release that I cannot stop listening to—fukkn awesome. (WN)
(HeartFirst)

PENIS GEYSER / SETE STAR SEPT – split EP

Bombastic bass/drum noise/grind from Japan's SETE STAR SEPT. Eight tracks taking chaotic Japanese grind and shoving it into the

GODSTOMPER meatgrinder—total perfection within the confines of the subgenre(s), and fans will eat this shit up. Tasty. And just in case there was just a little too much structure on the Japanese side, PENIS GEYSER spends their side of the slab assaulting ears with nonsensical bursts of noise and grind as if their record of already trying lo-fi noise punk was chopped into digital bits and disseminated at random. Again, fans of the style(s) will wet themselves over this barrage. (WN)
(SPHC)

THE PLAIN DEALERS – "True Cleveland Scum..." EP

Named after the local Cleveland newspaper. Good snotty, distorted vocals with a slight English accent. A little on the generic side but it has a good in-the-gutter tough feel to it. "Born to Die" is a rip-off of the RAMONES "Bonzo Goes to Bitburg" minus the chorus, which isn't so bad since it's one of the catchiest punk songs ever. "Girls Go Bye" starts out with a SEX PISTOLS riff. Dedicated to all the prostitutes that have given their lives in the pursuit of happiness!? (RO)
(Public Square)

POMPOIR – "Exploding Time" LP

POMPOIR seem to be from the same crew as NÜ SENSAE, and you can see the bleed through. Sort of sounds like a take on that pre-grunge post bored with hardcore sound, rock'n'roll like early ROYAL TRUX or PUSSY GALORE, but with the meat and potatoes of same era Touch and Go records. It's rad to hear this, I feel like there has been a flood of dull JESUS LIZARD and COWS-alikes over the past few years and this is a refreshing take apart of that dullness. No wave grunge that's really catchy? BLUE CHEER recording a cereal commercial with JULIE CAFRITZ?! Dual male/female vocals over relentless riffage that's definitely worth your time. (LG)
(Isolated Now Waves)

POPPETS – "The Long Highway/Heaven Only Knows"

A very cool record of lo-fi, trashy garage punk from Sweden. The riffs are simple but very catchy; the recording is distorted but not overly noisy. The female and male vocalists trading off lines add that extra something. Plus, the second song is a great cover of the SHANGRI-LAS "Heaven Only Knows." I like this a lot. (CK)
(Ken Rock)

POPULATION ZERO – "Ludlow" EP

Spikey, beer-drinking tough-guy hardcore punk that sounds like it could be from Oakland but they're from Philly. Fans of STRYCHNINE and SUBMACHINE will dig this. (RO)
(Creep)

THE PRICEDUIFKES – "Can't Lose" CD

Punk rock in the SCREECHING WEASEL/QUEERS vein from the Netherlands. Right outta 1993 in sound. Zero points for originality but not a bad band. You know the sound and they do it all right. Certainly not amazing but I'm sure the locals have a good time at their shows. (RL)
(Monster Zero)

PRIMA DONNA – "Bless This Mess" CD

I first heard of these guys when they opened for EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS. Their press said they played 200 shows a year. I then saw them open for D GENERATION. At that point I wondered how the hell can these guys play 200 shows a year with little following. Sure there were some teenyboppers there to see them as well as some musicians, but c'mon—20 people tops. A mix of glam, power pop and hard rock. Musically, I give them a 5 in the mainstream alternative rock radio world. In the *MRR* world I struggle to give them a 2. There's better rock'n'roll out there, indie or major. (RL)
(Acetate)

THE PROTECTION – "While You Were Out" CD

Slick, wannabe major label pop punk. If there were still major label pop punk. Produced, catchy love songs that sound too generic to hold my attention. MXPX, BLINK 182 and GREEN DAY done badly. (RL)
(self-released)

PROTOMARTYR – "Dreads 85 84" EP

Excellent DIY punk out of Detroit. The TYVEK connection is apparent and welcome here (shit, welcome anywhere!), though the songs are colder and tighter than anything out of that lot. Shit ain't overtly bleak though, as the songs all boil over with local color and humor. Light-hearted? Kinda, yes. I'm on board with this one. (MC)
(Urinal Cake)

PRVNI HORE – "Club Silencio 2011" CD

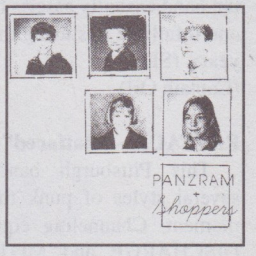
This is a real eclectic one. A Czech quintet that produces a very weird, operatic mishmash of styles, veering from overblown, keyboard-infused PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY-style grandiosity to prog rock (think CAMEL) to NINE INCH NAILS industrial punch, and back again. And that's just in the first song. This may or may not be some sort of weird rock opera. It is all in Czech. Excellent musicianship, some deranged arrangements, and well, I'm guessing fans of the more musically adventurous/experimental with really dig in and enjoy. Me, I'm keeping it. (RK)
(Kontra)

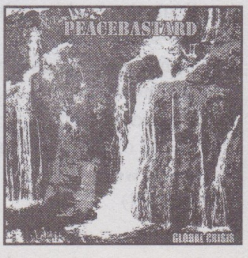
PUSRAD – "Smartramz" EP

This is fantastic! A blur of stop-start-stop-quirk-start hardcore by two former members of Sweden's RAPED TEENAGERS, these seven 35-second or less blasts keep melody as an undercurrent. This style takes an older perspective of the earliest days of hardcore where the speed was the goal, yet complete musical deconstruction into grind, crossover or power violence had not occurred. With that said, these tracks are a lightning fast attack of really sharpened hardcore ranging somewhere between KORO and HUVUDTVÄTT. Yet given the band's pedigree, *nothing* is straight forward. Taking that "Silver Age" of Swedish hardcore with post-VICTIM'S FAMILY / NO MEANS NO weird turns and compressing it into micro-blasts, with less segmentation than RAPED TEENAGERS in the parts ("After the hardcore part, then this is the melodic part"). The balance here between the incredibly simple and the increasingly complex is pretty perfect—harkening back to early, fresh *Really Fast, Vol 1*, "we're making this up as we go" joyous trial and error as much as the triumphs of late '80s experimentation while capturing an unpredictable freshness. Well served by a clean, dry, modern recording and untrapped by a set genre, this is one of the best records I've heard from Sweden in a long time. A++++ (KS)
(Just 4 Fun)

PUT TO DEATH – "Separatist" EP

I'd heard of this rad powerviolence project but hadn't checked it out. PUT TO DEATH is a side-project of members from HATRED SURGE and MIND ERASER, and like those bands, this shit is off the hook. It's pretty straightforward classic PV in the vein of INFEST, NO COMMENT and SPAZZ, and done well. The songs are fast and chaotic with start/stop mayhem intermixed with solid hardcore; the lyrics are pissed, violent and snotty. There just isn't much





anything that I can find wrong with this record. Recommended, highly. (BL)
(Disposable, no info)

RAIVOPAAT FEATURING FRIENDS – "Punkrock Jukebox 5" CD

Well, I have to say, this is all Finnish to me. As far as I can tell, this is the Finnish equivalent of DIE TOTEN HOSEN's *Learning English*, except that all the songs are Finnish and seem to have been written by, well, the band, or some other bunch of Finnish folks. The band and their friends look really old! Charlie Harper age group. Veterans, indeed. With the gray hair, wrinkles and beer-guts to match. They play a rousing brand of '77 punk, as you'd expect. UK SUBS/ VIBRATORS territory. And they do a Finnish song with the same tune as "What Do We Do with the Drunken Sailor." They sing it (as with all the other songs) in Finnish. But what the hell do I know? Mebbe the song is an old Finnish sea-shanty, and it's us Anglo-speaking folks that are actually doing the cover... (RK)
(Propaganda)

RAMONES – "Loco Live" 2xCD

While not nearly as crucial as their first live album, *It's Alive*, this one, recorded in 1991 shortly after CJ succeeded Dee Dee as bassist, confirms that the RAMONES were incredible live performers throughout their entire career. This double-disc reissue contains more than 30 tracks that draw evenly from their fifteen years as a band at that point. Following their characteristically goofy introduction sound clip from *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, the RAMONES pummel their way through each song with hardly a moment in between. The overdubs are pretty obvious on this recording, as the guitar cuts unnaturally through the mix and the vocals sound wildly different from some songs to the next, which is pretty disappointing compared to the seamless brilliance of *It's Alive*. I never saw the band live but judging strictly by these live recordings, CJ didn't deserve any of the flack he received. He down-picks with relentless fury and solidifies his right to be dubbed a Ramone, while the rest of the band casually asserts the same attitude, hooks and infallible posturing they had been honing for years. (SL)
(Captain Oi!)

RATFACE – "Ratfaced" EP

This Pittsburgh band is an amalgam of several styles of punk that are in vogue at the moment. Channeling equal parts CHAOS UK, DISCHARGE and MOTÖRHEAD, RATFACE offers eight tracks of surprisingly distinctive raw punk'n'roll. The riffs are varied and uniformly excellent, the leads aren't overly wanky, and the vocalist sounds fantastically rotten. "The Gates" is a bona-fide hit. The studded jacket crowd probably already knows about these guys, but this record is surely good enough to garner some attention from other sects of punk. Overall, this is a splendid EP that's well worthy of your time. (KM)
(Mind Skull)

REDBUSH – "Wonder Nugget" EP

If you ever missed the mainstream radio stations of the 1990s, REDBUSH is here to save your day. Have you ever thought, "Well, I really like DIY punk, but I just wish the bands sounded like COLLECTIVE SOUL and CREED"? Well, here is your band! To be fair, the second side sounds a little more "punk," but in that way that FOO FIGHTERS can sometimes sound punk. (GH)
(One Legged Pup)

THE RIOTS – "Dance on Your Problems" EP

Straight-up '79 mod rival by these Cockney Russian transplants. Three tracks that have totally nailed the glory days of parkas, badger shoes and boating jackets. They got the look, they got the sound and they know how to pen a damn catchy tune. You got the JAM, the PURPLE HEARTS, the VIP'S and some of the newer breed (as in the TRANZIMITORS and the STATUES). Spot on the money, my only concern being the "Supported by Fred Perry" logo on the sleeve—keep it pure boys! I know they make those nifty sharp threads but keep the vinyl pure. Great record. (SD)
(Time For Action)

THE RIOTS – "Out Of Control" EP

A trio of Moscow PAUL WELLER look-and-sound-alikes with sharp suits and mod revival melodies straight from the rulebook. The A-side is okay for what it is, eg. a weak version of TRANZMITORS, but it's all a bit pre-packaged and by the numbers. Still, no one could ever accuse mods of being original. Have to say, the "supported by Fred Perry" logo on the sleeve leaves a bad taste in my mouth as well. Maybe I'm just jealous that I have to pay to look this good. (AM)
(Time For Action)

THE ROGUE NATIONS – "Regi Mentle Rides Again" EP

I always liked the second wave of thrash. For me, the second wave of thrash was the stuff that came *after* the ADOLESCENTS, the GERMS, MINOR THREAT and FEAR. These guys do a good job with the style of music. This is not earth-shatteringly original, but it's still worth looking for. (KK)
(Suicide Watch)

SABERTOOTH – "Making Light of a Shitty Situation" LP

Straight-ahead DILLINGER FOUR/gruff-vocaled pop punk. A lot—and I mean a whole lot—of *Simpsons* samples. The singer's got a good voice, high enough to not sound like it's just a beard singing. The two guitars work well together, if in an incredibly textbook way. This is not a bad record by any means, but it is a full-length of supremely by-the-numbers modern pop punk. It's melodic, but nothing sticks with me because nothing seems to be original. Some will be turned off by the fact that all of the songs seem to be about failed relationships, but devotes of the genre might find this to have a place in their collections. I, unfortunately, cannot recommend this. (LP)
(No Contracts Just Trust)

SCARRED SOCIETY – CD

I kind of didn't like this at first but it started to grow on me by the end of the first song. It reminds me of the punk I listened to in my younger years, solid older-style stuff like DOA and PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES. Before everything had to be black metal-inspired with crusty powerviolence elements, bands were bashing out jams like this and they just called it punk rock. The lyrics are about hating society, punk politics, and finding ways to deal with life. The vocalist has a great snotty delivery coupled with a raw, no bullshit voice. Guitar work is solid and rock-influenced, sometimes a little more melodic than I'd like but that's why I listen to black metal-inspired crusty powerviolence bands. It was still well worth a few listens. (BL)
(ASR, Break the Silence, Righteous Anger)

SECRET ARMY – "Crush the Remains" CD

Some excellent melodic street punk courtesy of this shaven-headed trio. They blend the (early) CLASH with "classic" melodic poppy hardcore à la FACE TO FACE. Lots of punch and power, and excellent harmonies and melodies make this a cut above the rest. I'm guessing they are Spanish, but 'tis a bit difficult to say. They sing in English, have non-Anglo names, sing songs about Stockholm (and the usual street punk tropes of fighting, and sticking together and seeing it through), and the drummer's thanks list is in Spanish, so you tell me... (RK)
(Longshot Music)

SECRET POLICE – "They're Everywhere" EP

Where the hell did this come from? This is good! West Coast sounding HC with an '80s bend filtered through some of the sounds of hardcore in the mid '00s. The vocals are more scream-y, almost crusty, than one is used to for this style of music, but that is not necessarily a bad thing. This three-piece cranks out some good see-you-in-the-pit tunes with some simple riffage and some driving beats from the rhythm section. The lyrics are interesting and introspective as they are critical—check out their song "Meet the Press." A decent release. Can't wait to hear more! (MB)
(Rest Assured, no info / Total Destroy, no info / Crapoulet)

THE SECRET PROSTITUTES – "Fantasi Di Auschwitz" EP

This is the latest vinyl offering from this much-hyped group of miscreants from the sun-soaked wasteland that is Houston, Texas. This is truly A.D.D. punk of the highest order—it's got some of the goofiness of bands like the TOY DOLLS, but the songwriting is impeccable. It's almost irritating how seemingly easy it is for these guys to come up with memorable material that has such unique energy. They practically challenge the listener to ignore their distinct hooks. Also, any group that inserts a GETO BOYS sample into a finely crafted KBD-esque punk tune definitely gets my approval. If you haven't gotten into the SECRET PROSTITUTES yet, it's high time you heard one of the best contemporary punk bands. (KM)
(Ken Rock)

THE SEDIMENT CLUB – "Time Decay Now" LP

This is a very rhythm-centric post-punk record that hardly ever vamps on a single part for more than a few moments. The result is completely disorienting, spun out, frenetic tunes. It was produced by Ivan Julian, formerly of the VOIDOIDS, and the obtuse guitar definitely recalls his and Robert Quine's playing in the sense that the jagged, trebly lines assert themselves as much as the vocals, rarely taking a back seat in the mix or boldness. The music is certainly difficult, but it doesn't impart any psychological terror the way that compelling post-punk should. The players are perhaps just too proficient and it doesn't seem like the songs are intended to rearrange my psyche. The discordant creativity would benefit from some more tension or overt emotional involvement from the players. (SL)
(Softspot)

SELF MADE MONSTERS – "One Man Race" CD

These guys made a 7" called *Love at First Gag* a while back that I totally fell in love with. It had such a great, trashy sound like it was crudely recorded in some dingy shack or dark storm cellar. Songs about eating dog food and one called "I Wanna Run You Over." A classic of not-trying-to-be-cool trash punk. Guess they're still around. They've learned to better play their instruments and have bigger production but they're hearts are in the same place. Elements of THEE HYPNOTICS, BUTTHOLE SURFERS, GG ALLIN, ANTISEEN, the SEEDS and more. This needs a better cover and to be put on vinyl. (RO)
(Mystery School)

SHEARING PINX – "Night Danger" LP

This band employs disorienting, herky-jerky rhythms with dissonant guitar lines and chanted vocals better than most of their peers within the contemporary, arty punk milieu. The varied song structures on this particular LP effectively maintain the listener's attention. In this case, varied song structures means startling dynamic changes, noisy intros, ten-second songs and lengthy experimental interludes. They wait until the final track on the B-side to throw away any semblance of accessibility. That's when the 20-minute "Play Nice" arrives. A ways into the mostly instrumental cataclysm, the song title will strike you as the most facetious and snide phrase ever. I understand that this band has appeared on more than 50 releases, and we received about five LPs of theirs to review this month. I admire their enduring commitment to making such esoteric music at an incredibly industrious pace. (SL)
(Isolated Now Waves / Divorce)

SHEARING PINX – "Rituals" LP

Of the four SHEARING PINX LPs reviewed this month, *Rituals* seems to be the most recent. It was recorded January 2011 and released later that year. SHEARING PINX is a noisy trio from Vancouver, Canada. The music is robotic sounding with a bit of thrashiness that gives it some meanness. The singer has a pained yet nonchalant style stretching out the last words of his sentences. The band goes crazy, playing all out for a while, then reins it in for a bit of a pleasant psychedelic interlude. Reminds me of NOTHING PEOPLE or A-FRAMES. (CK)
(Isolated Now Waves)

SHEARING PINX – "Ultra Snake" LP

Angular and forceful noisy post-punk, several records from SHEARING PINX came through our doors this month. '90s San Diego melds into '80s Rough Trade and early SONIC YOUTH…soaring female vocals turn to snarls, the result is excellent. This slab was recorded in '07. (WN)
(Isolated Now Waves)

SHEARING PINX – "Void White" LP

I've been a fan and a friend of SHEARING PINX since forever. They spent a good chunk of time dwelling on long, crazed improv guitar shreddage and wild, drawn-out havoc and have now emerged from that into the land of pretty straightforward riffage without completely shedding the noise chaos of their past. Even having reached a level of relative normalcy, there's still plenty of fuckery, definitely not leaving behind all the found sounds, feedback, whining vocals, myriads of pedals, off-key and off-time foreverness, creepy sax and repeated wanderings into noise jack-off territory. There are definitely ragers here; maybe too many? The record gets a little epic, only finding an end at 18 tracks, and this band in general leans heavily towards prolific, but then again I like everything to be extremely brief. (MM)
(Isolated Now Waves)

SHOCK FUTURO – "Ruido Destructivo" EP

Woah—so I did little Google search to see where this band is from, and surprise: New Zealand! Not what I expected from a band named and sung in Spanish. Anyhow, SHOCK FUTURO plays abrasive hardcore with scratchy guitars and are often on the verge of falling apart, which gives this record a distinct charm. Sometimes reminiscent of LOS CRUDOS, other times more damaged and varying in tempo. Spiderwebs on the front, and Blinko-esque art on the back. This is one of those records released through a collaboration of like six labels! I think this is really cool. (MA)
(El Paso)

SICK/TIRED – "Collapsed Lungs" EP

This is one of two new-ish EPs from Chicago's SICK/TIRED and another tremendous release from them. SICK/TIRED mixes up their sound with a lot of grindcore, a little fastcore and some hardcore. The vocals keep improving and I swear he's starting to sound a bit like Kevin Sharp of BRUTAL TRUTH. One of the better grindcore/fastcore/hardcore bands going. Just get this. (MH)
(Cowabunga)

THE SIDEKICKS – "Awkward Breeds" CD

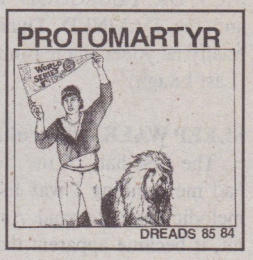
Don't know nothing about this band—though if it's on Red Scare, then 'tis definitely a mark of quality. And Red Scare is definitely stretching its handsome wings with this release. So far as I can make out, the SIDEKICKS play a shiny brand of upbeat, poppy indie rock. A peppier WEAKERTHANS, if you will, or the early BEATLES with a dose of bollocks. Needless to say, Red Scare doesn't lower the bar. (RK)
(Red Scare)

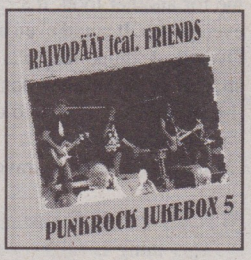
THE SIDEKICKS – "Grace/The Wallflowers"

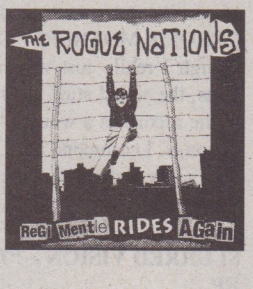
This two-song 7" is the single for the band's upcoming album. So on the A-side you get a pretty catchy pop-punk/indie song that sounds very radio friendly. To their credit, they do sound much more like '90s indie stuff than most pop punk bands who claim the same. On the B-side you get…well, a song that didn't make the record. If you took out the chorus it would sound similar to a much less imaginative version of a song that could have been on the last PROMISE RING record. I can't say it's terrible but I also can't say that this makes me want to buy a record. (PA)
(Red Scare)

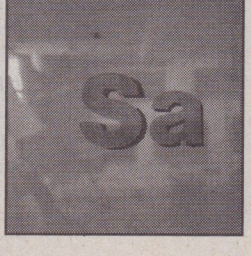
SIDETRACKED – "Forfeit" EP

A legitimately inventive interpretation of early-'90s powerviolence meted with ferocious early grindcore. Songs clock in well under 30 seconds each, and they are full of curve balls (no vocals here, no guitars there, an eight-second









burner taking up the entire B-side—these dudes are *crazy*). Barely time to breathe between songs. File under brutal. (WN)
(Rotten to the Core)

THE SKUNKS – "Can't Get Loose/Earthquake Shake"

A seemingly legitimate reissue of this 1979 Austin KBD classic, which was originally recorded for $10 (thanks Wikipedia). Two songs of electric high energy rock'n'roll with strains of STOOGES, MC5, DR. FEELGOOD, DOWNLINERS SECT, and the DAMNED. Dynamite stuff and it can finally be yours at a reasonable price. (AM)
(Last Laugh)

SLEEP WALK – "Burning Summer" EP

The first half of the first song on this record had me thinking I was listening to a mid-tempo melodic hardcore band. As soon as the breakdown hit, it became apparent that these guys are doing more of a floor-punching two-fingered-point-style hardcore. Then the last song came along and threw me for another loop. It's catchy as all hell, almost even poppy. It could even be a cover for all I know. Overall, I think this would typically be called straight edge, but they don't seem to be preaching that gospel, so I won't go calling SLEEP WALK a straight edge band. (BD)
(Mind Disease / Cop Grave)

SLICES – "Still Cruising" LP

This thing is all over the place. It's got rock elements, hardcore songs, dark parts, meandering parts, a few sound effects and ambiguous art. The lyrics are nuts—it's like every song alludes to some inside joke that only they know. This was all kinda frustrating at first, but I've decided on my second spin that it's really refreshing to hear a record that's not immediately identifiable. At the beginning it reminds me of old FUCKED UP, before they went cuckoo—and then folds into some weird, dreary SACCHARINE TRUST-styled stuff. Then full-speed hardcore with inventive guitar riffs—all the while this mental singer is barking about how "Slices is dirts," or how a bloodclot tastes good in your mouth, or about sandwich condiments. Musically, it kinda reminds me of the CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS LP—where even though I really just wanna like the fast hardcore parts, the weird stuff has its place and contributes to the record as a whole—it's not just a collection of songs. I commend SLICES on this one for their originality and raging tunes. (MA)
(Iron Lung)

SLURRED VISION – "7 Inches of Slurrtality" EP

This band should tour with another band I reviewed this month, TOTES BRUTE. SLURRED VISIONS reminds me of some of the earliest punk I heard—messed up, sloppy, easily understandable spoke/sung vocals, Neanderthal (in a good way) punk rock/hardcore. Oh hell, I love "Green" with its simple, stomping rock guitar but then at the end they go super fast for about 20 seconds. I'm even having a hard time describing this stupid music because I like it so much. They use a classic early hardcore line in one of their songs: "Walkin' down the street the other day." SLURRED VISION aren't copying anyone from 1981 but they're picking up some of that energy and not taking themselves too seriously. (MH)
(Dilapidated)

THE STEAKNIVES – "Against You/Victims"

The STEAKNIVES pay no-frills homage to an assortment of West Coast punk rock classics on this 45. The sounds of *Beach Blvd* and ADOLESCENTS ring out in particular, should that get your shorts in a bunch. The one sticking point for me is that they've replaced any menace associated with the above in favor canned would-be catchy moves. Capable, sure, but there ought to be more to cling to. Unless you're an idiot. (MC)
(Surfin'Ki)

TARTAR CONTROL – Holy Crap CD

This CD is a parody album that starts out by making fun of Mormons, Jesus, and Christian bands. It's like a comedy street punk band to accompany the Broadway musical "Book of Mormon." Some of the music isn't even that bad, but the poor attempt at humor totally takes a dump on what could have been a decent song or two. After the first few tracks they loose the religious theme and just go into comedy freeform. Fuck this sucks. And this CD has 30 songs. 30! (FS)
(self released)

TEAR ME DOWN – "Il Tempo Cambia" CD

Technical hardcore, rammed full of tempo changes, style mix-ups, guitar leads and grunts. These Italian boys can play; super tight, not a single bum chord. And that, my friend, is the problem—I likes my hardcore out of control, wreckless and about to come tumbling down the stairs at any minute. If you dig early shit like TH' INBRED and newer shit on Fat, then this might tickle your fancy. (SD)
(Anfibio)

TENEMENT – "The Blind Wink" LP

So as it goes, I reviewed a TENEMENT EP about a year or two ago and didn't think too much of it. It wasn't bad, per se, but just didn't catch my attention. Now here I sit listening to the new TENEMENT LP whilst reading the *Slice Harvester* interview in the new issue. Having read several *Slice Harvester* reviews of pizza he called shitty (slices that I had thought were pretty good), I'm still convinced this dude just doesn't like pizza the way he ought to. Second chance, third chance, etc.—all denied. I'll never like *Slice Harvester*. So on TENEMENT's second chance, I am more impressed with their output. The new songs are catchier, even bordering on power pop, which is fitting as their drummer is currently touring with Peter Case and Paul Collins of the NERVES. This record strays from the generally Midwest-sounding pop punk of the aforementioned EP, with slower acoustic ditties that keep things interesting, while the sound quality isn't as polished as I remember on the other record. (BD)
(Cowabunga)

TERRIBLE TRUTHS – "Patterns" EP

This South Australian trio features double female vocals and super driving guitar-hook melodies. Their debut EP contains four tracks of distant post-punk, jumping with a danceable deadpan swagger like something out of the '80s Downtown New York scene. I actually think the opening track is the weakest of the bunch, but "Lift Weights" comes closer to a sound that feels both menacing and fun. This is far from sounding like a straightforward punk band, but I dig how emphatically the vocals are delivered as if they are one. I could use less fancy footwork/busybody dance beat on the drums, but that's definitely within the spectrum of nitpicking here. On orange vinyl with a nicely textured sleeve, limited to 300, and apparently almost sold out so check your favorite shops or distros? (JS)
(Small Town City Living)

TIKI POODLES – CD

It's always a bad omen when a band includes a picture of their faces photo-shopped onto photos of babies' in diapers. And of coarse, my initial impression is proved accurate. A couple of "funny" dudes making country influenced "comedy-punk." Has a comedy-punk band ever been funny? I think SPINAL TAP is the only band I can think of who actually made people laugh (and by people I mean folks who aren't friends, girl/boyfriends, or co-workers of the band). 23 songs! Fuck man, what are you guys trying to do to me! (FS)
(self released)

TOTAL CHAOS – "Battered & Smashed" CD

Someone recently played me TOTAL CHAOS's *Nightmares* 7" after we exchanged stories about TOTAL CHAOS fans (they live and die for the CHAOS!!!). After hearing that first 7", it definitely gave me respect for this street punk band that I've never been that into, although I'm into a lot of similar street punk from their era. Granted, I adore the CASUALTIES but I could never get over TOTAL CHAOS's cheesy California street punk vibe or them touring with MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES, ya know? Anyway, TOTAL CHAOS sounds a lot like ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE on this release (another of my favorite bands) or newer-era CASUALTIES, but I still can't get over the cheese. They do it all right in that "punk rawk" style and would fit nicely on a *Punk-O-Rama* compilation. Do yourself a favor and just go listen to their first 7" and skip this. (AE)
(Stomp)

TOTES BRUTE – "What Happened" EP

Twelve tracks of raw, noisy punk rock with a good bit of rock and a tiny bit of hardcore. The band has a unique sound and doesn't seem like they have a guitar player. It sounds like drums, bass and an odd vocalist. The tracks are short and have a wonderfully chaotic sound; the vocalist blurts in his weird, spoken munchkin voice while the bass player goes wild in the background. The vocals are up front in the mix. I don't get it and I think that's the point. (MH)
(Incursion)

TRUE RADICAL MIRACLE – "Termites" LP

Half a decade after their debut full-length platter, Australia's TRUE RADICAL MIRACLE once again set the standard for grown up guitar driven noise rock. I'm not talking about that white hiss distortion laden spiked jacket mania that's sweeping the nation, but rather a journey down roads paved by SONIC YOUTH and the rosters of Homestead and Blast First. Politely chaotic, TRUE RAD's mission seems to be focused on worming their way under your skin with writhing guitars and a pulsing low end, though the whole presentation is really just an attempt to (unsuccessfully) to mask Evelyn's drums, which are mesmerizing. No matter how often I get distracted by an crest of fuzzed out guitar effects or bourbon scented vocal snarls, songs like "Air Of A Plank Walker" are all about the drums pulling rhythms out of nothing and politely fucking commanding you to take note. Elements of countrymen past (FEEDTIME, BIRTHDAY PARTY) creep through, but this quartet is an animal of a distinct breed—moody, intelligent, and fiercely determined. But just as fiercely unpretentious, and perhaps that's the one most compelling thing that manages to seep through *Termites*; it's excellent and it's honest, but never comes off as calculating or manipulative. Highly recommended. (WN)
(Iron Lung)

TUMMO – LP

I was immediately intrigued by the artwork on the cover of this record, and there is more by the same artist inside. The drawings of weird, gritty and slightly psychedelic images of strange-eyed monsters are great complements to the weighty sludge this Czech band plays. The songs are heavy, with a crushing doom presence and I like the raw, hateful vocal delivery. Even when they speed up the tempo a bit or overlay some guitar leads to make a song more melodic, they are still aggressive and inexorable. This is a bangover inducer. (BL)
(Dead Heroes)

TUS IDOLOS – "Un Gusto" EP

What the fuck?! The first side of this record is just trash. It sounds like boring cock-rock for the wannabe *Pitchfork* crowd, but on the second side, it sounds like they are really trying and starting to channel the DEAD BOYS. I realize that there is a very fine line between these two worlds, but Puerto Rico's TUS IDOLOS are walking the tightrope very carefully. While side one is a sleeper, side two could very well be your next party-starter. I wish this were a two-song single—it would be perfect. (GH)
(Discos De Hoy)

UCHAZIM – "Marnostoj" CD

I've never heard of these guys before, but a little research shows that they're a fairly long-running "experimental" hardcore band from the Czech Republic. I gotta admit: I hate this. It's way slick and produced and sounds like the kind of band that would open for 311 on the Eastern European leg of their tour or something. Besides the distortion on the guitars there's nothing very "hardcore" about this at all. Oh god, there are funk parts…ick. (AU)
(Uchazim)

THEUNCIVIL – "City Clog" EP

It is not relevant that "THEUNCIVIL has shared the stage with such bands as TSOL, DI, the DWARVES, CRO-MAGS, the MENTORS, GUTTERMOUTH, FANG and many more," so I don't know why they include that on their one-sheet. Hell, none of those bands should even still be playing, and half of them shouldn't have even picked up mics and instruments to begin with. As for THEUNCIVIL, they have all the charm and chops of alcoholic PENNYWISE fans, with a slurring vocalist who attempts to sing notes higher than he's capable of, and the music stays a single (mid-) pace the entire way through. Alcohol can enhance the music made by gifted individuals—POISON IDEA for one—but this is the sad side of drunkenness, and listening to this record is almost literally like watching an episode of *Intervention*, minus the nagging concerned family. Oh, and they cover an early SKREWDRIVER song. Bummer. (DG)
(self-released)

UNCURBED / WARVICTIMS – split LP

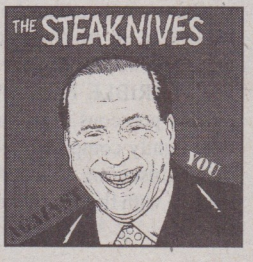
So here's the US press of a split LP that proved to be something of a milestone for both bands. UNCURBED broke up shortly after its release and while WARVICTIMS are still going, they've definitely slowed down as their side projects continue to pile up (which isn't a bad thing at all considering the quality of those projects). The WARVICTIMS material is the usual, competent if unremarkable Swedish D-beat, with a few good solos and a couple memorable riffs. Not bad, not great, just kind of *there*. Now, I loved the early 2000s incarnation of UNCURBED. The *Peacepunklovelife…* LP and *Chords for Freedom* 10" are pretty fucking classic examples of heavy Swedish crust that was identifiably part of the genre while still retaining its own character, kind of the same way that WARCOLLAPE was in but not of that scene. Due to some combination of lineup changes and the passage of time, this material doesn't shine quite as brightly as the earlier stuff does, but there's a lot to love about this recording. Not least is the feeling of bleak hopelessness that pervades, and a melodic sensibility that recalls the first TRAGEDY LP. TB's vocals are raw but expressive in a way that few in the genre can match. While the earlier stuff had some joy, this is all darkness and apocalyptic hate for a world that's become irredeemable. Top it off with a passionate ASOCIAL cover (the ultra-classic "Det Bittra Slutet"), and you've got a pretty fucking excellent send-off for one of the most underrated Swedish crust bands that ever was. (AU)
(Sacred Plague)

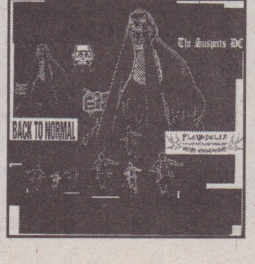
UNHOLY MAJESTY – "Age of Affliction" EP

With a distinct INTEGRITY/Holy Terror influence reflected in chugging guitars and over-the-top lyrical posturing, UNHOLY MAJESTY from the UK provides yet another entry in the hopelessly oversaturated world of dark-ish hardcore that's really blown up in the last few years. Unfortunately, a good mix and solid chops don't amount to squat when the riffs are rehashed '80s thrash metal, only way slower, like if you got too stoned and accidentally listened to a MEGADETH 45 at 33 RPM. This is the kind of band that credits which member performed each guitar solo, and yes, those solos are fucking atrocious: predictable, noodling wankfests that sound like they were lifted from every bad classic rock song you could possibly think of. You almost have to love a band that could produce such cheezy shlock while maintaining such a level of pretense as to self-identify in their liner notes as "a psychological projection of your own identity"…almost. (WB)
(A389)

UNNATURAL HELPERS – LP

A reissue of the UNNATURAL HELPERS' first album plus bonus tracks. All tracks were recorded in 2005 with two different band lineups—one on side A and the other on side B. This is poppy, stripped-down punk. The singer sounds serious and intense, but the songs are catchy and frantic which downplays it. There is also an interesting Bay Area influence here. "Garbage Time" is a redoing of the DAVID





NUDELMAN/RESINEATORS song "Garbage Strike" and a couple of songs on side B sound like the ICKY BOYFRIENDS. But that is always a good thing. (CK)
(1-2-3-4 Go!)

USELESS ID – "Symptoms" CD

I have not heard this band from Israel for years. They do a decent job of the BAD RELIGION/OFFSPRING thing now. Very US sounding. This is pretty slick and in the Epitaph/Fat vein. Being on Fat that makes sense. I did like this as it is pretty strong for this type of stuff. (RL)
(Fat Wreck)

UZI RASH – "I Saw U" EP

This Oakland troupe is incredibly busy as of late, preaching the gospel of artful trash via countless recent records. Does this band grate from time to time? Yes (*yes*), but that's strangely part of their appeal. The title track here might lead you to think otherwise: sweet, Kiwi-influenced pop that could totally have blogger-types frothing at the mouth. The two songs on the flip are more in line with the other UZI RASH recordings that I've heard: jamboree-like, punky weirdness that is either immediately appealing or nauseating. If you're in need of an introduction to this band, this is the obvious starting point. (MC)
(1-2-3-4 Go!)

VAASKA – "Condenado" EP

I'm stoked that this scorching Austin band has dropped another record, which I believe is their third. VAASKA's 12" was a compelling mix of Scandinavian and Iberian punk, and that trend has definitely carried over onto this EP. The faster songs sound Swedish, and the more mid-paced ones sound Spanish. I'm hesitant to call this raw punk because the production is fairly clean and certainly powerful, but musically it's definitely in that vein. This band reminds me of AVSKUM, but with lyrics in Spanish... In other words, they're fucking great. (KM)
(HeartFirst)

VÅNNA INGET – "ALLVAR" LP

Gritty and melancholic, Malmö's VÅNNA INGET is cut from the same cloth as the current wave of Swedish bands such as MASSHYSTERI and TERRIBLE FEELINGS. Clear, forceful, and terribly gorgeous, Karolina Engdahl's voice soars over tightly composed pop melodies and jangling guitars, ushering VÅNNA INGET to the front of the line with this exquisite debut. *Skitbra!* (FF)
(P-trash / 1-2-3-4 Go!)

VIRUS – "Virulence" CD

This is a new seventeen-track album from the early to mid-'80s Dorset Anarcho punk band VIRUS (not to be confused with the Brighton thrash metal band or the Philly street punk act). This is fairly solid, above average punk rock fare, if not that original. Subjects tackled include the Royal family, religion, sellouts, butchers, politicians, fox hunters, nuclear power, etc... Dunno if the band are stuck in a time warp, or if it's just that not much has changed since the '80s. While there might be a bit of truth to the first one, I'm afraid the second point is all too true. (AM)
(Active Distribution)

VIVID SEKT – "Dance Among the Debris" LP

Portland based band that has been kicking around for a bit now. This is the band's first full-length and they maintain the UK peace punk slant to their sound. Bands like FALLOUT *Salami Tactics* era or SIX MINUTE WAR come to mind with a bit less anger in the vocals, which has always been a huge component of early peace punk stuff that seems to be missing here. It would be great if a few tempo changes occurred to make it a bit more diverse, it kind of stays on one plane and does not move from there. The live set I had seen awhile back brought a different kind of energy and life to this band that sadly does not seem to come through on this piece of vinyl. (MS)
(Mass Media)

VOM – "Live at Surf City" EP

How refreshing, a '70s punk reissue *not* on Last Laugh Records! Glad to see St. Louis's Rerun Records back in the game with this much (much?) needed EP. These fucktards were already well-aged rock critics by the time they assembled their pre-ANGRY SAMOANS outfit VOM (short for VOMIT, natch). This, their only EP from 1978, is kind of a piece of shit with dumb wannabe offensive lyrics, which might've actually offended people if anyone gave a shit at the time. The one saving grace on this six-song EP is the classic "Electrocute Your Cock," although I'd still rather reach for the ANGRY SAMOANS. The real importance of this punk artifact is as a window into that brief moment in time circa 1978 where being an outright and total fuckup seemed revolutionary. Sadly that idea never caught on. (GB)
(Rerun)

VT MARVIN – "Neposlusni Tenisti" CD

As far as I can tell, this is a Czech five-piece, with tennis-themed artwork (rackets, balls, an umpire, and the might whites on court, in action, and fighting amongst themselves). Everything is in Czech, so I've no idea what they're singing about, nor even if I've confused the name of the band with the name of the album. Mebbe they are a tennis-themed band and have named the record after their good buddy Marvin? Anyways, they do turn in twelve tracks of hyperactive, straightforward, melodic driving punk, along with a cover of "Hawaii Five-0." Me, I like tennis, and dig the sounds these chaps are serving up, too... Other than tennis knows no boundaries, apparently, this is a real international effort. The cover says "printed in Dubai" on the back sleeve. Finally, some solidarity with the Arab Spring... (RK)
(PHR)

WALLS – "The Future is Wide Open" LP

This is not a record that you can listen to with people unless you imagine yourself walking along the street wearing a trench coat concealing a short barrel shot gun and blasting everyone you see to bits. There is not one tempo here. At times it's fast, at times it's slow and everywhere in between. Well-planned tempo changes giving you the feeling that you are clinging to life at the edge of a cliff. The songs are so incredibly well crafted—at times driving, at times with hand wringing repetitive parts that all lead to an anticipation of something frightening, menacing, damaging. They have purpose. The recording is clean which is great because you can hear every nuance and these fuckers can play (I am avoiding the band pedigree here...). The guitars bend, the bass punches you in the temple, the drums are solid, mean and nasty. Nothing on here is pretty—gravelly vocals that use actual pitch while still staying throaty and filled with rage. The lyrics are included, describing a twisted nightmare come to life. There are some monstrous sounds coming from this guy, but nothing forced—this singer is nuts, seriously nuts and he is inviting you into his mayhem. Go with it. They cover "Mekano" by SPK and it rules. I am not gonna lie, this is a weird band, but a great one. There is no one that sounds like this, but I can say that if you like the feel of other Iron Lung releases and you like your hardcore noisy and insane, listen to this—you won't be disappointed. Barely controlled chaos about to explode. (MB)
(Iron Lung)

WEEKEND NACHOS – "Two Things at Once" LP

Here's a compilation of two out-of-print EPs from these Chicago freaks. Truth be told, I've always been confused by the band name, which I don't think is doing them any favors but whatever, this rips. The vocalist, John Caution, is a small-ish guy, but he's got a freakin' huge voice and it's a dead ringer for Joe Denunzio of INFEST. Many of the songs on side A (the *Torture* EP) aren't too far off from the INFEST mold, though there's a much stronger emphasis on the sludge side of things, to the point that I could also see this fitting in pretty well with the mosh crowd. Unlike the 18 songs that fill the A-side, the B-side (the *Bleed* EP) features just two 6+ minute jams that are simultaneously doomy, dynamic and utterly oppressive. If you missed out the first time around, don't sleep on this; just make sure you have a high tolerance for pain and suffering. (JH)
(Cowabunga)

WHISKEY FUNERAL – CD

Guitar-heavy hard rock from Italy like GLUCIFER. There's a girl on the cover wearing an iron cross necklace. Tons of wailing solos. Some Angry-Anderson-style vocals. They have songs called "Bargirl" and "Junkie White Trash." You get the idea. Sometimes I'm into this stuff, but this just too generic and contrived to make these bong rips even improve it. Keep trying. (RO)
(Full Speed Ahead, no info)

WHORE PAINT – "Mencarchy" EP

This is pretty good. The beats are a bit cookie-cutter pogo boots-and-pants style, but its compensated for with high-pitched guitar repetitiveness and vocalizations that run the range from screams to yelps to boredom to high drama. It kind of lands somewhere between CHRISTIAN DEATH and BABES IN TOYLAND, which is such a winning combo. The bravado-laden SIOUXSIE-style vocals get a little tiring at some point but overall it's a good time. (MM)
(Anchor Brain)

THE WINDOWSILL – CD

This band is basically the APERS with one other guy, and it sounds like just that. Well, like they grew up and defined their style a bit, but stayed true to their undeniable influences. This album reeks of Rotterdam pop-punk, from it's cover design to the way it references the definitive punk SCREECHING WEASEL/RAMONES-core sound and classic American pop such as TOM PETTY. This is a great example of new growth from a scene that just won't die. (GG)
(Monster Zero)

YOUNG AND IN THE WAY – "Amen/I Am Not What I Am" 2xLP

Baroque, harsh, and unabashedly esoteric shit—whoa. YOUNG AND IN THE WAY is from North Carolina and produce black-metal-laced crust with a solid grounding in angry East Coast hardcore. This release is a compilation of two albums, one on vinyl for the first time and the other previously self-released by the band. First, 2010's *Amen*, which oscillates between bludgeoning hardcore and slow, claustrophobic breakdowns; the far-slower B-side of *Amen*, which plays out like an extended dirge worthy of THOU, was actually my favorite part of the record. Fast forward a year later to *I Am Not What I Am* and we find YOUNG AND IN THE WAY upping both the speed and majesty factor exponentially, the latter to the point of opening the album with several minutes of opera singing sampled over creeping tremolo riffs, somewhat like a filthier MORNE. The black metal influence goes beyond mere blast beats, with horror movie keyboards and dreamy, symphonic passages constantly cropping up to give the whole thing a delightfully demented feel. No doubt, this is a project that aims high, but there's nothing better than seeing something like this that's actual able to deliver on its promises. Yeah, this is totally great. (WB)
(A389)

YPERITE – "Pogo in Nitro" CD

Straight-up French punk rock with hints of '77 and '82 attitude. Played tight, sticking to the formula, pulling zero surprises. It ain't bad, it just ain't my thing. If you dig RED ALERT, INFA-RIOT, GUITAR GANGSTERS, etc., then you could possibly dig this. (SD)
(Close Up)

ZEMEZLUC – "Heldani" CD

What we have here is a melodic hardcore band from the Czech Republic. It's very typical older-guy European punk. Gruff vocals, very well produced, melodic with lots of gang vocals. It's punk but with a strong hard-rock influence as well as some metal. Feels like equal parts COCK SPARRER, IRON MAIDEN and MOTLEY CRÜE. The songs are good but very basic and straightforward. Which is fine for the first four songs, but the next 20 are harder to get through. This thing is like a marathon—over an hour of music! And its not even discography. I can count on one hand the albums I liked that were over 45 minutes, and although ZEMEZLUC are good, they ain't one of them. (FS)
(PHR)

V/A – "Blood Klub II" EP

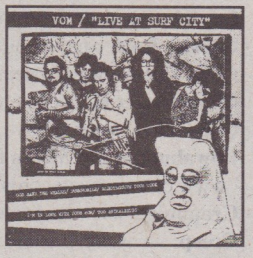
This comp comes to us as a split between the labels Arithilemn and the ever-prolific Isolated Now Waves, and if you are familiar with either you can probably infer what this sounds like. I've never really been a fan of KOBAN and they continue to not wow me here; they always remind me of NOTHING PEOPLE which everyone shits themselves over but I see as no big whoop. MONGST is definitely a highlight here, bringing the doom and total rage, taking the time to grind on heaviness and then mix in a quick noise shredder here and there. N.213 is the solo project Nic from SHEARING PINX, which comes off as a smattering of things, showcasing eclectic tastes with forays into repetitive noise and then back to guitared-out punk rock. YELLOWTHIEF is instrumental and falls neatly into the pocket of math rock, so, you know, whatever. Worthwhile for the MONGST and N.213 tracks alone. (MM)
(Isolated Now Waves)

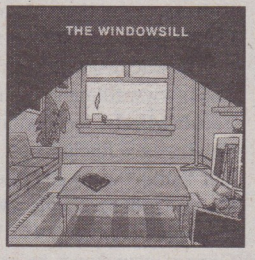
V/A – "New Breed Tape Compilation" 2xLP/CD

So fucking sick!! Back when I was collecting hardcore in early '90s, the *New Breed* compilation was this legendary artifact of the NYHC puzzle, often talked about but rarely seen. In fact, I can still remember buying my first SXE and NYHC grails from the tape's producer Ryan Sikorski when he used to run his legendary classified ads in *MRR* back in the day. A couple of the bands here went on to be big names in their own right, but for us obsessives, this was the real-deal schitt… Enough with Revelation already, we just wanted more of that dirty Lower East Side DIY hardcore, before it fell victim to big money studio hacks. ABSOLUTION, LIFE'S BLOOD, BEYOND—their early recordings are all here, plus all the secret stuff from legendary demo-only bands like RAW DEAL, ABOMB-A-NATION, OUR GANG and tons more. The double-LP set comes with a reprinted full-size version of the giant lyric book plus a two-sided photo insert. The CD comes with a mini-book and a gatefold case. I kinda miss the cassette format of the original, but it's great to have all this assembled in a much more user-friendly format. Go!!! (GB)
(Lush Life / Wardance)

V/A – "Pretty Much Everywhere, Kids Are Going to Get Rocked!" CD

The inspiration for this compilation is wholly unclear. It's got four bands from all over the place—DC, France, Finland and Wales. I can't really tell if there is a common denominator between them all. FOREIGN LEGION is a Welsh band that plays hardcore with a metallic tinge to it. They lent a couple live tracks from 2009, and a couple from an EP originally released in 1987. You can probably guess where the SUSPECTS DC are from. They give us six songs of street punk trash. FLEURDELIX are from France and brought one cover and one re-recorded super poppy original. Rounding things out from Finland is BACK TO NORMAL, who gives four live tracks of '90s-era skate rock. This is one strange comp indeed. (BD)
(Poorly Packaged)





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1981 – An obviously incomplete discography from this still-active peace punk act from Finland, this compiles one full-length with two EPs including a split with fellow revivalists SURRENDER. Never veering into folk-punk territory, 1981 instead make a compelling case for anarcho-punk as folk music, incorporating some rather poppy vocals into a sound that is at once retro and very now-sounding. Beautifully packaged with a lengthy booklet that includes lyrics and an interview in both French and English. (Will) (13-song CD-R, lyrics included, plusquedesmois@free.fr)

ADULTS – Amazing late '70s influenced punk with a much more hard feel with the raw production. With song titles like "Give Me Something to Do" and "Tired in the Mornings" this is definitely for fans of Bomp records bands, RAMONES-core and the like. Guitar spits out fast played clean chords that make me want to jump at the wall with giddy teenage punk excitement! Drums at a constant upbeat and vocals perfect in placement and time. No, I don't know any of these guys.... but they are playing the punk rock! Can't wait to see them live! (Punk Rock Mum) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, chiesaram@yahoo.com)

A.M. PLEASURE ASSASSINS – At first this band reminded me some HUSKER DU, but on the second song maybe some FLAMING LIPS and those indie bands from the '90s. I guess the idea is having a set of influences and sounds as wide as possible. Not my kind of thing but I'm also not sure if they'd call the attention of fans of this genre. (Juliana) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, ampacommunity@gmail.com)

BATTLESCARD – Blistering Japanese hardcore with guitars that owe more to CHELSEA than to DIS-worship. Vocals are straight out of the early D.S.B. recordings, that distinctively Japanese snarl surges the whole recording forward. BATTLESCARD hail from Yokohama, and manage to fall just enough outside of by-the-books Japan core to make my ears perk up. Ripping solos and a relentless package—awesome. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, battlescard@hotmail.co.jp)

BRO SLAUGHTER / HARSH SUPPLEMENT split – Short blasts of nonsense from HARSH SUPPLEMENT, like a refined (and hopefully lyrically more mature) ANAL CUNT in their infancy, rarely do any of these track approach the five second mark. BRO SLAUGHTER is just a recording of some dudes watching wrestling—an inside joke put to tape. (Robert) (? song cassette, no lyrics, hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

CHOLERA – Here is a really cool collection of rehearsal recordings from Jerusalem circa 1982-83! Borrowing equally from US and UK hardcore of the time, CHOLERA (aka VOID 21) displays plenty of teenage anger with songs such as "Oi Vey Racism," "I Don't Like A's," and "We're Fifteen and We Don't Like It." They cover DEAD BOYS and VIBRATORS, but most of their original material is raw hardcore punk! As mentioned, there are rehearsal recordings, so don't expect top quality. This is highly recommended for those (like myself) always itching to hear seminal punk offerings from more obscure corners of the world! (Matt) (15-song CD-R, no lyrics, hcbrecords.com, Heart & Crossbone, PO Box 29021, Tel Aviv 61290, Israel)

CIKATRI$ – I guess this is just a previously released EP on a CD-R? Not the brilliant '80s Basque band, but a current band self-described as "a French keytar punk band from Stockholm." And well, there is a keytar, it's sung in French, and they are from Stockholm—so there ya go. I admit I was a little afraid by the dorky photos of them on the CD cover and everything, but I like this! The closest thing I could compare it to would be LOST SOUNDS... and wait—definitely KNUGEN FALLER. The songs have a basic punk approach, but the Aurélie's keytar and vocals color things up and create a fresh and interesting sound. If you like the previously mentioned bands and EDITH NYLON, you'll really like this. I do! (Matt) (5-song cdr, no lyrics, aurelie.ferriere@gmail.com, cikatris.bandcamp.com, Metargatan 7, 11666 Stockholm, Sweden)

EASY TIGER – Smart nihilistic hardcore from the mean streets of Iowa, EASY TIGER put MOTORpunk through the ringer on these five jams. "Grampa Ugly" is adolescent, and pales in comparison to "Annihilation" or the frank frustration of their eponymous opener. They are all over the place vocally, which prevents them from having any real cohesion—it sounds as if this could be a mix tape instead of a demo...but when they hit on all cylinders as you are treated to charging hardcore punk with uncharacteristically clean and determined vocals. It's a demo, and EASY TIGER have demonstrated that they can intrigue me. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, sendmentald@hotmail.com)

EN CAHOOTS – Fukkd and distorted raw hardcore with the kind of edge typically reserved for early '90s sketchy So Cal acts...it sounds like these are bad dudes. Like I want to go to the show, but I'd probably just stand in the back and make a quiet escape as soon as they finished...but then, I'm a bit of a wuss. A blown out rehearsal recording for this debut release, obviously these Arizona kids are well versed in the classics (NO COMMENT, DESPISE YOU, CROSSED OUT) but they are using that as a launch point instead of merely trying to ape bygone genres. Frightening sounds. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, encahoots.blogspot.com)

EVICTION PARTY – From the name of this band and the stark look of their tape cover, I thought they would be a hardcore band, but I was wrong. It's something closer to emotional pop-punk along the lines of that Plan-It-X Records kind of scrappy earnestness. This tape makes me picture scruffy faced kids with bandanas around their necks, smiles in the pit, and love letters to DEFIANCE OHIO. As a jaded, older punk, these things are easy to make fun of, but I also believe that's unfair and fucked up. It sounds like this band grew up on a steady diet of CRIMPSHRINE, OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN, MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE and PUNKIN PIE. Drinking on rooftops, mix tapes and traveling are all topics that are covered within their songs. If this is your thing, this is definitely your tape. I would also like to note that they sent this tape to *MRR* in a tofu box. (Greg) (6-song tape, lyrics included, evictionparty@hotmail.com)

FORMORROW – This band sounds like some modern hardcore bands, which mix many different styles and speeds, including some stoner rock parts. Recording is pretty decent on these four songs that were recorded last December at Atomic Garden in Palo Alto. Lyrics are included but I can't really tell what it's about cause of the bad photocopy. But in relation to sound, it's their first EP and they did a good job. (Juliana) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, wedidtformorrow@gmail.com)

FRACASO – Holy fukk!! Essential reverbed D-beat mania from Venezuela, a whirling pit of excitement fills my brain as "Circulos" wraps up and "Paranoia" starts up...the intro is so damn simple and it might be my favorite song on the planet at this moment. Skipping the white noise guitar attack in favor of writing brilliant songs, this falls more in line with Scandi bands like MEANWHILE, but with a decidedly Spanish punk twist. Just fukkn killer, and getting a US release soon if you don't like writing letters. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, R. Manrique, Apartado 69447, Altamira 1062, Caracas Venezuela)

FRASCO – One of the best demos of 2012. Venezuelan punk in the vein of more recent bands like DROMDEAD with that total Scandi SHITLICKERS D-beat worship. If you like raw punk done well that would cause chaos live, this band is it. The vocals are reverbed and the guitar is ANTI-CIMEX perfection. Dear FRASCO, please put out a 7" or two, maybe an LP, and get your punk arses to North America so we can see you fuckers live! Good job IFB Records for another solid cassette release. (Amelia) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, Rafael Manrique, Apartado 69447, Altamira 1062, Caracas, Venezuela, frascopunk@gmail.com)

GENERATION HEXED – "You Say You Won't Like It..." – Old guy bar rock featuring members of older Toronto hardcore bands. If I can sense minute traces of early '90s era POISON IDEA influence, or maybe DAYGLO ABORTIONS, but this is lifeless in comparison. I don't know what else to say...this is just really boring to me. (Matt) (10-song CD-R, lyrics included, generationhexedband@gmail.com, 69 Oakley Park Sq, Barrie, ON L4M 2K4, Canada)

HERMANASTRA – "Tic Galopante" – Damn, this band is prolific! I just reviewed a demo by them

last month. As I said before, they play fast, upbeat punk, and this demo finds the band to be tighter than last time. I also still think this band shines when they slow their tempos down a little bit and allow their pop sensibilities to show through. The song "Miseria" is easily the best on here and reminds me of one of those really catchy MUFFS songs that make your palms sweat. Oddly, the male vocals on this release are lacking in every song except the last one. On their previous demo, both the female and male voices shared the mic almost equally and I thought it made their songs really engaging and varied. Oh well. This is still pretty killer. (Greg) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, hermanastra.bandcamp.com)

HOLLOWED BONES – Discordant churning hardcore, reminds me of '90s acts like THREE STUDIES FOR A CRUCIFIXION or HINKLEY. Vocals are pissed and the music is dark. Excessively raw delivery holds it back a bit, but a complete lack of pretense helps pull it over to the "win" column. Anxious to hear the next effort. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, hollowedboneshc.blogspot.com)

ILL CONTENT – Pissed Oakland hardcore. Plenty of whirling grind and a singer who wants to beat somebody's ass. Less than eight minutes of music, but if you like it primal and fukkn mean, then this is your jam. (Robert) (3-song CD-R, lyrics included, illcontent@comcast.net)

KRYOVAX – They sound like pretty much like an '80s American hardcore band, I can name NEGATIVE APPROACH (specially on vocals) SLAPSHOT, VERBAL ABUSE and things like that as influence. A female vocal is present in some songs and it's definitely a cool plus. Not sure if I liked the child-like drawing of skull and apocalypse on the cover. Recording pretty decent. (Juliana) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, brokenlibertyrecords.com)

LEE HARVEY OSWALDS / WOODEN WIVES split – At their best, LEE HARVEY OSWALDS play breathy female fronted pop, with a late '80s Manchester feel. At other times it's just mid paced psychedelic folk rock. WOODEN WIVES step straight out of 1968 and play laid back hanging out tunes. Hamburger might be the most all over the map tape label on earth, and I kinda love them for it. (Robert) (14-song cassette, no lyrics, hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

LOUGHTON – Mid-tempo hardcore recorded (poorly) live. Sounds like it's pretty good, but this live tape probably ain't the best introduction to a band. The CRAMPS cover works surprisingly well with what appears to be their sound though. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, romancandlesmusic.bigcartel.com)

THE MANUAL AND THE MACHINE – "Social Services" – This is some truly weird shit here. Arrhythmic drumming mixed with guitar skronk loops and a couple of dudes yelling obtuse lyrics over the din. There's something about this that sounds a little like the old Indiana band JACKWACKER, but not quite as manic. It's really hard to tell what is going on here. Like I said, weird shit. This might be "art." (Greg) (6-song tape, lyrics included, musicforheadphones.com)

MASS MILICJA – Melodic and catchy political punk from Poland promoting progressive politics (from what I can tell...). It's pretty slickly produced, kind of reminds me of Anti-Flag and that ilk in the way it packages anarcho-punk politics in a more "accessible" pop-punk sound. If that sounds enticing, check them out. Points for liner notes on cool see-through paper. (Max) (4-song CD-R, lyrics and liner notes in Polish, massmilicja.pl)

MIDNITE BRAIN – Vocals like Tam from SACRILEGE if she was singing for DISCHARGE with wailing ANTI-CIMEX guitars. It has that '82 feel with vocals that are clear and each instrument is defined—it's raw punk but not distorted to all hell, and I'm glad it's not! Ya wanna hear these fuckers! This band comprises high quality musicians and is not a clone. I welcome this new blood to the Bay Area punk scene. If ya like bands like DEATH SIDE and FINAL BLOODBATH, let this band give you some hearing loss. (Amelia) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, midnitebrain@gmail.com)

MUNECAS PUTAS – Pissed-off, sloppy fast punk rock from Spain, along the lines of the MISFITS and early SAMHAIN. Lyrics are sung in Spanish. That's all I can possibly say about this. (Greg) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics included, myspace.com/munecasputas)

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN – German fastcore assault!! Compiling tracks from their vinyl and CD releases, this tape shoves a few dozen blistering numbers down your craw, fast as shit and not scared of the breakdown (no band should be). Saw them in 2006 and they killed—it appears that the years have not mellowed this crew. BLUT+EISEN and UPRIGHT CITIZENS covers, but the rest of this is pure blistering HC. (Robert) (47-song cassette, no lyrics, mackeyslaw@web.de, nervousbreakdown@gmx.net)

THE NIGHT STALKERS – This band wins the prize for having the stupidest fucking lyrics I've heard all month. The prize? Come to my house and I will shit in your mouth! What did you expect with song titles like "Fuck All Night" and "True Punk Fags"? If you can get past the lyrics (I can't), the music is fairly ripping, hardcore punk that would *really* appeal to me if I was an apolitical dude that liked to get drunk on PBR and scam hot chicks into paying my rent. I thought punk was supposed to be a rebellion from mainstream values, not a window into the repressive society at large. NIGHT STALKERS, you've got the ability to do some bad-ass shit here, but you're drowning in straight dude clichés. (Greg) (7-song tape, lyrics included, wearethenightstalkers@gmail.com)

NO SIR, I WON'T – Very anarcho in that CHUMBAWUMBA way. NO SIR, I WON'T has that CONFLICT vibe but lighter, as it does not have that same urgency of Thatcher era punk and leans musically toward that melodic OMEGA TRIBE sound. Singer's political influence is strong coming from the SURRENDER camp and the lyrics are legit, not generic, and make you think instead of just being another punk band with more anti-war lyrics, et cetera. The guitar riffs get glued in your brain—this is definitely music not noise. It was even made on a recycled "speak and read essential Russian" tape, ya fucking hipies! For Nick Poot—RIP. (Amelia) (6-song cassette, a lot of lyrics included, nosiriwont@yahoo.com)

NO TOMORROW – Metallic D-beat hardcore. Nothing to really say except that these punks have nailed their sound and they've probably heard WORLD BURNS TO DEATH BEFORE. Shrapnel drowns the vocals, the pace is relentless, and the guitar leads are sporadic but spot on. Fans of the crust wave take note...this kills. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, no.tomorrow.dbeat@gmail.com)

NOT ON TOUR – Fast, tight, and face-punchingly catchy female-fronted pop-punk/melodic hardcore from Israel. What this is doing on Halo of Flies, I have no idea (pun seriously not intended!), but with lyrics like "wanna puke wanna puke on you/wanna puke on people just like you" it's hard to go wrong. Oh, and it comes wrapped in a patch...sick! (Will) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, haloofflesrcds@hotmail.com)

NUBIANS – Punk'n'roll from Montreal Canada. NUBIANS deliver their racket with distorted heavy bluesy-toned guitars, blown out vocals, a quick mid tempo groove, and a fair amount of noise thrown in. There are also a few weird southern rock-ish breakdowns were he sings like '90s alt rock style or something. Sometimes I hear bits of NOMEANSNO creeping in, but this isn't as weird—NUBIANS are more straightforward. Some more hooks would be nice, but overall this is a good looking/sounding punk tape. (Matt) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, nubians@gmail.com, nubians.bandcamp.com)

NUCLEAR SPRING – Brooklyn is becoming quite the incestuous breeding ground for killer new bands, and NUCLEAR SPRING perch themselves near the very top of the heap with this demo. Snotty and smart with soaring NAKED RAYGUN guitars driving the whole mess. Dual gender vox, a steady attack pushed well into the red....and seriously, those guitar leads seal the deal. Just fukkn punk, the way it's meant to be played. This came out last year (and was probably reviewed in these pages, hopefully favorably), but it just got the Euro treatment from Cut The Cord That... in Germany, so don't miss your second chance. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, ctct-records.tumblr.com)

OBSESSOR – Absolutely mandatory epic metal punk. Only two songs on this tape—Tank Crimes mysteriously released two separate two-song cassette singles to introduce the world to this Virginia powerhouse—but "The Demon" alone is packed with more essential riffs that 75% of the studded jacket gems taking up space in your collection. VENOM attitude, ENGLISH DOGS approach, early C.O.C. attitude. Damn this is good. (Robert) (2 song cassette, no lyrics, tankcrimes.com, obsessor666@gmail.com)

OLD POETS – By the looks of the cover art, I figured this would be some emo/amazing core style shit. Thankfully, there're some actual riffs on this CD-R. Pretty straightforward fast hardcore that, at times, sounds a bit like RINGWORM, but also has some decent mosh riffs that remind me of the Boston Straight Edge. Not down with the melodic hardcore song on track three though, they need to get smart and drop that track off the set list, no doubt. Decent tunes, but nothing sticks out too much. (Tony) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, $4ppd to 2401 Manor Road #132, Austin TX, 78722. oldpoets.bandcamp.com)

PEEPLE WATCHIN' – Melodic punk à la JAWBREAKER, right down to the poetry thinly veiled as lyrics. Kinda makes you want to dance, and that's never really a bad thing. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $3ppd, 200 Armory St., Jamaica Plain, MA 02130)

PISTOLBRIDES – It is true that this is very well played, however not by punk rockers. More psychedelic sounding rock tunes from seemingly intense people. On the lighter side of rock music and very easy to listen to. I am not well adjusted enough to understand much more than that. (Punk Rock Mum) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, chrisoposnow@gmail.com, layfayetterecs.com)

POTTY MOUTH – "Bad Bad" – Judging by the cover, I thought this was gonna be some jokey dude band that sang about their farts, but I was pleasantly

surprised to find an all-female, indie-influenced punk band. Their sound seems informed by a love of KLEENEX, but interpreted through a modern lens, like a more punk GRASS WIDOW that isn't afraid to scream their heads off. I think I love this. The first side is a little herky-jerky and carried by some brilliantly executed single-string guitar riffs, but side two is where it picks up for me. On "Vacation Gone Bad," I can hear the band starting to really gel together and they seem like they are hinting at the quirky, powerful indie-punk that they will undoubtedly produce in the future, once they hit their stride. This is a really great demo. My only complaint is that I don't like their name, but nothing is perfect. Whatevs. (Greg) (5-song tape, lyrics included, pottymouthgirls@gmail.com)

PROTO REGIME – Über metallic lightning speed hardcore with excessive solos throughout. One step short of full on crossover worship, but they manage to keep both feet in the punk camp. Vocals are the highlight—high pitched and at the breaking point. Even though this is a demo tape, it seems these kids are shooting for something slick and polished, especially in the guitar department. I guess we'll have to wait for a vinyl slab to find out. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, gzuscamp@yahoo.com)

PROTO REGIME – Very Burning Spirits with almost NWOHBM guitar at times. This band covers a lot of ground from raw punk to straight-up hardcore breaks. The melodic gallop of furious Japanese inspired punk holds it all together but ya know they're from the Bay due to the hardcore undertones. Good job, boys. (Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyric insert included, gzuscamp@yahoo.com)

ROCKETSHIP ROCKETSHIP – This band from SF presents a female vocal that reminds me that girl from NO DOUBT (Is it good? Bad? You decide it.) Some rockabilly influences can be heard on this recording. I guess in the end of the day it's just another rock'n'roll band, which it's not necessarily something bad but also there isn't anything that really called my attention. (Juliana) (5-song CDR, no lyrics, rocketshipx2@gmail.com)

ROMAN CANDLES – Acoustic guitar standing on a street corner in Berkeley singing songs about Berkeley. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, romancandlesmusic@gmail.com)

ROMAN CANDLES – See above review, except this is a different tape, even mellower and less punk. It's called *Punk Belongs To Us*. (9-song cassette, no lyrics, romancandlesmusic@gmail.com)

SANHEDRIN – "Pro Human. Pro Life" – This is metal (a genera I'm not a big fan of) from Arizona. I'll say that this is recorded really well and is super chunky and downtuned, shifting between heavy and plodding to thrashy. Maybe taking cues from '90s stuff like DAMAD or CATHARSIS. Interesting title… We don't get any lyrics to explain that. Christ appears crucified on the cover, though portrayed in a dark metal kind of way, and there's a photo of a freshly stoned victim half buried in the ground on the inside. Fans of dark metal take note. (Matt) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, synedrionaz@gmail.com, 117 E Ellis Dr, Tempe, AZ 85282)

SICK SICK SICK – "No Time For Creeps" – SICK SICK SICK, from South Carolina, play pissed-off punk songs about fighting aliens, paranoia and being drunk. At times, it sounds like they find inspiration in mid-period DRI. During others, it sounds like they are channeling SURF PUNKS. When their songs are driving and fast, they show promise, but when it delves into guitar solos and slower tempos, they start to sound like bar-rock. One thing is for sure: these guys like to get drunk. (Greg) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics included, sick3.blogspot.com)

SKRAPYARD – The raw and dirty approach to hardcore apparently suits working class street punk perfectly well, these Chicago misfits blast through five songs in about as many minutes. Like a ramshackle NEGATIVE APPROACH, hellbent on proving that they are every bit as tough as you are scared they might be. Also, the cover art would indicate a disturbing dislike of cats. So serious that it might be a joke, this is primal skinhead hardcore. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, ctct-records.tumblr.com)

THE SUNMAKERS – The cover art scream MAN OR ASTROMAN surf punk throwback, and once the disc starts spinning I'm treated to exactly that. Male/female vocals and a collection of beach ready twists from France. Perfect thing for my rainy Saturday. (Robert) (13-song CD-R, no lyrics, violentlovers@live.fr)

TENDRIL – A letter was sent with the demo and it gave a brief description: "Tendril are from the Virginia Beach /Norfolk Virginia area and play primitive, gooey noise rock. These five songs were recorded in a shed in July 2011…" and as it was written, it's 100% true. If southern heat and humidity are anything like what I've heard, this sound is very fitting for a shed in July. Music as a whole is droning and very very heavy. Vocals grunting and primitive feeling, music noisy at times but very heavy throughout, Tendrils saving grace in my opinion. Worth picking up for fans of sludge, noise and marijuana. This demo is Tension Head records first cassette release and limited to 100, so get it while you can. (Punk Rock Mum) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, tensionheadrecords@gmail.com)

TO THE CLIFFS – Yo, do you like melodic crust/fake black metal played by a bunch of beardos from Canada? 'Cuz if you do, you should hit up TO THE CLIFFS for this tape. This shit straight up sounds like "Slaughter Of The Soul" era AT THE GATES worship (worst album of all time) played by Pyrate Punx, with the guy from CRADLE OF FILTH on vocals. This is total fucking garbage. But hey, if epic crust-lord burrito metal is your shit, this might be a good look for you! (Tony) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, 717 Saint-Philippe, MTL, PQ, Canada. H4C 2V7, tothecliffs667@gmail.com)

TURTLE – It's bands like this that make me happy to do demo reviews. The first three to four minutes of this tape is chock full of samples that relate to turtles… like, the *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* theme song and news clips about turtles. When it finally gets to the music, the listener is greeted by a super lo-fi (like it was recorded on a dumpstered boombox) recording of a teenage (?) punk band playing their scrappy, poorly executed, falling apart songs in a garage in Southern California. There is no pretense, no bullshit attitude, and absolutely nothing fancy about this. It's just some kids banging out their songs in a room to the best of their abilities and putting it out on a tape. They sound like three people who just picked up their instruments, learned three chords and went with it. Even though I'm not really into these songs, this is exactly the reason why I love punk. Please keep it up TURTLE, and thank you for sending your tape to *MRR*. (Greg) (5-song tape, no lyrics included, turtletheband@ymail.com, 440 32nd St., Manhattan Beach, CA 90266)

VIOLENT CHANGE – Matt Bleyle of SOPORS/RAT COLUMNS drops six tracks of fucked up, sick punk weirdness, all 4-track recordings that sound like some combination of GBV, DICTATORS and random KBD shit that I've never heard cuz I only own like the first five. When the SOPORS record dropped I remember people comparing it to ONION FLAVORED RINGS and other awful bands that no one has ever listened to. People, as it turns out, don't know shit. This is punk, and the songwriting is great and what this dude is doing is sick. Hopefully Matt continues to hold it down with this project and people catch on! (Tony) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, eatsopors@gmail.com)

WARTHREAT – This demo is a real rager! WARTHREAT are from Perth in Western Australia and bring it D-CLONE style (and I do not make that comparison lightly) with hate breakdowns and waiting guitar. This band has violent, reverbed vocals that have the power of AMEBIX in their cadence and deliverance. This band is brutal and the steady D-beat drums bulldoze the listener into a total wrath. Listening to this is like a hard slap in face and it keeps burning for a while after... (Amelia) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, lukeeller@gmail.com, Shane Hunter, 17 Bunneg Road, Kelmscott, WA 6111, Australia)

WOMEN OF THE PORE – Sweeping waves of distorted electronic noise on one side, manipulated found sounds on the other. Noise fans will dig, the whole tape is about four minutes long. (Robert) (2-song cassette, no lyrics, hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

YEAR OF THE RAT – "Ctrl+Alt+Del" – Whoa, these guys are pissed and it rules! Totally manic, fucked, insane hardcore. I'm not really the "hardcore guy" around the *MRR* house…I think most of it sounds boring, unless it sounds crazy like this band. They do that thing where they switch tempos a lot, most of it staying pretty mid-paced and fierce. Did you know that there was a fucking awesome hardcore band on Prince Edward Island? Well, now you do. Get this! (Greg) (4-song tape, lyrics included, yearoftheratkill.bandcamp.com)

ZONE – Not the Japanese outfit with the same name, this trio hails from Connecticut and bash through noisy punk with a fury typically reserved for teenagers and adults who have lost all hope. The drums are primitive UK82 that seem to want to play faster than they are able, which gives the whole recording an anxious feeling. White washed blown out and raw as shit. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, 115 Everit St., New Haven, CT 06511. zoneinhardcorehell@gmail.com)

V/A – Ing Balayan Da Reng Guinung Pasugal – A few years old, this comp is still great to dive into. 24 bands from Philippines, all over the punk and hardcore map musically. ISTUKAS OVER DISNEYLAND, AMANOVA, COCKTONES, URBAN ASSAULT CREW and heaps more, well worth tracking down for fans of off-the-beaten-path punk. (Robert) (24-song CD-R, lyrics included, % Love From Hate, Blk. 6 lot 21 ph. 1 st., St. Jude Village, San Fernando 2000 Pampanga, Philippines)

V/A – PVC H.EX 002 – Michigan based outsider punk label dishes out another comp that covers virtually the entire punk map. The quality is almost always high, and as much as the old time country/rock sounds of WAYLON THORNTON & THE HEAVY HANDS is a complete success, the '80s Wax Trax throwback AUDIBLE XXY that opens the tape is a total winner. VILENTLY ILL, BITTER APPLES, EXXXPOSURE and others, just about everything that's not hardcore—and, still, this one is a winner. (Robert) (19-song cassette, no lyrics, $6ppd, 658 Crescent, Grand Rapids, MI 49503, pvchex.com)

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ZINES

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(EC) E.Conner
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(BL) Brad Lambert
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(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LP) Langford Poh
(CR) Casey Ress
(KR) Keith Riley

AWESOME FUTURE / $?
7 x 5.5 – printed – 64 pgs
I tried to be open minded about this, in the past Microcosm have published a few cool comic/zines so I was ready to be surprised... And to be honest, with zine reviews I aim not to be overly harsh; I know how much work goes into making them and I don't want to trash someone's effort unless it's truly totally shitty / oblivious / pointless. Which brings me to this publication; note use of the word "oblivious." I am sure there is a target audience for this, maybe Burning Man types who have the luxury of time and money to go on extended spiritual retreats, but who reading this magazine falls into that category!? The comix look like a self-published post-Hippie children's book circa 1983, forced naiveté that in the context of the rest of the writing struck me as false and sort of creepy. The White Dude Spiritual Journey is such a boring trope, I have made it one of my goals in life to read as many female perspectives of the classic male anti hero mythologies (Bonnie Bremser's *Troia* is a good one; the reality of being married to a beat poet junkie....) in order to counter that bogusness. The writing in *Awesome Future* is earnest and probably well intentioned, this person is probably more interested in Robert Persig than say Keroauc or whatever, but it still reads as privileged dude imposing his spiritual growth on me and thus I found it repulsive. I do not want to read poorly constructed writing about some bike punk new ager going on a fancy Buddhist retreat, complete with "charming" comic depictions of his experiences. Complete with thank you note to his guardian angels. I am bummed I had to review this. I am sure there are people out there who would find this charming, but I can't believe this dude has the gall to call himself Robnoxious after reading this self-indulgent hippie whine. (LG)
Microcosmpublishing.com

BENEFICIO INTERNO #16 / **$?**
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs – Spanish
This is a Spanish language zine from Costa Rica that is made up of a ton of short interviews, reviews and a few short articles. Damn is this dense! There are interviews with thirteen interviews here with bands like Dios Hastio, Disparo, Almax and more! Each interview is interesting, asking fundamental questions of "Why punk?" and some insightful opinions and views of political situations that effect each band. There is a killer mix CD included featuring two songs of the bands interviewed in the zine! Hell yeah! There is a really great article about the emergence of underground music in Paraguay and a one-page manifesto of sorts regarding the dialectic of modernization and humanity meant to light a fire under the reader. Sold. There are only 100 copies of this zine, which I don't quite understand, but you can tell this is a labor of love. Interesting stuff! (MB)
c/o Esteban Campos / APDO 4229-1000 / San Jose, Costa Rica

CHEAP TOYS # 7 / $?
5.5 x 4 – copied – 40 pgs
This zine is half in French and half in English. Using my poorly-remembered-high-school-French-lessons, I deduced that these are in fact different stories, not the same story translated into two languages. Interestingly enough, the author is from France, not Quebec. Apparently this is normally a French-language zine, but when the author was invited to a zine fest in England, they decided they needed to have something to trade. This zine is very punk made—with the old school x-ed out typos and hand-made layout and everything. The English parts cover the aforementioned trip to England, punks of the French Riveria, and the Food Not Bombs of Nice. It was cute enough for a perizine, but it didn't really connect or draw me in, possibly because of the language barrier. Read this only if you're bilingual or a reeeaally into google translate. (AR)
no contact information

CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR #7/ SLOPPY NOISE / $1
8.5 x 11 – copied – 30 pgs
Cool split issue of these two zines based out of suburban Detroit and Lansing, MI respectively. *Criminal Behavior* is text-heavy, fairly adolescent, and very reminiscent of some '90s zine from your hometown that's been stashed at your parents' house for the last fifteen years, but the writing is pointed and funny enough to betray the earnestness that could kill the work of inferior writers. There's a piece on straightedge that takes to task almost every misconception that straightedgers have about those who imbibe, another piece lamenting how some bands are more interested in glamour than working at making good music, an article that asks "why bother?" about grind, as well as some article-length record reviews and other stuff. *Sloppy Noise* is purely a photozine, and while the photos capture the intensity of the bands that are their subjects, a lot of their potency is lost in being too dark and

blurry, as though they were low-resolution images printed from a computer. Worth picking up. (DG)
Criminal Behavior: c/o Aunty Social / PO Box 1196 / Royal Oak, MI 48068 / criminalbehaviorblogspot.com
Sloppy Noise: sloppynoise.tumblr.com / john12789@gmail.com

DON'T TREAD ON ME! # 42 & 48 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8 – copied – 24 pgs
These zines utilize the cut and paste aesthetic, with stolen comics as background for hurriedly-snipped blocks of text. The main point seems to be humor, though most of it isn't particularly funny. The covers are the best part. The editor's style seems to be: "I'm such a jerk, how can I say these things?" Some of it is kind of clever, but overall these are safe passes. But if your zine or style is similar this could be a decent trade. (JM)
205 S Boulevard, Apt 11 / Richmond, VA 23220 / ratso27@gmail.com

DORIS #29 / $2.60
6.5 X 4.25 – copied – 30 pgs
Whenever Cindy Crabb delves deep into anecdotes about farm life my eyes kind of glaze over, like there is nothing I relate to, like I relate to it in the same way I relate to people talking about their baby being the coolest baby ever. Like excitement to the point that other things don't exist. This issue really only has one farm story and it's an entertaining enough story about mini horses. The others range from voting to girls rock camp to a story about grandpa learning about gay sex. I really enjoyed it and I'm glad Cindy continues to churn these things out. (MM)
PO Box 29 / Athens, OH 45701 / dorisdorisdoris.com

EARTH FIRST! Volume 32 #1 / $6.50
8.5 x 11 – printed – 64 pgs
While I expected to be foaming at the mouth in rage while reading this, it actually wasn't nearly as annoying as I thought it would be. Excepting some absolutely ridiculous propaganda images that say things like "No War But The Eco Class War", and of course the ever-present use of the word "gaia" to describe the earth, this issue of *Earth First!* was mostly just a collection of decently written articles reporting about various environmental issues. There was even a delightful little article explaining why the internet is a massive energy suck and why so called green-energy-solutions will never actually solve any problems. It also had reports on wolf eradication programs in Oregon, various political prisoners address and health updates, and a really terrible short fiction piece, as well as an invitation to the 2012 rendezvous. There were two things that really infuriated me though. One is that Earth First!ers still refer to their actions as "monkey wrenching". For real guys, what the fuck!? "Monkey Wrenching" as a term came from a disgustingly sexist book by Edward Abbey where the female characters literally all exist only to have sex with and cook for the male heroes (and also whine). How do you jerkwads still think it's okay to idealize such a blatantly sexist book? Also, I refused to even read the zine-within-a-zine-insert from the book *Deep Green Resistance* by that cult-leader Derrick Jensen. All in all, this magazine exemplifies exactly what I hate about Earth First!ers, and other kinds of Eco Activists. It's not the politics exactly—I'm passionately anti-civ myself—it's the people and the culture. (AR)
www.earthfirstjournal.org

THE INNER SWINE #17 / $2
8.5 X 5.5 – printed – 100 pgs
I feel like every review I've written this issue has been bitchy and judgmental. I know that indeed for the past year and however many months I have dished out some harsh reviews. I know full well that very rarely does anyone even read these things let alone recognize any sort of trends in individual reviewers. Still, I want to apologize. I can not tell you about what reviewing zines used to be like back in the day. However, I can speak loads on what reading zines used to be like for me: There was a period in the early 'oughts when it seemed like every zine I stumbled upon was cranked out by some amazing person who maybe didn't have their shit together enough to quit drinking or get a job but they somehow managed the time to screen print the cover of their fanzine and stay up all night drawing really amazing beautiful shit to inspire the hell some dinky little teen sweating with possibilities under a Texas sun. This is the shit I refer to as the golden age of self publication (er, zine culture if you will). Then something happened. Some people say it was the internet and some say mr. prezziedee Bush. We fell flat on our faces and now some mother fucker in New Jersey thinks it's ok to send me this 100 page catastrophe complete with an article about iPads. Fuck a bunch of this. If you need me I'll be in the back corner of the Downtown Oakland Library shooting speed and jerking off to Edmund White novels. (EC)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030 / www.theinnerswine.com

KILL YOUR PARENT'S GARDEN #4 / $3 US, $4 international, trades
5.5 x 11 – copied – 50 pgs
This is a very earnest zine from the punk behind SSF Tapes out of a small town in Northern Illinois. I've reviewed some quality cassette releases from this label in the past and I recall being impressed by the industriousness of this guy and the care put into each of his releases. The same could be said of his zine endeavor, which is a natural extension of running a label, in my opinion, unless it goes the other way, which is often the case. Its focus is definitely punk, in this issue it's more specifically focused on power violence and fastcore, but there is a skateboarding angle and some personal digressions on things like working at Subway and caffeine dependence. The writing is charming and immediate, and the interviews are informative while retaining an off-the-cuff attitude. Of particular significance is an interview with Rape Revenge, from which the following quote was lifted for the sake of sharing it with our readership, since its righteous obstinacy will surely resonate with or aggravate many of our readers as well. "Women should not have to abstain from drinking to not get raped. Men should abstain from raping, so they don't get the shit kicked out of them." Also interviewed is Robby Komen from Chicago's Sea of Shit and they engage in an affable banter about skating, power violence and Chicago's punk scene. This zine also has

a Brown Sugar house show review, record reviews, zine reviews, some miniature interviews about his local scene with active locals, drawings and a picture of Raymond Pettibon on the back cover that reminds me a lot of Fassbinder's film adaptation of Jean Genet's *Querelle of Brest*. I'm not sure why, associations are autonomic. The layout is fierce, black and white, cut 'n paste fury with most of the text even cut out and reapplied to the master copy line by line, with socially subversive collages a-go-go and the proper amount of band pictures, skating pictures and related ephemera. I can recommend this zine about as strongly as I can recommend falling asleep to Suicide's "Frankie Teardrop" on repeat for a week straight, which is the single healthiest activity of my life. (SL)
Macklin / 3306 E. Lakeshore Dr. / Wonderlake, IL 60097 /
www.ssftapes.blogspot.com

MEDIA JUNKY #16 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 16 pgs
This is entirely reviews, and at that only of zines and music, which I really dig in a way. There is something I really love about fan culture, definitely not the blind idolation, but instead the pure joy and love of something that is so overwhelming you can't keep it to yourself. Not even that this is that at all. All of these reviews are far more level-headed. It comes off as almost a tangible form of word of mouth. The reviews are straightforward, no snark involved, and even in moments of criticism the critiques still come off as gentle, like a suggested guidance. (MM)
Jason Rodgers / PO Box 138 / Wilton, NH 03086

NATIONAL HANDBAG #1&1.5 / email for price?
8.5 x 5 – copied – 32 pgs
Meredith gave me these pre-Shoppers West Coast tour, and that was a while ago and I totally slacked on reviewing them so I hope you can still get em?! At any rate, they rule! Investigations into the intersections of punk and fashion that include conversations on class, size, music, acid, anxiety; "Anarchy looks so expensive nowadays." There is a rad Shoppers tour report that made me wanna hear every Tampa band that she mentioned... Her writing is hilarious, sharp, (incisive), smart, thoughtful... I like how she writes about music and ideas, politics and feelings. The writing has life, and makes you want more of it. I heard Shoppers are no more and all I gotta say is that more creative endeavors must emanate from Meredith Graves or I am filing a formal complaint, on the evidence of these zines I shouldn't have too much to worry about. Really exciting demonstration that lady punx will rule all towns. (LG)
www.etsy.com/shop/hankandcompany

NO FACISM IN THE NEW WAVE #1 / $5 ppd
8.5 X 11 – copied – 24 pgs
Yes, it's spelled wrong! The name is derived from a killer—but horrendously drawn—comic taken from an old 1978 San Francisco punk zine called *New Dezezes*. In fact, *No Facism in the New Wave* is pretty much nothing but "appropriated" pages of first wave California punk magazines (such as *Creep, Slash, Flipside, Search & Destroy*, etc.) and serves as a sort of historical document for that era's printed form. My favorite reprint here is probably the cool interview with L.A.'s The Brat, ironically taken from the only non-punk magazine featured in these pages, *Lowrider*. Instead of a haphazard collection of articles, collages and interviews, there appears to be a larger theme of cultural diversity in punk and how it clashed occasionally with some of the more meat headed elements within the scene. I'm not sure if *No Facism in the New Wave* is a one shot deal or the first of things to come, but I totally dig the concept and hope to see more. Five bucks does seem a bit steep for 24 photo copied pages, though, but it's still totally worth getting. (BG)
Matt Wobensmith / 766 Valencia St. / San Francisco, CA 94110

ONT ROAD #17 / $3
8.5 x 5.5 – printed – 40 pgs
As you probably guessed from reading the title, *Ont Road* is an excruciatingly detailed travel zine, documenting the many trips that the author took in 2011. I guess working in the UK public school system means that you get thirteen weeks of *paid* vacation! Whoa, with those numbers, it's a wonder that every school teacher in Leeds isn't writing travel zines! It seems like this guy gets around a lot, going everywhere from New Orleans to Belgrade, resulting in a reading experience that seems to resemble one big, long postcard or something. This guy definitely went some interesting places and had some fun times, but, in terms of writing, I feel like that only goes so far, yah know? I found myself hoping for some more analysis and introspection. After all, traveling is a pretty personal experience. Instead of just writing in a "this happened, then I did this" fashion, it'd be interesting to read more about what the writer of *Ont Road* thought about certain experiences and what gleaned from his adventures. There's a lot to be said about things like Post-Katrina New Orleans. What makes travel stories interesting is not the experiences, themselves, but what the individual gets out of it all at the end of the day, the perceptions, the emotions, and the self-discovery that goes along with being "ont road." This is definitely a good effort and seems to have a lot of potential, but a little more personality would've made it great. (KR)
Lukas / 14 Hessle Mount / Leeds LS6 1EP / United Kingdom /
ska1ska@yahoo.com

OVER THE COUNTERCULTURE #2 / free in person
8.5 x 11 – printed – 32 pgs
This is a magazine one can find free in the Columbus, Ohio area. The design and content seem to be aiming for college students for whom a show in a coffee house is a novel experience. There's poetry, photography, write-ups of local indie rockers (with pull quotes to kill space), a story of hitchhiking and sleeping outdoors with a dreamy, wild guy, and a spiel on the Occupy movement. I understand that Occupy encompasses a variety of perspectives, but this particular piece was not one which resonated with me. "When you are fully awakened to what you really are, the police state will seem as troublesome as a mosquito buzzing around your face." Self-actualization is not a substitute for structural analysis and logistics, by which I mean hippies are easy to push out of the way. I would pick this up for free if I had just moved to Columbus from my parents' house, and I'd never heard of punk. (JM)
otccmagazine.com

PROOF I EXIST #15 / $3 ppd
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 56 pgs
Much like *Last Night at the Casino*, another quarter-sized zine by the same writer, *Proof I Exist* is a collection of colorful vignettes of one person's life.

Honest portrayals of love and all of its complications seem to be the theme of this issue, as the editor grapples with a few different levels of relationships that are affected by his moving away from his home city and to a more rural town in the Southwest. While I generally get bored of personal zines, the few I've read by this guy—present issue included—are captivating enough to keep me going cover to cover. There's no build up drama or action used to highlight his experiences because everyday life can be interesting and profound if you know how to see it (and in this case, describe it well). Music and the punk scene in general are alluded to throughout the pages, but music plays no role here in the traditional sense of punk zines. Very cool and worth checking out. (BG)
Proof I Exist / c/o Billy / 107 B Camino del Pueblo / Bernalillo, NM 87004 / iknowbilly@gmail.com

PUNK FLYERS / $3 or stamps
11 x 8.5 – copied – 19 pgs
This is a collection of punk flyers stapled together, from the birth of hardcore (Germs, Fartz, Poison Idea etc) plus a collection of show reviews that cover the music as well as the random hanging out with your friends occurrences that make up the experience of going to punk shows. Rob is a Pacific North West punk, who seems to have gotten into the scene around the time of most of the flyers in this zine. The show reviews from now are mostly of reunion bands playing Warped tour... Rob is a pretty entertaining writer, and was able to make a most unappealing to me reunion show interesting to read about (Suicidal's tour bus vs Poison Idea's dirty transit van). Crazy to me at least that Suicidal are still able to maintain a tour bus life style!? This isn't the greatest ever, but if you wanna see a collection of reproduced flyers this will do the trick. (LG)
Rob Frishkoff / 502 Minor Ave #5 / Seattle WA 98109

ROT #3 / $3
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 20 pgs
I absolutely *love* this zine. The drawings are dirty, raw, hilarious and somehow otherworldy yet grounded in the reality of punkgirlness in the best most inspiring manner. I asked Katrina to do stuff for our art page before, and it's clear I gotta get on her case to do it again because her shit rules. This is a total refreshing read after the rottenness of *Future Awesome*; girl travels across country, depicts her existence in comics that are visceral, real and definitely with a hippie/hobo punk feel but with such personality and excitement force and power it's a total kick to read about... We're talking Mohawks made outta camp fires and redwoods! And I still don't hate it. Anyway, you should send off for this because it's hilarious and cool and heavy and inspiring all at once. If you live in SF they sell it at City Lights, which is where I got my copy. Punk rock is an endless adventure. (LG)
Katrina c/o Witch Club / PO Box 29335 / Providence RI 02909
avocado@riseup.net

SCRUTINY ZINE #2 / $3 USA, $2 Canada, Trades Welcome
11 x 17 – copied – 1pg
A neat little foldout zine out of Nova Scotia that reminds me of *Mission Mini-Comix*. In this newest offering, the creator offers some helpful tips on how to actually start and finish making a zine (hint: smoke lots of weed), and interviews old Canadian hardcore band Neighbourhood Watch as well as Winnipeg-based anarcho-punks Cetascean. There are also a few brief record reviews and every page is accented with impressive sketches and drawings. Quite enjoyable, but all too brief, hopefully the next issue is a bit meatier. (KM)
5653 Cornwallis St / Halifax, NS / Canada B3K 1B6

SEVEN SEXUAL THINKS THAT EVERYONE FAILED TO MENTION / $?
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 12 pgs
This is a cute little zine about what it's like to grow up in a religious and repressive culture and not feel comfortable with your body. It's accompanied by some weird scratchy drawings that reference vaguely the subjects at hand. They are an interesting offset to the fact that the author is complaining about a lack of transparency and honesty regarding biological reality. There is one titty though. (EC)
no contact information

SHOCK & AWE #4 / $?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 64 pgs
Shock & Awe is a Malaysian zine that is released quarterly. The layout and cover art were decently done—they claim to be "professionally printed" and it shows. *Shock & Awe* was pretty light on the music-specific content—sure it has a music review section, but it only has two interviews. It's mostly regular columns almost all of which covered more political topics like a May-Day report back and a discussion of gender roles. So much about this zine was both baffling and fascinating to me. For example: both of the interviews include questions about "how long" the bands will stay DIY to which the bands respond they aren't sure but they are DIY at least for now. That's a very different attitude than the "if you used to be, you never were" one that American punks have! Another thing, is the aggressive viewpoint on voting and party politics. One of the regular contributors deleted everyone from his Facebook who said anything anti-Berish (which is a coalition of NGO's pushing for election reform), and apparently there was even a case of a band being banned from a venue for being Anti-Berish. Also, they have an open-forum section called "Snitch" which clearly has a different connotation in Malaysia than in America. I'd say read this if you are interested in Malaysian cultural context, not if you want to learn more about bands specifically. I should warn you the English can be kind of choppy in places. (AR)
shockawemedia.wordpress.com

START YOUR OWN HAUNTED HOUSE / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 26 pgs
Created by the one man band known as Gas Mask Horse, this zine is a how-to guide on creating your own DIY haunted house! Now, I know for a fact that this is written by horror movie buff, long time Chicago punk and host of Chicago's independent house of horrors which took place in his home, a long running punk house that sill exists today. These are tales and lessons from experience because this guy hosted this haunted house every year for the Halloween season. This zine is a journey as well as a guide featuring lessons on creating the terror told through interesting stories about the authors own journey into perfecting his craft. There is a list of the "Tariff for Torture, 1757" cataloging charges for torture as approved by the Archbishop of Cologne, a true Chicago ghost story and a free classic horror movie mask of Boris Karloff complete with a tie string. There is a ton of great advice in here. Whether you are interest-

ed in the content or not the aesthetics of this zine are completely engaging and eye catching—punk as fuck and just great to look at. If you love horror zines and want a fun project with a solid guiding hand, this is for you! I love this! (MB)
gas_mask_horse@yahoo.com / www.myspace.com/gasmaskhorse

STITCHES IN MY HEAD #2 / $2 AU
8.5 x 11 – copied – 18 pgs
Nice Alan Milman reference, my friend! This issue contains interviews with Bad Aches, The Sleaze, Bedroom Suck Records, and Creamers. It's basically a who's who of the garagier punk scene in Australia today. The layout is easy to read and the cut and paste is well done. It's filled with recent gig flyers–so you're really getting a feel for what's in the tap water over there. It's very Australian/UK centric and this is really apparent in the zine section. This isn't a bad thing considering she seems to know the bands interviewed in this issue well and asks good questions due to that comfort that probably comes with knowing them...and just knowing her shit in general. The record and tape reviews are solid, but not all the releases are new–like the New York Rules compilation was reviewed, and although it's a solid release, it's a bit stale now. All in all, it's refreshing to see a zine that is done by someone who is a nerd and knows their shit, but has a sense of humor and doesn't take this punk zine thing or themselves too seriously. I'd get this, it contains too much to miss out on–it's like a snap shot of Melbourne punk right now with the snottiness of '77. (AE)
Christina P / 8 Ulm Street / North Coburg / Melbourne VIC / AUSTRIALIA 3058 / sitchesinmyheadfanzine@gmail.com / stitchesinmyhead.blogspot.com

THE STOWAWAYS #6 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 12 pgs
There's not so much happening here, it's on the shorter side and not super-engaging, but it has some character and distinctiveness. Show reviews describe the events surrounding the gig (we went for beer, etc.) at least as much as the show itself, but not much escapes the mundane. He interviews a band that sounds like Bright Eyes, who I don't think are punk, but the interview is done in person and is OK. There are music reviews as well, including a demo and some punk shit. This zine is better than this review makes it sound, but not a lot better. (JM)
5082 Wendover Rd / Yorba Linda, CA 92866 / fuckthestowaways.blogspot.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #237 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 30 pgs
This issue of this Finnish zine has interviews with Paco from La Vida Es Un Mus, Validi Sekmentti, a recap of some sort of tour this zine did, and various reviews. This zine is professionally printed, but doesn't have too slick of a layout, and this is a fully DIY effort with no semi-corporate or otherwise ridiculous ads or content. (DG)
PL. 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland

TRAIN WRECK #9 / $2 or 2 Stamps
5 x 7 – copied – 36 pgs
Latest installment of this extremely personal and well written zine by Dave Brainwreck. In this issue he disgustingly reminisces about the period when he lived in an especially dilapidated punk house, tells tales about enrolling in various medical studies to avoid getting a real job, ponders if tattoos do in fact have deeper meanings, and interviews a graffiti artist known only as "Milfshake." The best bit however is an extended review of the zine *Made-Up Boyfriend and Other Falsehoods* in which Dave questions his own zine-making prowess as well as what it means to be an aging punk whose convictions have become distorted. As a whole, *Train Wreck* is a satisfying and semi-thought-provoking read. (KM)
Dave Brainwreck / PO Box 110040 / Brooklyn, NY 11211 / shitcities.blogspot.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #109 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 44 pgs
This ish features the Skull Defekts, a Swedish band collaborating with Daniel Higgs. The pictures are really pixilated, and notably there is a rant against Newt Gingrinch that explains his ethics as a rotting dog turd and then goes on to comment that may be an insult to dogshit. Big section on the 2011 big events including blurbs on the Occupy Movement, Slutwalk, and the assassination of Bin Laden. There's the usual reviews and ramblings you can count on if you have come across this long-running zine already, and so forth and so on. (JB)
The Trouble With Normal / PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65205-1444

WHAT'S FOR DINNER? #3 / Free
5.5 x .5 – copied – 10 pgs
It starts off with a tactless cartoon about the lead singer of Cerebral Ballzy's missing penis (a must read), contains a pondering on chicken"in"waffle in the middle with a creepy sea creature ditty, and ends with a most beautiful cartoon about a lonely vulva that's day gets better when it found a loosey in a couch. This gal's brain is super ADHD and far-out. A must read if you're stoned or a weirdo. Can't beat the price! (AE)
Ashley Sammy / 11552 Lehigh Avenue / San Fernando, CA 91342

YELLOW RAKE #27 / $?
8.5 X 5.5 – copied – 20 pgs
There is a kind of zine in this world that is the life project of one man and yet usually claims to be some kind of collective effort. My assumption is that this is the result of a very active ego and maybe some loneliness. The introductions always use "we" to refer to the magazine and yet every article is by some guy named Brian. Brian mostly wrote this magazine here and yet still feels the need to write "By Brian" after every title of every article and review. He wrote some funny little columns that reference popular culture and current events and his own kooky life. Then, he laid it out on the computer in the depths of a Colorado fall and maybe gave some to his friends, sent it in for reviews, and put it up at some zine retailers. But, Brian, what are you going to do now? (EC)
The Yellow Rake c/o Brian Polk / PO Box 100263 / Denver, CO 80250 / theyellowrake@gmail.com

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http://kohosh.bandcamp.com/ // www.facebook.com/pages/Kohosh // kohoshband@gmail.com

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4-15. SANFRANCISCO, CA THE KNOCKOUT
W/ADELITAS, MTBA
APRIL 16. LOS ANGELAS, CA B, I.P
W/MAN vs MAN, ANGUSTIA
4-17. SAN DIEGO, CA THE PARK GALLERY
W/AGE OF COLLAPSE
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May 7-Omaha, NE - (Help!)
May 9-Las Vegas, NV-Cheyenne Saloon
May 10-San Diego, CA (Help!)
May 11-LA area (Help!)
May 12-Berkely, CA - Gliman Street
May 13-Reno, NV (TBA)
May 14-Salt Lake City, UT @ The Underground
May 15-Denver, CO (Help!)
May 16-Collinsville, IL @ Johnny Sidebar
May 17 - Cincinatti, OH (TBA)
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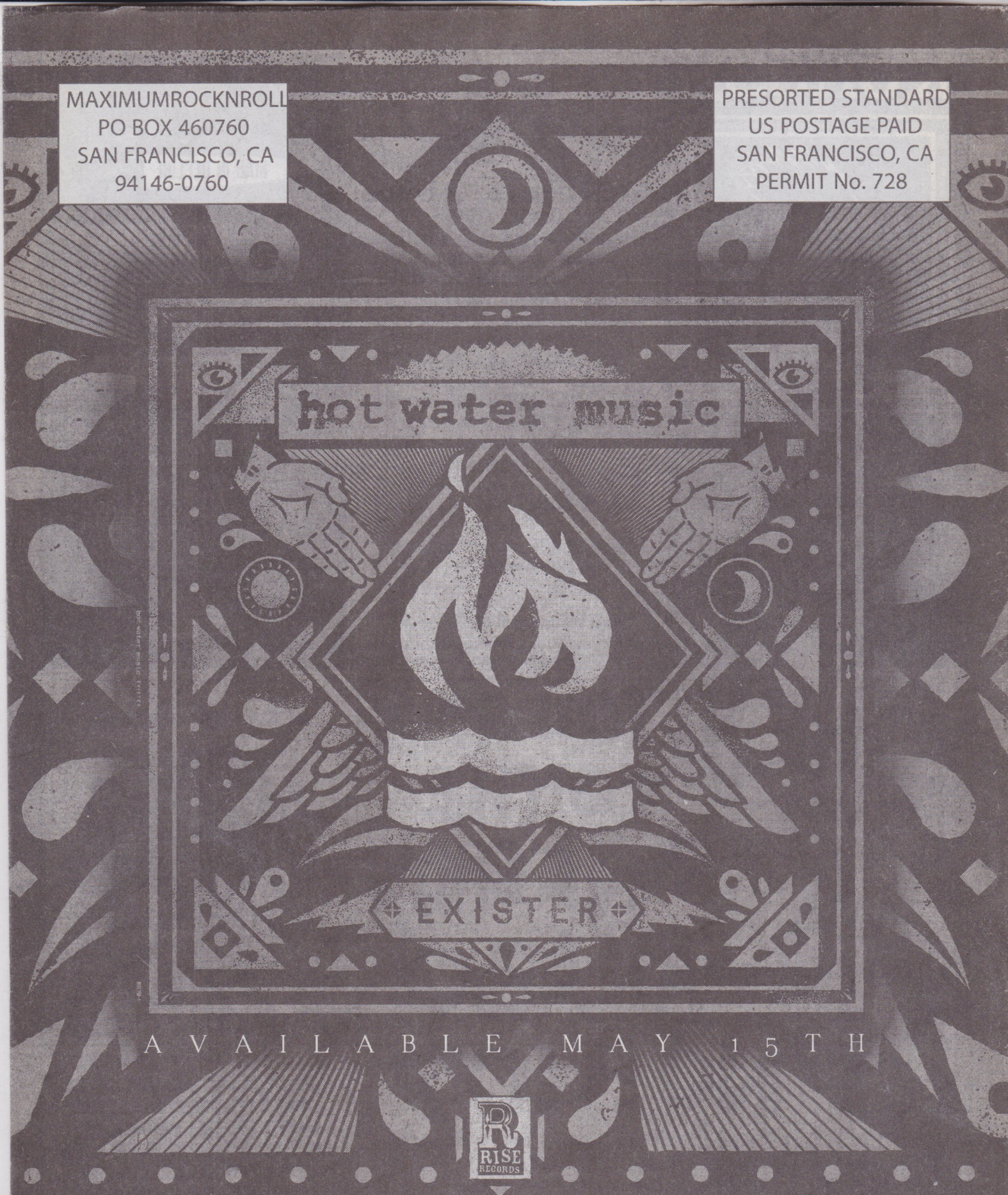

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